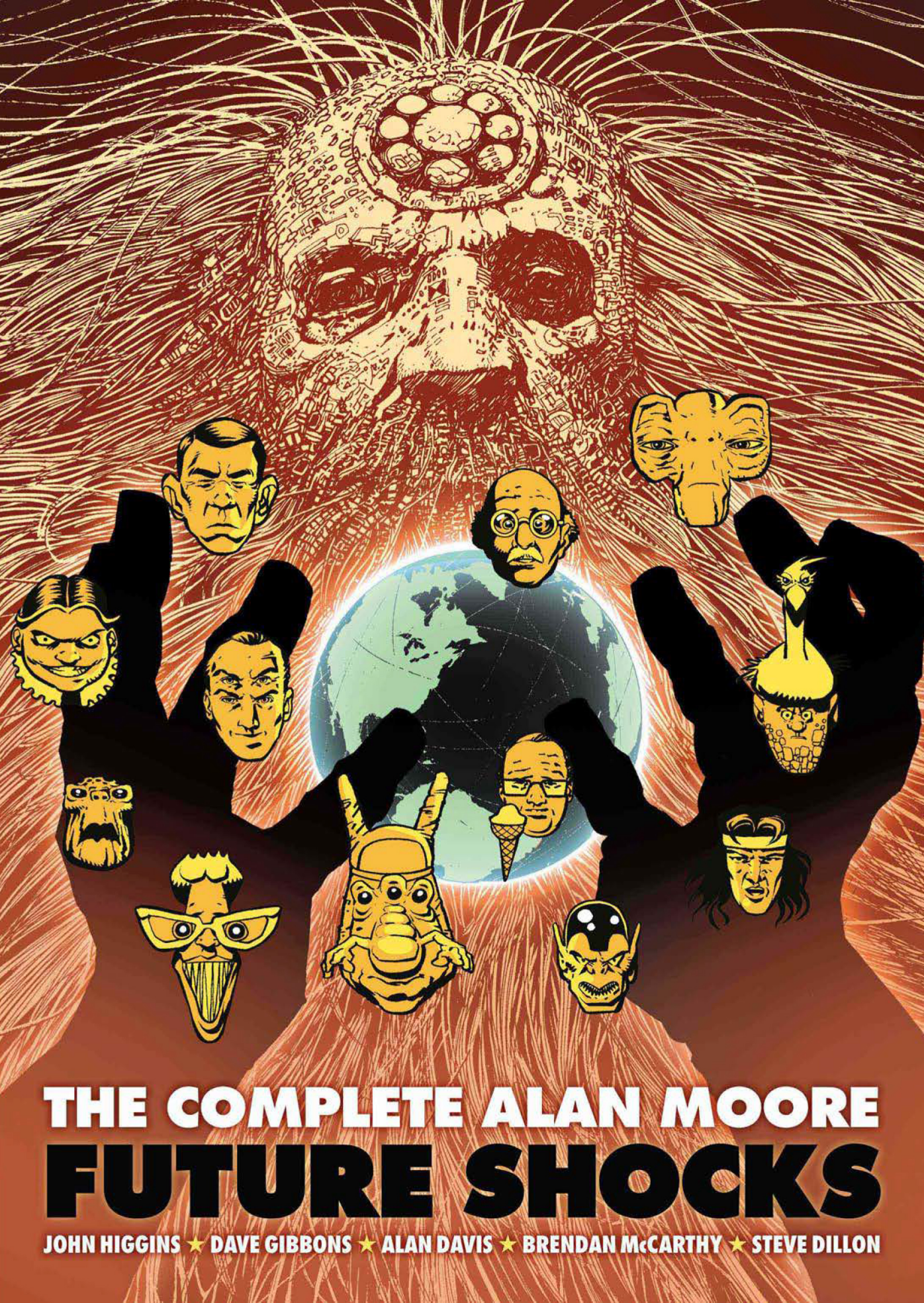

THE COMPLETE ALAN MOORE
FUTURE SHOCKS

JOHN HIGGINS ★ DAVE GIBBONS ★ ALAN DAVIS ★ BRENDAN McCARTHY ★ STEVE DILLON

ALAN MOORE
Writer

MIKE WHITE ★ JOHN COOPER ★ PAUL NEARY ★ IAN GIBSON ★ BRENDAN MCCARTHY ★ JOHN HIGGINS GARRY LEACH ★ RON TINER ★ JOSE CASANOVAS ★ ERIC BRADBURY ★ DAVE GIBBONS ★ JESUS REDONDO ROBIN SMITH ★ ALAN LANGFORD ★ JIM ELDRIDGE ★ ALAN DAVIS ★ STEVE DILLON ★ BOLUDA ★ BRYAN TALBOT
Artists

HENRY FLINT
Cover Artist

Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley
Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley
2000 AD Editor in Chief: Matt Smith
Graphic Novels Editor: Keith Richardson
Graphic Design: Simon Parr & Luke Preece
PR: Michael Molcher
Reprographics: Kathryn Symes
Original Commissioning Editor: Steve MacManus

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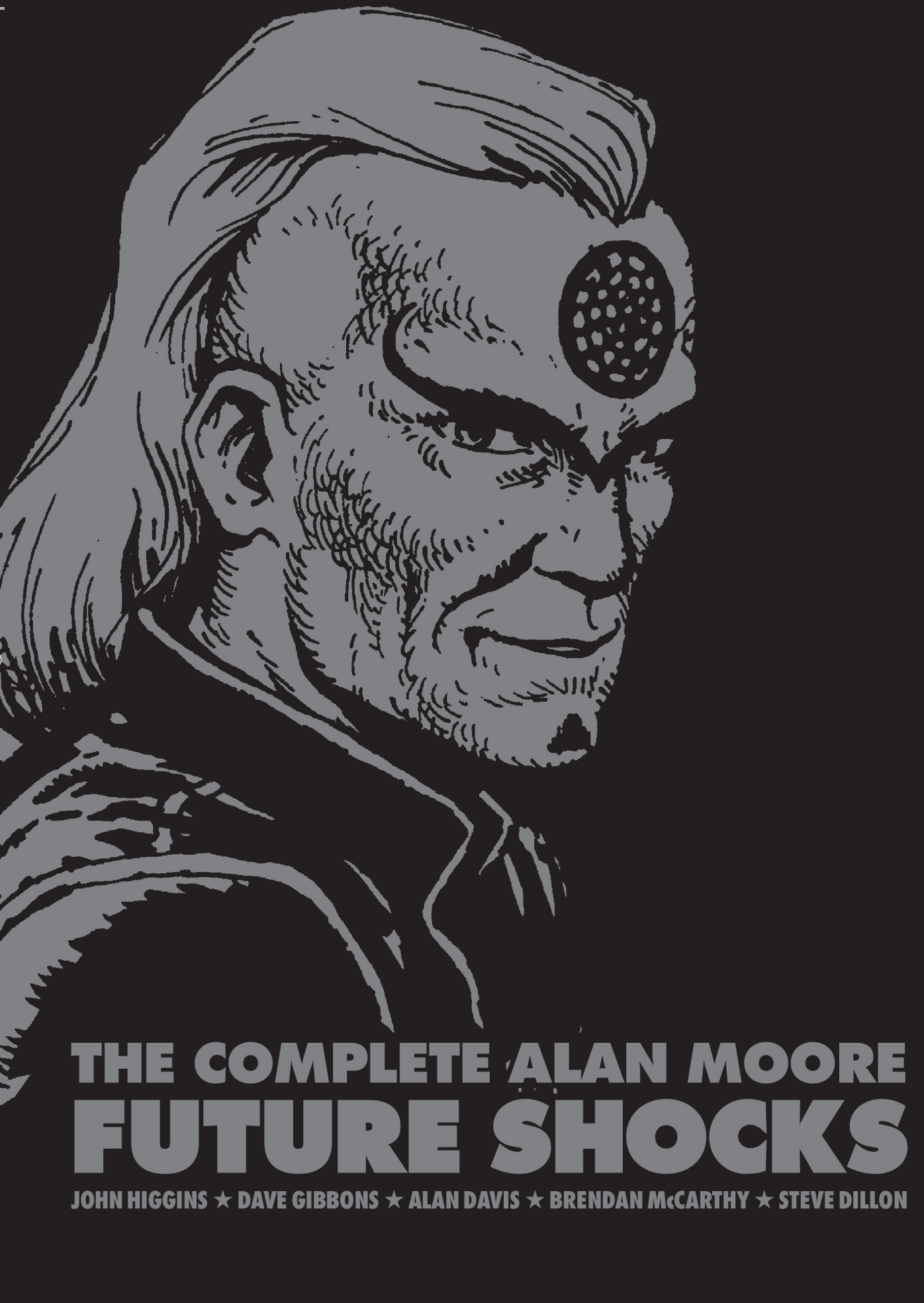


THE COMPLETE ALAN MOORE FUTURE SHOCKS

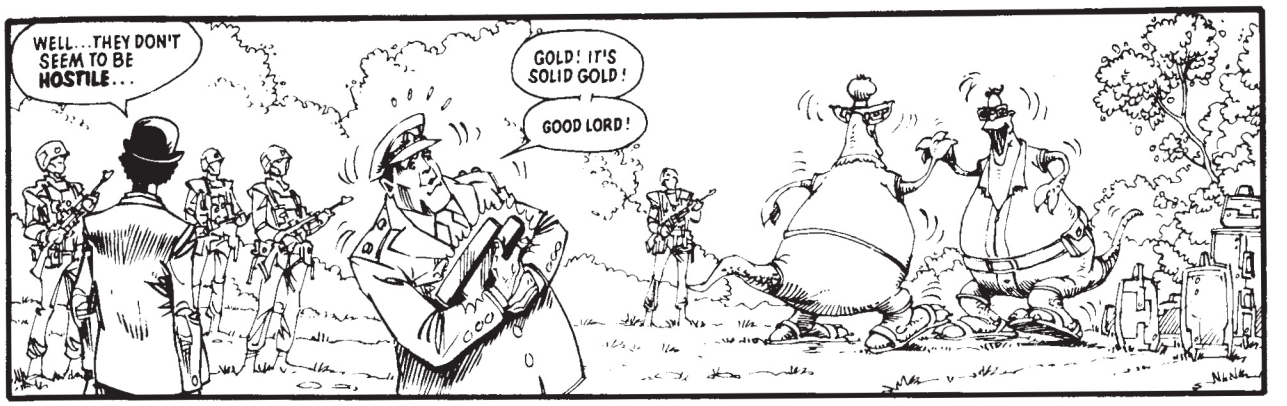
JOHN HIGGINS ★ DAVE GIBBONS ★ ALAN DAVIS ★ BRENDAN McCARTHY ★ STEVE DILLON

THARG'S FUTURE SHOCKS

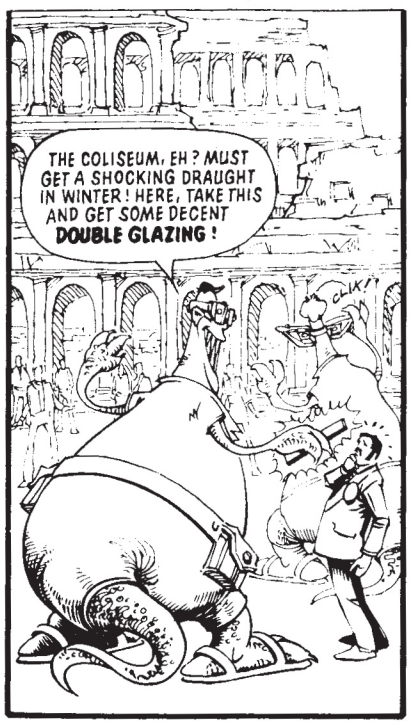
Script: Alan Moore
Art: Ian Gibson, Brendan McCarthy, John Higgins, Garry Leach, Paul Neary, Ron Tiner, Jose Casanovas, Eric Bradbury, Bryan Talbot, Dave Gibbons, Jesus Redondo, Robin Smith, Alan Langford & Jim Eldridge
Letters: Tom Frame, Peter Knight, Tony Jacob, Steve Potter & Jack Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 203, 209, 214, 217, 219, 234, 240, 242, 245-247, 249, 251-253, 257, 265, 267-273, 282, 291, 325, 329, 331-332

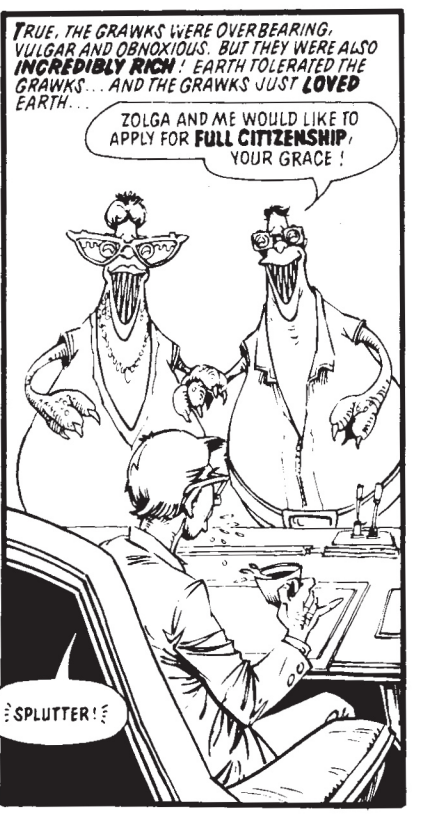
THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
GRAWKS BEARING GIFTS!
FOR YEARS, EARTH HAD BEEN PREPARED FOR INVASION FROM THE STARS.
AHH, MINISTER! YOU'VE ARRIVED! THE BLIGHTER LANDED AN HOUR AGO, BUT WE'VE GOT IT SURROUNDED!
GOOD SHOW, GENERAL...
EVERY PRECAUTION HAD BEEN TAKEN. MANKIND WAS PREPARED FOR ANYTHING!
JUST LET THOSE ALIEN SQUIGGLY-SQUIRMIES TRY ANY DEATH-RAY NONSENSE WITH ME! COLD STEEL, THAT'S WHAT WE'LL GIVE THE BOUNDERS...
FFFSSSSSS!
GENERAL! LOOK! THE HATCHWAY...IT'S OPENING!
G'DAY! ANY O' YOUSE EARTHIES KNOW THE WAY TO THE TOWER OF LONDON?
CLIK!
OH ZORK, I MUST GET A HOLOSNAP OF THE LITTLE DARLINGS!
COOO-EE! EARTHIES!
NOW LOOK HERE, YOU BUG-EYED ALIEN FIEND! I'M GENERAL FFITCH-FFORBES, AND...
PLEASED T'MEETCHA, GEN! I'M ZORK... ZORK BY NAME, GRAWK BY NATURE I ALWAYS SAY! HAW, HAW! GEDDIT??
CLIK!
CLIK!
NOW, HOW ABOUT ONE O' YOUR LADS HELPING ZOLGA WITH THE LUGGAGE? HERE'S A PLASTOON FOR YOUR PAINS... TREAT YOURSELF TO SOME DECENT CLOTHES!
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT Q. TWERK
LETTERING ROBOT TOM FRAME
COMPU-73E



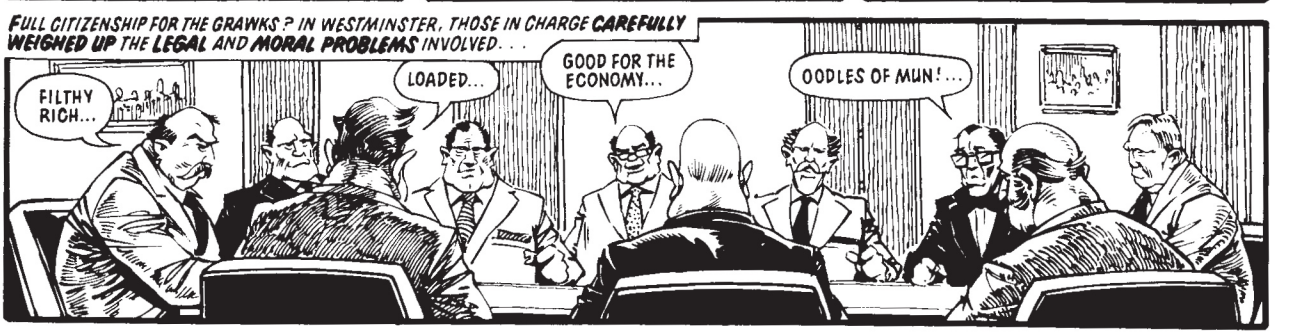
HUMANITY SOON CAME TO ACCEPT THAT ZORK AND ZOLGA, **LOATHSOME** AS THEY WERE, HAD MANY ADMIRABLE QUALITIES. THEY WERE **CHUMMY**, LOVED A **JOKE** AND WERE **GENEROUS** TO A FAULT...



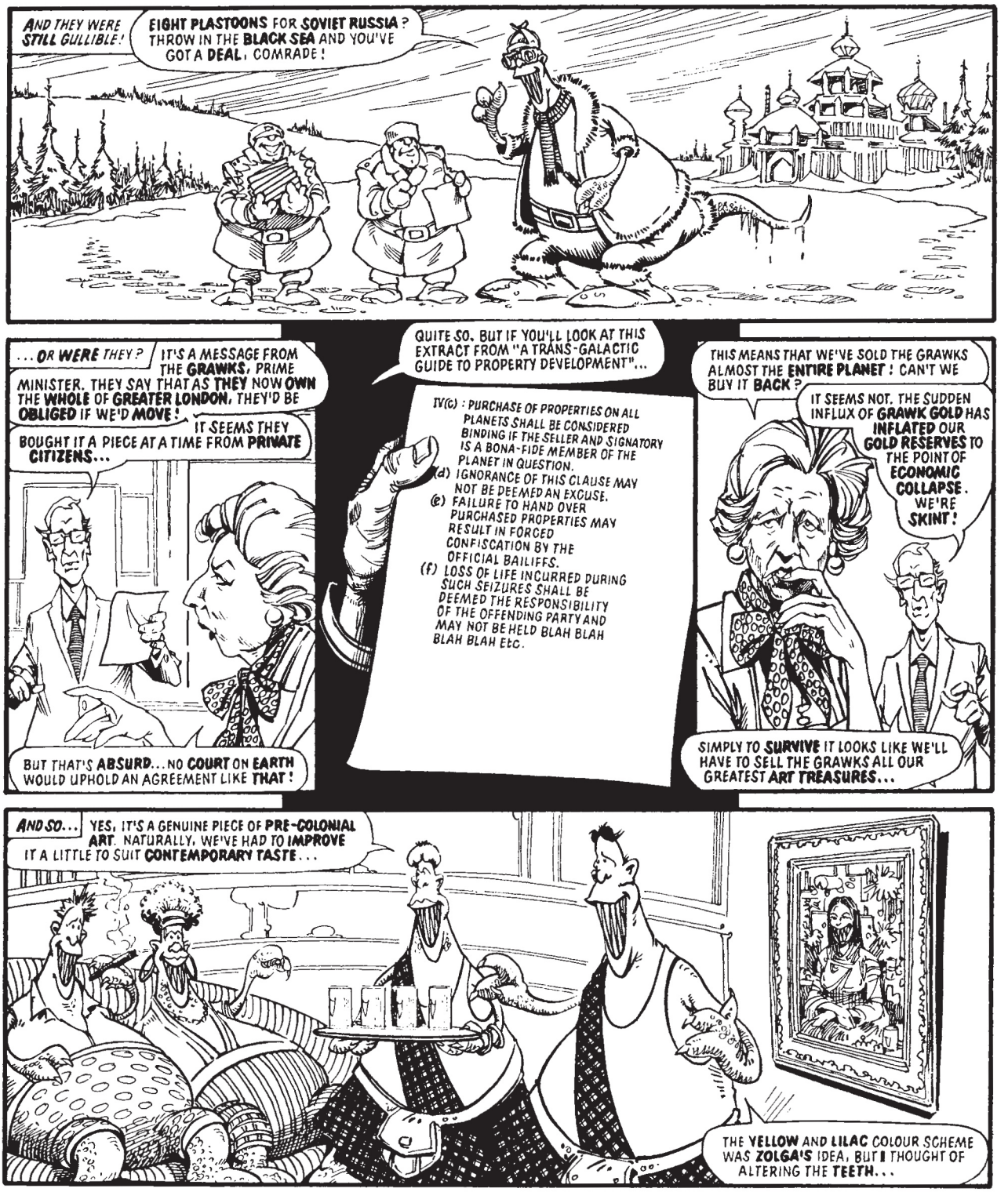
TRUE, THE GRAWKS WERE OVERBEARING, VULGAR AND OBNOXIOUS. BUT THEY WERE ALSO **INCREDIBLY RICH**! EARTH TOLERATED THE GRAWKS... AND THE GRAWKS JUST **LOVED** EARTH...



FULL CITIZENSHIP FOR THE GRAWKS? IN WESTMINSTER, THOSE IN CHARGE **CAREFULLY WEIGHED UP** THE **LEGAL** AND **MORAL PROBLEMS** INVOLVED...



AND SO, SHORTLY, IN A SCENIC AND PREVIOUSLY UNSPOILED AREA OF NORTHERN SCOTLAND...
YES, KEN, ME AND ZOLGA ARE PROPER EARTHIES NOW, WITH OUR OWN TRADITIONAL GRAWK-STYLE RESIDENCE HERE IN BONNY SCOTLAND...
WE'RE BUSY TRACKING DOWN OUR CLAN TARTAN RIGHT NOW, AREN'T WE, ZOLA ?
OCH AYE, ZORK !
IN FACT, WE'RE SO KNOCKED OUT WITH YOU EARTHIES THAT WE'RE INVITING A WHOLE BUNCH OF OUR RELATIVES !
RELATIVES ? HA, HA... SURELY YOU'RE HAVING A WEE JOKE, ZORK ?
HE'S NOT, KEN !
G'DAY !... COO-EEEE !
G'DAY !
G'DAY !
COOO-EEE ! G'DAY... !
OH, NO !
THE GRAWKS, YOU SEE, WERE REPTILES. THEY LAID EGGS... LOTS OF EGGS.
40 EGGS IN EACH LITTER, 3 LITTERS IN A LIFETIME ! THAT'S 120 CHILDREN, 14,400 GRANDCHILDREN, 1,728,000 GREAT GRANDCHILDREN...
AND IN-LAWS ! DON'T FORGET IN-LAWS ! SOB ! WHERE ARE THEY GOING TO LIVE ?
ANSWER: ANYWHERE ! SOON, WHOLE AREAS HAD GONE GRAWK !
YES, THE GRAWKS HAD ARRIVED AND SO HAD THEIR CULTURE. THEY BOUGHT RADIO-STATIONS...
SNIT !
G'DAY ! THIS IS ROCKIN' ZARP ZUMBLUCK BRINGIN' YOUSE THE SOUNDS OF THE NATION... HERE'S SIGGY AND THE SLUZZGREEPS WITH "I LOVE YOU SO MUCH I CAN'T KRARK MY SQUACKLE !"
THEY BOUGHT BOUTIQUES...
IT'S VERY POPULAR ON ANDROMEDA-5 THIS YEAR, MODOM...
THEY BOUGHT 'FAST-FOOD' CHAINS...
IT'S PINCER-LICKIN' GOOD !


AND THEY WERE STILL GULLIBLE!
EIGHT PLASTOONS FOR SOVIET RUSSIA? THROW IN THE BLACK SEA AND YOU'VE GOT A DEAL, COMRADE!
...OR WERE THEY?
IT'S A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAWKS, PRIME MINISTER. THEY SAY THAT AS THEY NOW OWN THE WHOLE OF GREATER LONDON, THEY'D BE OBLIGED IF WE'D MOVE!
IT SEEMS THEY BOUGHT IT A PIECE AT A TIME FROM PRIVATE CITIZENS...
BUT THAT'S ABSURD... NO COURT ON EARTH WOULD UPHOLD AN AGREEMENT LIKE THAT!
QUITE SO. BUT IF YOU'LL LOOK AT THIS EXTRACT FROM "A TRANS-GALACTIC GUIDE TO PROPERTY DEVELOPMENT"...
IV(c): PURCHASE OF PROPERTIES ON ALL PLANETS SHALL BE CONSIDERED BINDING IF THE SELLER AND SIGNATORY IS A BONA-FIDE MEMBER OF THE PLANET IN QUESTION.
(d) IGNORANCE OF THIS CLAUSE MAY NOT BE DEEMED AN EXCUSE.
(e) FAILURE TO HAND OVER PURCHASED PROPERTIES MAY RESULT IN FORCED CONFISCATION BY THE OFFICIAL BAILIFFS.
(f) LOSS OF LIFE INCURRED DURING SUCH SEIZURES SHALL BE DEEMED THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE OFFENDING PARTY AND MAY NOT BE HELD BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH Etc.
THIS MEANS THAT WE'VE SOLD THE GRAWKS ALMOST THE ENTIRE PLANET! CAN'T WE BUY IT BACK?
IT SEEMS NOT. THE SUDDEN INFLUX OF GRAWK GOLD HAS INFLATED OUR GOLD RESERVES TO THE POINT OF ECONOMIC COLLAPSE. WE'RE SKINT!
SIMPLY TO SURVIVE IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO SELL THE GRAWKS ALL OUR GREATEST ART TREASURES...
AND SO... YES, IT'S A GENUINE PIECE OF PRE-COLONIAL ART. NATURALLY, WE'VE HAD TO IMPROVE IT A LITTLE TO SUIT CONTEMPORARY TASTE...
THE YELLOW AND LILAC COLOUR SCHEME WAS ZOLGA'S IDEA, BUT I THOUGHT OF ALTERING THE TEETH...

THIS WAS THE FIRST OF MANY IMPROVEMENTS THE GRAWKS BROUGHT TO EARTH. STUFFY OLD "LANDMARKS" WERE UPDATED...
COO-EEE!
CLIK!
DRAB, OLD-FASHIONED PLACE NAMES WERE CHANGED TO THINGS OF LYRICAL BEAUTY...
THEY'RE CHANGING THE NAME OF THE PLANET FROM 'EARTH' TO 'SNIZZBUK'...
...APPARENTLY IT'S GRAWKIAN FOR 'DUNROAMIN'!
IN FACT, EVERYONE AGREED THAT THE GRAWKS HAD MADE THE PLANET A MUCH NICER PLACE...
NATURALLY, THE NATIVE EARTHLINGS STILL HAD SOME RESERVATIONS...
WHERE DID WE GO WRONG? WE WERE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING! ANYTHING!!
...ANYTHING... SOB!
THERE, THERE... EASY, GENERAL...
COO-EEEE!
CLIK!
EARTHLING RESETTLEMENT AREA No.2085
PROTECTED SPECIES NO HUNTING!
IN FACT, THEY HAD LOTS OF RESERVATIONS!
THE END.

THE ENGLISH/PHLONDRUTIAN PHRASEBOOK

AT THE SPACEPORT

"THOSE GENTLEMEN ARE EATING OUR LUGGAGE."

"I DID NOT REALISE FRUIT-SMUGGLING WAS AN OFFENCE."

AT THE HOTEL

"TAXII"

"THAT REVOLVING DOOR IS ATTACKING MY WIFE."

ON OFF

VOCOSONICS

FUTURA TRANSLITERATOR 60 CN

PLAY REC FF STOP REW.

THE ENGLISH/PHLONDRUTIAN PHRASEBOOK

"WE REFUSE TO SHARE OUR BATH WITH AN ALTROXIAN."

"NO. WE DO NOT WANT TO WATCH A DENEBIAN DEVIL-RITUAL."

IN THE RESTAURANT

"WAITER, MY SOUP IS GIGGLING."

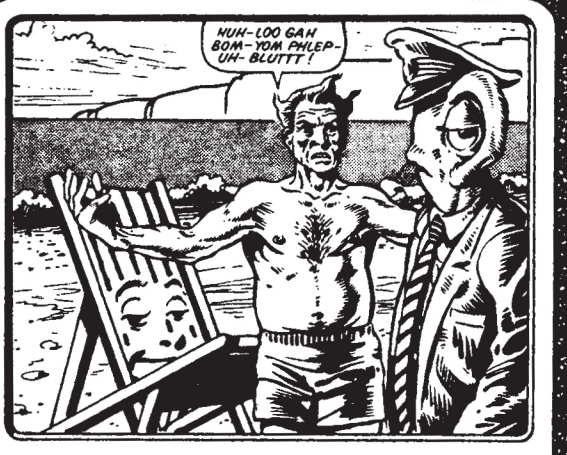
"YOU ARE MISTAKEN. I ASKED FOR A WINE-TASTER."

THE ENGLISH/PHLONDRUTIAN PHRASEBOOK

ON THE BEACH

"NO, CHEF CANNOT MAKE A DISH OF OUR DOG."

"WHY ARE YOU WORSHIPPING OUR BEACH UMBRELLA?"



"THAT DECKCHAIR JUST INSULTED MY WIFE."

"DO YOU SELL A RELIABLE INSECT REPELLENT?"

ON OFF

VOCOSONICS
FUTURA TRANSLITERATOR 60 CN

PLAY REC FF STOP REW.

THE ENGLISH/PHLONDRUTIAN PHRASEBOOK

IN THE NEWSAGENT

"IDIOT! I ASKED FOR 2000 AD – NOT 2000 ELBOW SCRATCHERS!"

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN WE'VE GOT TO PAY NOW THEY'RE LOOSE?"

WHILE BEING ARRESTED

"WE'RE NOT RIOTERS – WE'RE HOLIDAYMAKERS."

"THIS IS ALL A MISTAKE."

ON OFF

VOCOSONICS FUTURA TRANSLITERATOR 50-CN

PLAY REC FF STOP REW.

THE ENGLISH/PHLONDRUTIAN PHRASEBOOK

"I DEMAND TO SEE THE BRITISH CONSUL."

"SIGN A CONFESSION? BUT WE ARE INNOCENT!"

THE INTERROGATION CHAMBER

"YES, WE ARE A PAIN SENSITIVE SPECIES. WHY DO YOU ASK?"

"OH, I SEE. HELLLLLLLLLLP!"

ON
OFF

VOCOSONICS
FUTURA TRANSLITERATOR 60 CN

PLAY REC FF STOP REW.

THE ENGLISH/PHLONDRUTIAN PHRASEBOOK

ON THE SLAVE SATELLITE

"YOU'RE THE BRITISH CONSUL? OH, DEAR."

"THOSE GENTLEMEN ARE EATING MY PICK-AXE."

"I EXPECT THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO INTERVENE SOON."

THE END

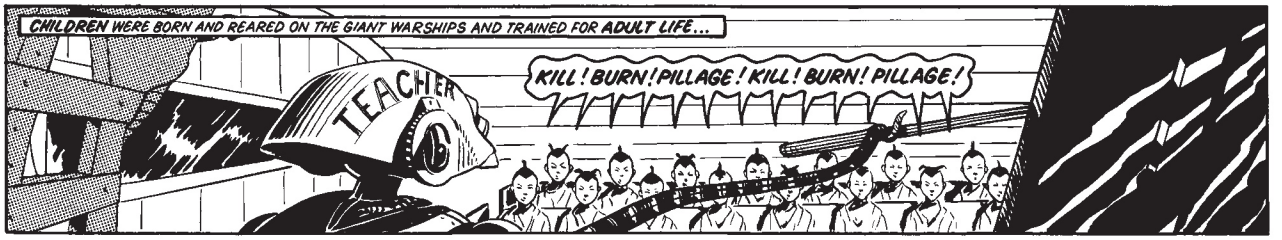
"NEXT YEAR WE HOPE TO VISIT BENIDORM."

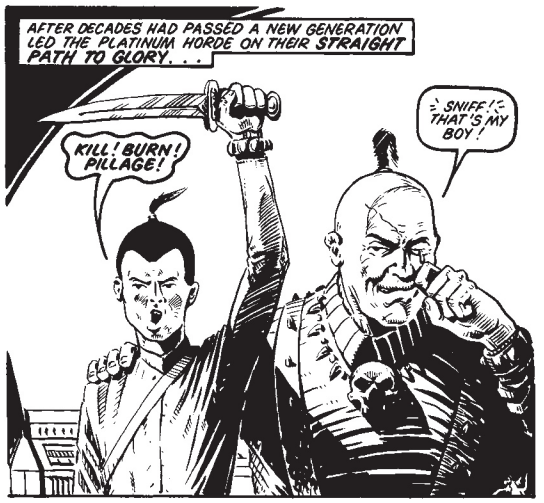
TEXT: ALAN MOORE ART: BRENDAN McCARTHY

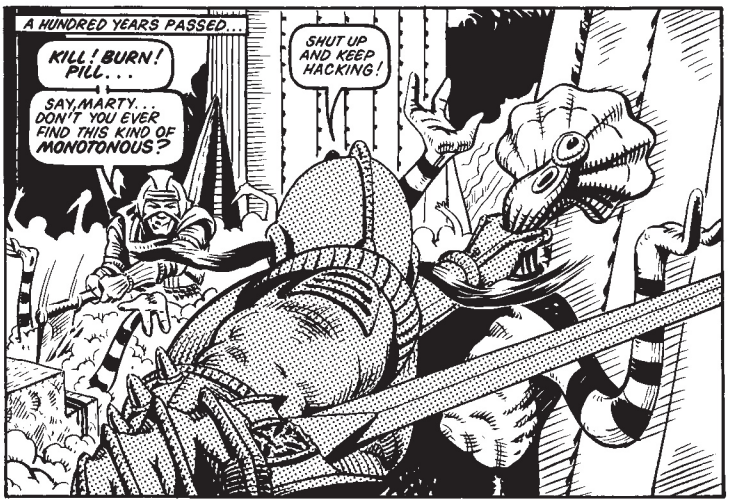
ON OFF
VOCOSONICS
FUTURA TRANSLITERATOR 60-CN
PLAY REC FF STOP REW.

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
THE LAST RUMBLE OF THE PLATINUM HORDE!
LONG AGO, WHEN THE UNIVERSE WAS YOUNG, THE KARBONGIAN EMPIRE REIGNED SUPREME. THE KARBONGI WERE RICH. THE KARBONGI WERE POWERFUL . . .
. . . THE KARBONGI WERE ALSO THE MOST VICIOUS, NASTY AND RUTHLESS BUNCH OF CUT-THROATS IN KNOWN SPACE. THIS MAY HAVE HAD A LOT TO DO WITH THEIR SUPREMACY . . .
KILL! BURN! PILLAGE!
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING ROBOT TONY JACOB
COMPU-73E
LIFE WAS ONE CAREFREE WHIRL FOR THE KARBONGI UNTIL THE FATEFUL DAY ARRIVED WHEN. . .
YOUR SUPREME BLOODTHIRSTYNESS, IT APPEARS WE HAVE RUN OUT OF PEOPLE TO CONQUER!
WHAAAT? BUT WE CAN'T HAVE!!
WHAT ABOUT THE AAGOOMIANS? LET'S GO AND STOMP THOSE FIVE-EYED FEEBS INTO THE TURF!
WE OBLITERATED THE AAGOOMIANS SIX MONTHS AGO, YOUR CRUELTY. LIKE-WISE THE BURGOMBU, THE CLOOBS AND SO ON THROUGH TO THE ZUGLUBS.
IT WAS CERTAINLY A PROBLEM. KING GARGANTUA AND HIS CHAMBERLAIN CONSORTED FAR INTO THE NIGHT . . .
HEY! HOW ABOUT THE POGWOMPS OF ALTAIR SEVEN?
THE POGWOMPS HAVE BEEN EXTINCT SINCE LAST THURSDAY, YOUR TYRANNY.
BUNCHA WIMPS!

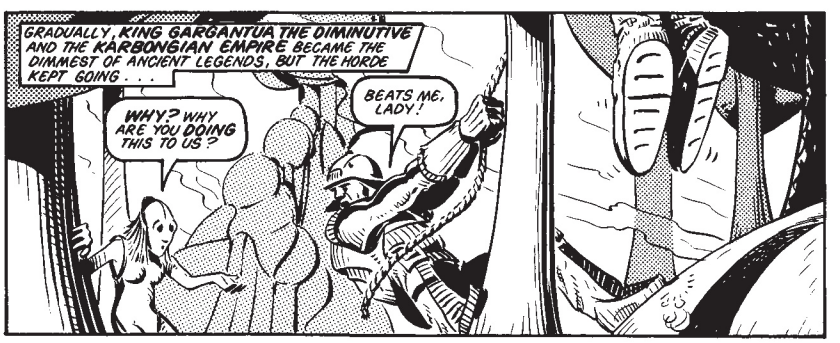
FINALLY, THE KING'S FACE DISPLAYED THE ANCIENT KARBONGI SIGN OF INSPIRATION . . .
I'VE GOT IT! I'LL SHOW THE UNIVERSE THAT KARBONG CAN STILL MASH PROTOPLASM WITH THE BEST OF 'EM!
THE STUNTED SOVEREIGN ASSEMBLED A HUNDRED THOUSAND OF HIS MOST GORE-CRAZED WARRIORS BEFORE THE ROYAL PALACE . . .
HEY, HAVE I GOT A JOB FOR YOU GUYS!
WE'RE GONNA ASSEMBLE YOU INTO AN UNSTOPPABLE PLATINUM HORDE – POINT YOU INTO DEEP SPACE AND TURN YA LOOSE!
YOU'RE GOING TO HEAD OUT IN A DEAD STRAIGHT LINE LEAVIN' A TRAIL OF SMOKING RUIN BEHIND YA! YOU'RE GONNA PULVERISE EVERYTHING THAT GETS IN YOUR WAY...
... AND YOU AIN'T GONNA STOP UNTIL YOU REACH THE END OF THE UNIVERSE!
I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M REAL PROUD O' YOU GUYS. SNIFF – THIS IS GONNA BE A LASTING MONUMENT TO OUR GREAT CULTURE AND ADVANCED CIVILIZATION.
SNIFF!
AND SO, AFTER MONTHS OF PREPARATION THE PLATINUM HORDE SET OFF . . .
KILL! BURN! PILLAGE!
KILL! BURN! PILLAGE!
OVER THE NEXT FEW YEARS THEY MANAGED TO IMPRESS THEIR GREAT CULTURE AND ADVANCED CIVILIZATION UPON A NUMBER OF LUCKLESS RACES...
KILL! BURN! PILLAGE!
NATURALLY, THERE WERE ALSO LONG PERIODS OF INACTIVITY WITH ONLY THE STARS FOR COMPANY. . .
HEY.. THERE'S ANOTHER OF THOSE FUNNY SIGNS! WHAT'S IT SAY?
SAME AS THE LAST ONE.. "HORIZON: EIGHT BILLION PARSECS."

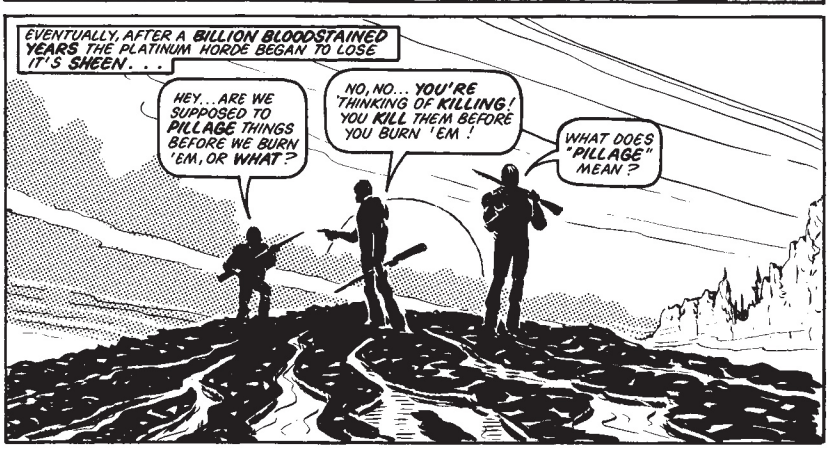

CHILDREN WERE BORN AND REARED ON THE GIANT WARSHIPS AND TRAINED FOR ADULT LIFE...
TEACHER
KILL! BURN! PILLAGE! KILL! BURN! PILLAGE!


AFTER DECADES HAD PASSED A NEW GENERATION LED THE PLATINUM HORDE ON THEIR STRAIGHT PATH TO GLORY...
KILL! BURN! PILLAGE!
SNIFF! THAT'S MY BOY!


A HUNDRED YEARS PASSED...
KILL! BURN! PILL...
SAY, MARTY... DON'T YOU EVER FIND THIS KIND OF MONOTONOUS?
SHUT UP AND KEEP HACKING!

A THOUSAND YEARS PASSED...
HORIZON
8 BILLION
PARSECS
ARE WE AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE YET?
NAH! BUT THERE'S ANOTHER OF THOSE FUNNY SIGNS...


GRADUALLY, KING GARGANTUA THE DIMINUTIVE AND THE KARBONGIAN EMPIRE BECAME THE DIMMEST OF ANCIENT LEGENDS, BUT THE HORDE KEPT GOING...
WHY? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO US?
BEATS ME, LADY!


EVENTUALLY, AFTER A BILLION BLOODSTAINED YEARS THE PLATINUM HORDE BEGAN TO LOSE IT'S SHEEN...
HEY... ARE WE SUPPOSED TO PILLAGE THINGS BEFORE WE BURN 'EM, OR WHAT?
NO, NO... YOU'RE THINKING OF KILLING! YOU KILL THEM BEFORE YOU BURN 'EM!
WHAT DOES "PILLAGE" MEAN?

THE WARSHIPS DEVELOPED METAL FATIGUE, THEIR CREWS BECAME TIRED – WORST OF ALL, THERE WERE NO MORE BIRTHS . . .
WELL, GUYS . . . THERE'S NO MORE THAN TEN THOUSAND OF US LEFT AND WE'RE STILL NOWHERE NEAR THE END OF THE UNIVERSE . . .
LOOKS LIKE IT'S CURTAINS FOR THE PLATINUM HORDE.
THEN UP SPOKE VANDARG THE VIOLENT...
IF WE'RE ALL WASHED-UP, I SAY WE GO OUT WITH A BANG! I SAY WE TAKE THE NEXT CIVILIZATION THAT WE FIND AND TURN IT INTO CATFOOD!
IT'LL BE THE LAST RUMBLE OF THE PLATINUM HORDE! WHADDAYA SAY, GUYS?
VANDARG'S REASONED AND ELOQUENT PLEA REKINDLED THE OLD FLAME, THE RESPONSE WAS UNANIMOUS . . .
KILL! BURN! PILLAGE! KILL! BURN! PILLAGE!
HORIZON 8 BILLION PARSECS
A SUITABLE TARGET WAS FOUND...
OUR ADVANCE SCOUTS SAY IT LOOKS LIKE IT WAS ONCE A BIG EMPIRE TILL IT STARTED GETTIN' SOFT AND FLABBY!
SOUNDS LIKE A WALKOVER! OKAY, YOU MEN . . .
. . . GET OUT THERE AND MAKE TROUBLE!
THE HORDE'S ADVANCE SCOUTS HAD BEEN CORRECT. THE DOOMED PLANET, ONCE MIGHTY, HAD GROWN WEAK AND SPINELESS THROUGH INACTIVITY . . .
MAKES YA SICK!
NO! PLEASE! SPARE US!
BUNCHA SISSIES!

AND, WHEN THE SLAUGHTER WAS DONE...
HA HA HA! HEY, TALK ABOUT COINCIDENCES! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PLAQUE I FOUND!
WHY, WHAT'S IT SAY?
IT SAYS "WELCOME TO KARBONG, HOME OF THE FAMOUS PLATINUM HORDE."
OH NO! DO YOU REALISE WHAT THIS MEANS? IT MEANS THAT SPACE IS CIRCULAR!
WE'VE GONE RIGHT ROUND THE UNIVERSE IN A STRAIGHT LINE AND SMASHED OUR OWN MOTHERWORLD!
UH... GEE... THIS IS PRETTY SERIOUS, RIGHT, GUYS? I MEAN, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
DO? DO? THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO... ONLY ONE THING WE KNOW HOW TO DO...
LONG AGO, WHEN THE UNIVERSE WAS YOUNG, THE KARBONGIAN EMPIRE REIGNED SUPREME. THEY WERE RICH. THEY WERE POWERFUL. BUT THEY HAD ONE PROBLEM...
...THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHEN TO STOP!
WE JUST KEEP GOING!
HORIZON 8 BILLION PARSECS
THE END

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT GARRY LEACH
LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS. IT HAS COME TO MY NOTICE THAT SOME OF MY OLDER READERS ARE EXPERIENCING DIFFICULTY IN FINDING SUITABLE EMPLOYMENT. THUS I, THARG THE CAREER-CONSCIOUS, HAVE DECIDED TO BRING NEWS OF JUST ONE OF THE MANY EXCITING JOBS WHICH WAIT AMONGST THE STARS. I CALL THIS...

THEY SWEEP THE SPACEWAYS

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO MOZZOGLINESS

DAA DADA DE DAA DUM DE DUM DE DE

A TRIBUTE TO THE TRANS GALACTIC DISPOSAL CORPS

THE UNIVERSE IS A BIG PLACE. MUCH BIGGER THAN, SAY, WESTON SUPER-MARE FOR EXAMPLE...

THE UNIVERSE

WESTON SUPER-MARE

MAG 10⁸

NATURALLY, IT TAKES A LOT OF PEOPLE TO RUN A UNIVERSE SMOOTHLY, RANGING FROM THE LOFTY HEIGHTS OF SENIOR MANAGEMENT...

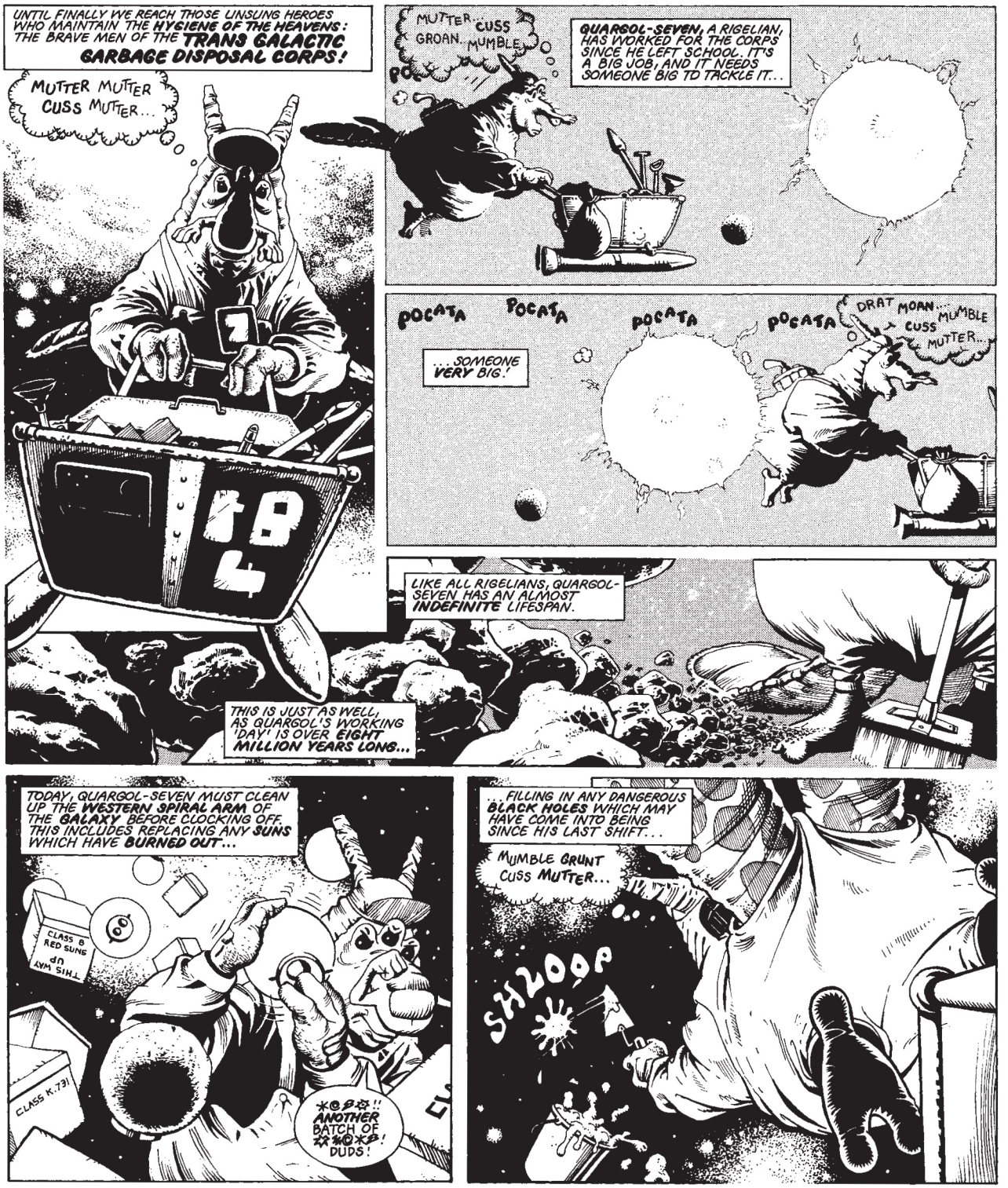
SOME DAY, SON, ALL THIS WILL BE YOURS.

...DOWN THROUGH THE HECTIC PACE OF THE ACCOUNTS DEPARTMENT...

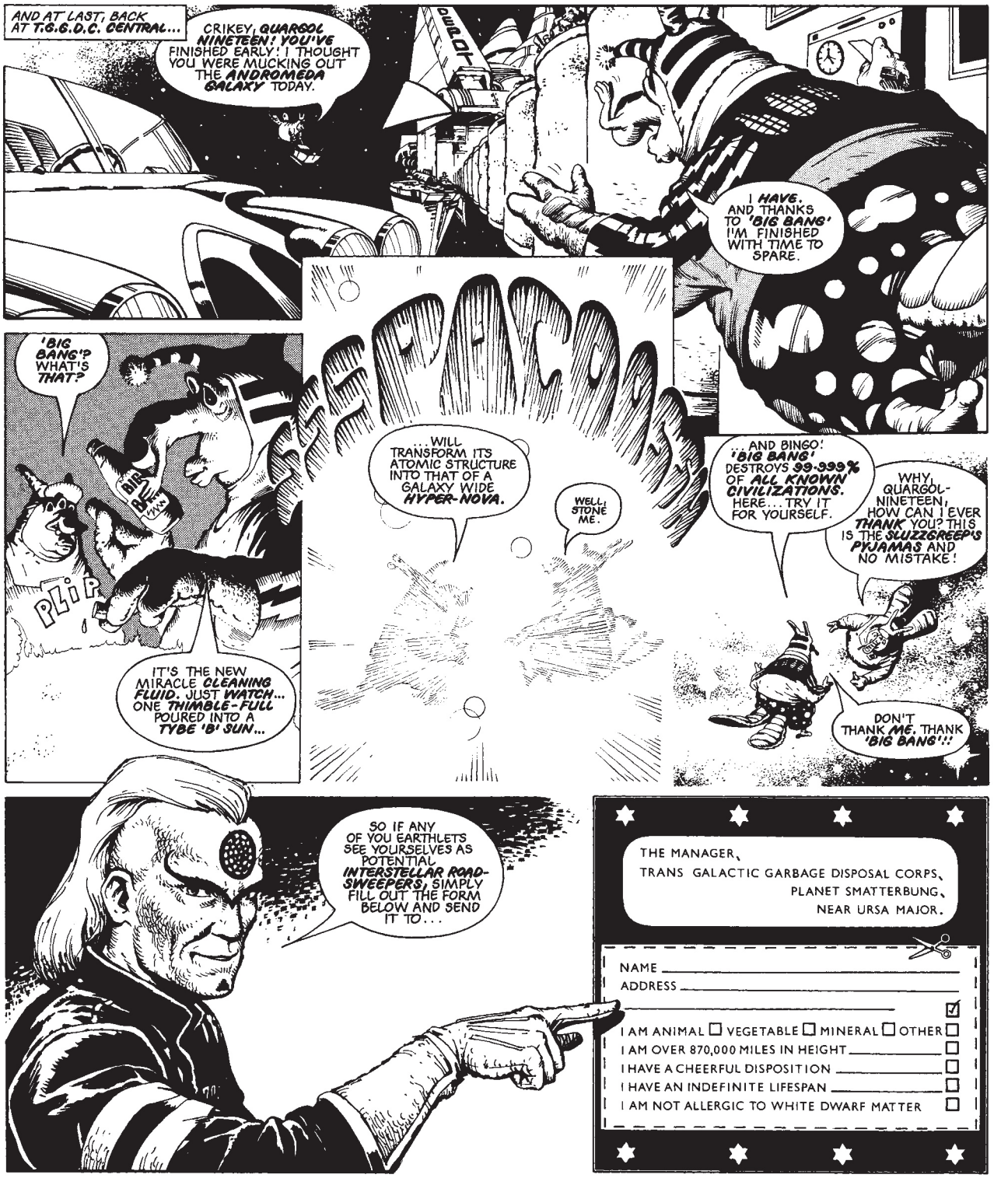
VRIL GALAXY? YOU'RE OVER-BUDGET ON THOSE 'A'-TYPE SUNS— SEND 'EM BACK AND ORDER SOME 'B'-TYPE SUNS INSTEAD.

WHAT? OH YEAH? WELL THEN, SAME TO YOU, FELLER!

TAV


UNTIL FINALLY WE REACH THOSE UNSUNG HEROES WHO MAINTAIN THE HYGIENE OF THE HEAVENS: THE BRAVE MEN OF THE TRANS GALACTIC GARBAGE DISPOSAL CORPS!
MUTTER MUTTER CUSS MUTTER...
MUTTER... CUSS GROAN... MUMBLE
QUARGOL-SEVEN, A RIGELIAN, HAS WORKED FOR THE CORPS SINCE HE LEFT SCHOOL. IT'S A BIG JOB, AND IT NEEDS SOMEONE BIG TO TACKLE IT...
POCATA POCATA POCATA POCATA
DRAT MOAN... MUMBLE CUSS MUTTER...
...SOMEONE VERY BIG!
LIKE ALL RIGELIANS, QUARGOL-SEVEN HAS AN ALMOST INDEFINITE LIFESPAN.
THIS IS JUST AS WELL, AS QUARGOL'S WORKING 'DAY' IS OVER EIGHT MILLION YEARS LONG...
TODAY, QUARGOL-SEVEN MUST CLEAN UP THE WESTERN SPIRAL ARM OF THE GALAXY BEFORE CLOCKING OFF. THIS INCLUDES REPLACING ANY SUNS WHICH HAVE BURNED OUT...
CLASS B RED SUNS
THIS WAY UP
CLASS K.731
*@$☆!! ANOTHER BATCH OF ☆%@*$! DUDS!
...FILLING IN ANY DANGEROUS BLACK HOLES WHICH MAY HAVE COME INTO BEING SINCE HIS LAST SHIFT...
MUMBLE GRUNT CUSS MUTTER...
SHLOOP

...AND MOST IMPORTANTLY OF ALL, CHECKING THE PLANETARY SYSTEMS FOR FRESH SIGNS OF THAT MOST VIRULENT OF GALACTIC PESTS— CIVILIZATION!
AHA!
AS QUARGOL-SEVEN HAS LEARNED TO HIS COST, ONE MUST TAKE GREAT CARE WHEN WIPING OUT A PATCH OF CIVILIZATION...
ONLY GOTTER MISS ONE TINY PATCH AND THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW THE LITTLE BLIGHTERS ARE ALL OVER THE GALAXY AGAIN.
MMPH. THAT'S GOT 'EM.
PSSFFFT
BIG BOY
FINALLY, IT'S TIME FOR A MAGMA-BREAK. PUT YOUR PSEUDOPODS UP, QUARGOL-SEVEN... YOU'VE EARNED IT!
GALAXY-SPANNING EMPIRES WILL RISE AND FALL BEFORE QUARGOL-SEVEN FINISHES HIS TIFFIN. BUT EVENTUALLY...
MMMPH. S'POSE I'D BETTER START SWEEPING UP. THE ASTEROID BELTS ARE GETTING THICK AGAIN.
BING
BONG
BUNG
YES, IT'S A LONG AND THANKLESS TASK FRESHENING UP THE FIRMAMENT. BUT COME DAY'S END, QUARGOL-SEVEN CAN PROUDLY SURVEY HIS WORK AND SAY..
DROK THIS FOR A GAME OF IMPERIAL STORM-TROOPERS. I'M KNOCKING OFF.


AND AT LAST, BACK AT T.G.G.D.C. CENTRAL...
CRIKEY, QUARGOL NINETEEN! YOU'VE FINISHED EARLY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE MUCKING OUT THE ANDROMEDA GALAXY TODAY.
I HAVE. AND THANKS TO 'BIG BANG' I'M FINISHED WITH TIME TO SPARE.
'BIG BANG'? WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S THE NEW MIRACLE CLEANING FLUID. JUST WATCH... ONE THIMBLE-FULL POURED INTO A TYBE 'B' SUN...
PLIP
...WILL TRANSFORM ITS ATOMIC STRUCTURE INTO THAT OF A GALAXY WIDE HYPER-NOVA.
WELL, STONE ME.
...AND BINGO! 'BIG BANG' DESTROYS 99.999% OF ALL KNOWN CIVILIZATIONS. HERE... TRY IT FOR YOURSELF.
WHY, QUARGOL-NINETEEN, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU? THIS IS THE SLUZZGREEP'S PYJAMAS AND NO MISTAKE!
DON'T THANK ME. THANK 'BIG BANG'!!!
SO IF ANY OF YOU EARTHLETS SEE YOURSELVES AS POTENTIAL INTERSTELLAR ROAD-SWEEPERS, SIMPLY FILL OUT THE FORM BELOW AND SEND IT TO...
THE MANAGER,
TRANS GALACTIC GARBAGE DISPOSAL CORPS,
PLANET SMATTERBUNG,
NEAR URSA MAJOR.
NAME
ADDRESS
I AM ANIMAL ☐ VEGETABLE ☐ MINERAL ☐ OTHER ☐
I AM OVER 870,000 MILES IN HEIGHT ☐
I HAVE A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION ☐
I HAVE AN INDEFINITE LIFESPAN ☐
I AM NOT ALLERGIC TO WHITE DWARF MATTER ☐

THARG'S
FUTURE-SHOCKS
THE REGRETTABLE RUSE OF ROCKET REDGLARE!
REMEMBER ROCKET REDGLARE, GOLDEN-HAIRED GUARDIAN OF THE GALAXY? STEEL-EYED SENTINEL OF THE SPACEWAYS AND ENEMY OF EVIL EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS?
REMEMBER HOW, AIDED ONLY BY THE GLAMOROUS LUSCIA, HE VANQUISHED THE VILEST VILLAINS OF THE OUTER VOID?
HOW HE CRUSHED THE CRAVEN CON-MEN OF CYGNUS AND PULVERISED THE PREDATORY PILCHARD PEOPLE OF PLUTO AMONG MANY OTHERS?
AND MOST MEMORABLE OF ALL, HOW HE REPELLED COUNTLESS INVASIONS BY HIS ARCH-FOE, LUMIS LOGAR, THE MAN WITH THE JADE HEART?
MANY AND BITTER WERE THEIR BATTLES, AND THERE WERE SOME WHO SAID THAT OVER THE YEARS A CURIOUS MUTUAL RESPECT HAD BLOSSOMED BETWEEN THE TWO...
BUT WHATEVER THE REASON, IT HAS NOW BEEN THIRTY YEARS SINCE LOGAR'S SANGUAN SPACE ARMADA LAST DARKENED EARTH'S SKIES...
...THIRTY LONG YEARS OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY.
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
MIKE WHITE
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E

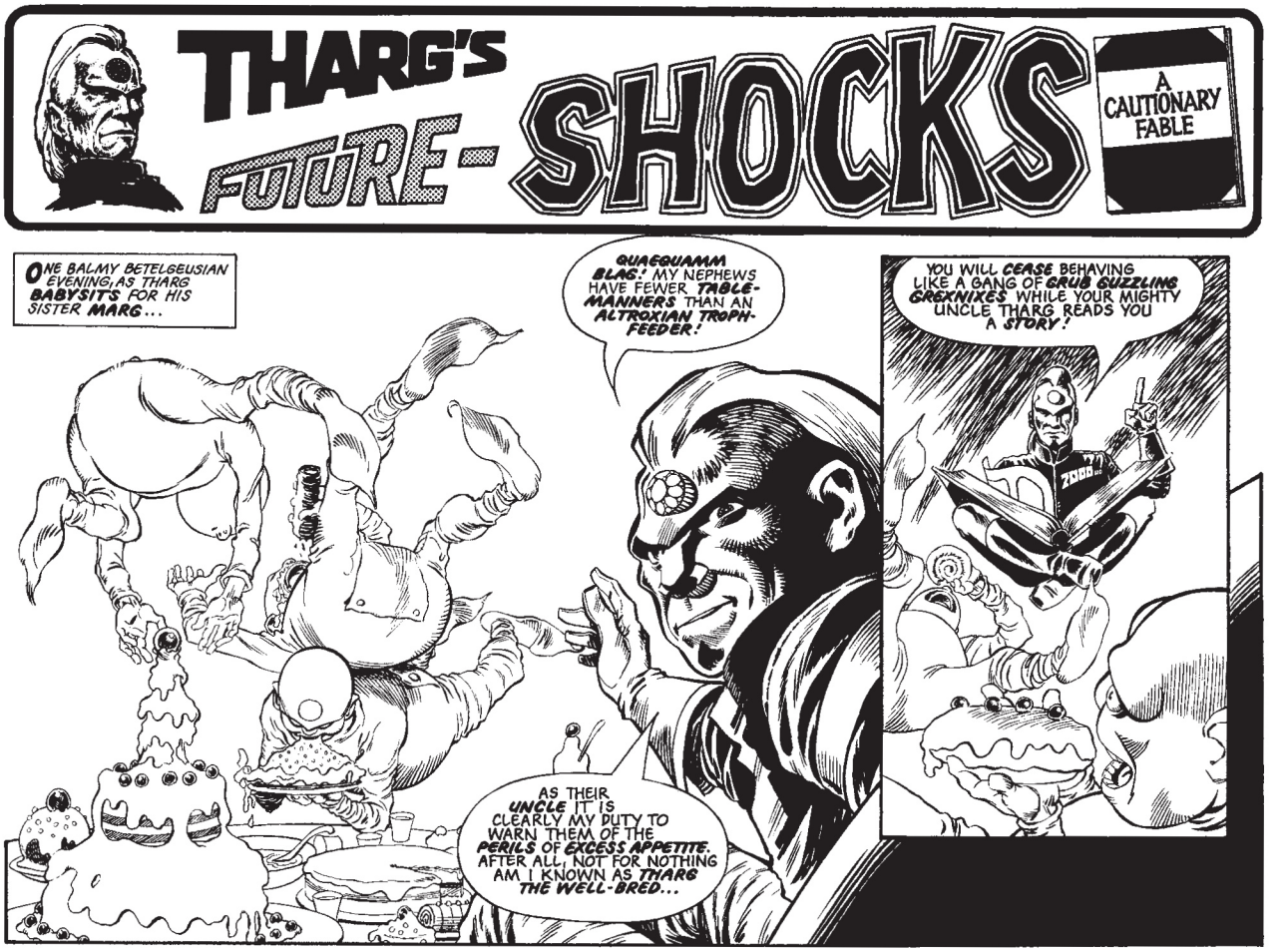
ROCKET REDGLARE IS NOW FIFTY-FOUR.
ROCKY, YOU FAT SCHLUB! AIN'T YOU READY YET?
WE GOTTA BE AT THAT NEW MEGA-MARKET OPENIN' IN TEN MINUTES!
HECK, LUSCIA, IF YOU'D QUIT JAWIN' AN' HELPED ME LACE UP THIS CORSET WE COULDA BE READY AN HOUR AGO!!
WHAT'S A LOUSY MEGA-MARKET ANYWAY?
ROCKET REDGLARE
MONEY IN THE BANK IS WHAT IT IS, DUMMY! HOW ELSE AM I SUPPOSED TO PAY FOR THE GROCERIES NEXT WEEK? WITH AUTOGRAPHED HOLO-SNAPS MAYBE?
AHH, GIMME A BREAK! WHAT ABOUT ALL THE ROYALTIES FROM THE ROCKET REDGLARE T-SHIRTS AN' FILMS AN' STUFF? WE'RE SITTIN' PRETTY!
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU CHECKED OUR ACCOUNTS? REDGLARE TOYS AN' NOVELTIES WENT BUST! WE AIN'T SOLD A T-SHIRT IN FIVE YEARS!
GEE... I DIDN'T REALISE...
WE'RE LIVIN' ON ROYALTIES FROM BUBBLEGUM CARDS! "ROCKET REDGLARE MEETS THE HUNCHBACKS FROM HADES." BUBBLEGUM CARDS! HAH!
NATURALLY YOU DIDN'T REALISE! BECAUSE I GOTTA HANDLE THE CASH WHILE YOU SIT AND WATCH OLD VIDEO RE-RUNS OF 'ROCKET REDGLARE SAVES THE UNIVERSE!'
HEY, MISTER! CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?
HEH HEH! WHY, SURE, SON. THERE... "TO A GREAT LITTLE SPACE CADET, REGARDS, ROCKET REDGLARE."
ROCKET REDGLARE? AW NUTS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE KIRK KOSMO, ASTRAL AVENGER.
SEE? I TOLD YOU! THIS GUY'S TOO OLD AND FAT TO BE AN ASTRAL AVENGER!

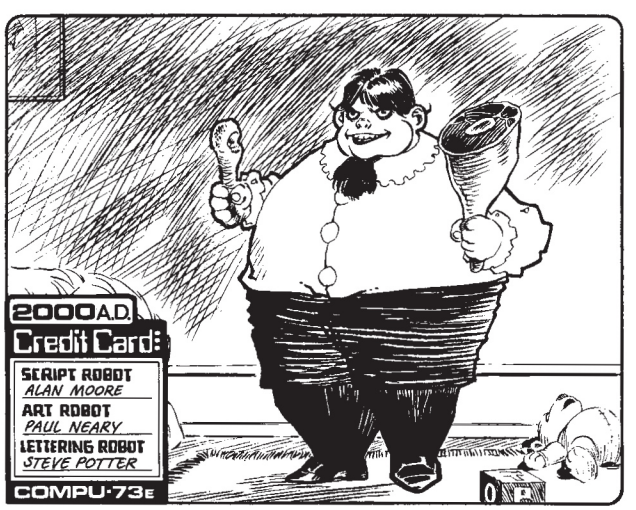
FAT? THIS HERE IS SOLID MUSCLE! I'LL PROVE IT... HIT ME AS HARD AS YOU LIKE! GO ON!
HEH, HEH. DIDN'T FEEL A THING.
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME I GOTTA BE RUNNING ALONG...
RR
WHOMP!
OOOUSH... LITTLE PUNK! MUSTA HAD A HORSESHOE IN HIS HAND...
HAH! MY HUSBAND... THE HERO!
RR
LATER.
HMM... NOT MUCH OF AN OPENIN'. THE CROWD WAS A BIT THIN...
A BIT THIN? TWO OLD LADIES AND A DOG? I NEVER BIN SO EMBARRASSED IN MY LIFE! YOU'RE A HAS-BEEN, ROCKY. YER ALL WASHED UP!
LIENS
STARRING
ROCKET REDGLARE & LUCIA
WELL, IF I'M SUCH A FAILURE, HOW COME YOU MARRIED ME?
BECAUSE OUR AGENT SAID IT WOULD BE GOOD PUBLICITY, THAT'S HOW COME!
I MUSTA BIN CRAZY! I COULDA HITCHED UP WIT' LUMIS LOGAR! HE WUZ A REAL MAN!
Lumis Logar? Hmmm...
YEAH, LUMIS LOGAR! HE USED'TA BE REAL SWEET ON ME. BOY, I COULD BE UP IN HIS PALACE ON SANGUA NOW, LIVIN' LIKE A QUEEN! INSTEAD O' WHICH... ROCKY, ARE YOU LISTENIN' TO ME?
AND SO, TWO DAYS LATER AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE ON THE PLANET SANGUA...
BY THE FETID BREATH OF MY FOREFATHERS... ROCKET REDGLARE! HOW NICE OF YOU TO DROP IN AFTER SO MANY YEARS!
UHH... HI, LUMIS. COULD WE GO SOMEPLACE A LITTLE MORE PRIVATE? IT WOULDN'T LOOK GOOD FER ME, BEIN' SEEN HERE. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

I QUITE UNDERSTAND, OLD FRIEND! COME, STEP THIS WAY...
HOW FARES THE CHARMING LUCIA? STILL AS STRIKING AS EVER, I'LL WARRANT.
UHH, YEAH, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY THAT. LISSEN, LUMIS... ME AN' YOU, WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, RIGHT?
INDEED WE DO. NEVER DID I BATTLE A MORE WORTHY ADVERSARY.
...AND YOU AIN'T MAD AT ME FER BEATIN' YA ALLA THOSE TIMES?
MY DEAR ROCKET! WHO COULD BEAR A GRUDGE FOR THIRTY YEARS?
HEH, HEH! I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.
WELL, LUMIS... IT'S LIKE THIS... I GOT A KIND OF PUBLIC RELATIONS PROBLEM AN' LIKE I WAS KINDA WONDERIN' IF YOU COULD...
THE TWO MEN TALK FAR INTO THE NIGHT, AND IT IS A FAR HAPPIER ROCKET REDGLARE WHO RETURNS TO EARTH THE NEXT DAY.
TWO WEEKS LATER...
LUMIS LOGAR WAR ON EARTH!
EXTRA! EXTRA! READALLABOUDIT! SANGUA DECLARES WAR ON EARTH! LUMIS LOGAR MOBILISES SPACE ARMADA! EXTRA!
THE REACTION OF THE WORLD'S LEADERS IS ONE OF BLIND PANIC...
WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE! AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF PEACE WE'RE TOTALLY UNPREPARED!
THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WE CAN TURN TO IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS AND THAT'S...

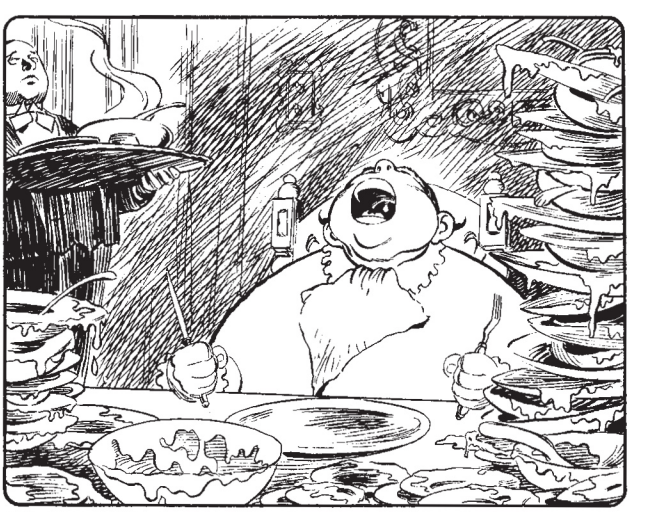
"... ROCKET REDGLARE!"
... SO YOU WANT ME TO SAVE THE WORLD, HUH?
WELL, I GOT A PRETTY TIGHT SCHEDULE, BUT I GUESS MAYBE I COULD SQUEEZE IT IN BEFORE LUNCH.
OH THANK YOU! THANK YOU! WE HAVE YOUR OLD ROCKET SHIP READY FOR TAKE-OFF RIGHT NOW!
AND SO...
HAH! DID YOU SEE THAT CROWD? DID YOU SEE ALL THOSE PHOTO-GRAPHERS? WE GOT A DOZEN MOVIE OFFERS ALREADY!
WHO'S A HAS-BEEN NOW, HUH?
WE-ELL... OKAY. BUT THAT ARMADA LOOKS AWFULLY BIG! ARE YOU SURE THIS IS GOING TO WORK?
ROCKET REDGLARE
RELAX... I GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT WITH MY OLD BUDDY LUMIS! THE FIRST WAVE OF SHIPS ARE ALL REMOTE-CONTROLLED. I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO HIT 'EM!
... SOON AS I FIRE MY GUNS, LUMIS MAKES 'EM SELF-DESTRUCT!!
HAH! GOT ONE!
THE ONE-SIDED BATTLE SWIFTLY REACHES ITS GRAND FINALE...
RIGHT! NOW I ZOOM IN REAL CLOSE TO LOGAR'S FLAGSHIP, SHOOT OFF ONE OF THE STABILIZERS AN' HE GOES SPINNIN' OFF INTA SPACE, "OUT OF CONTROL"...
...THEN THE SANGUAN FLEET FLEES IN DISARRY, AND WE GO BACK TO EARTH AN' WAIT FOR THE CHEQUES TO ROLL IN!
FLEUR DU MAL
IF YOU SAY SO... SAY! THERE'S LOGAR'S FLAGSHIP NOW!

WHAT ARE THOSE TWO BIG THINGS UNFOLDING FROM UNDERNEATH IT? I DON'T REMEMBER IT HAVING THOSE BEFORE...
I DUNNO. THEY LOOK KINDA LIKE TWO BIG HANDS, BUT THAT'S CRAZY! I MEAN WHY WOULD ANYBODY WANT A SPACE-SHIP WITH TWO BIG...
EEEAGHH!
URRK!
...WHO COULD BEAR A GRUDGE FOR THIRTY YEARS?
I COULD.
...AND THE MAN WITH A JADE HEART CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF AS HE GUIDES HIS ARMADA DOWN TOWARDS THE STUNNED AND DEFENCELESS EARTH.
WHICH ONLY LEAVES ONE QUESTION...
The End

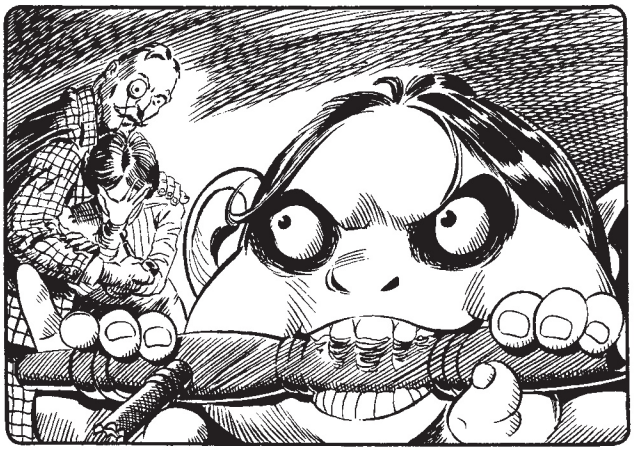




"This is the tale of Timothy Tate, a child too vile to contemplate. Obese, belligerent and rude, young Timmy was obsessed by food."



"Whole sides of beef and legs of mutton could not appease this little glutton. He'd wolf down trifles by the score, lick clean his plate and scream for more."



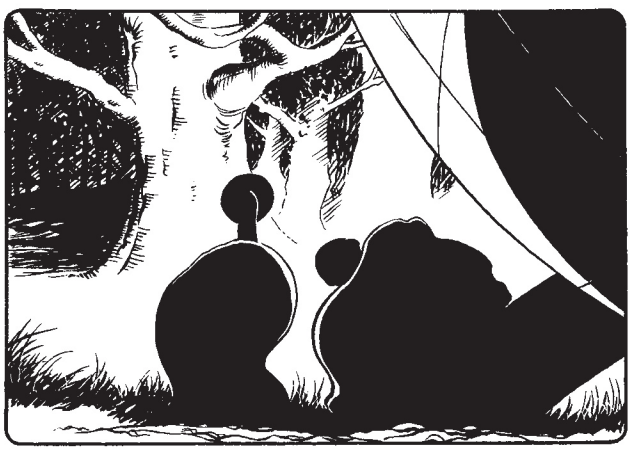
"As if afflicted by a curse, his appetite grew more diverse. Despite his parents' frosty stares he'd often gnaw through legs of chairs."

"He'd munch, with unashamed glee, through carpets and upholstery... and household pets too slow to flee would often vanish, utterly."

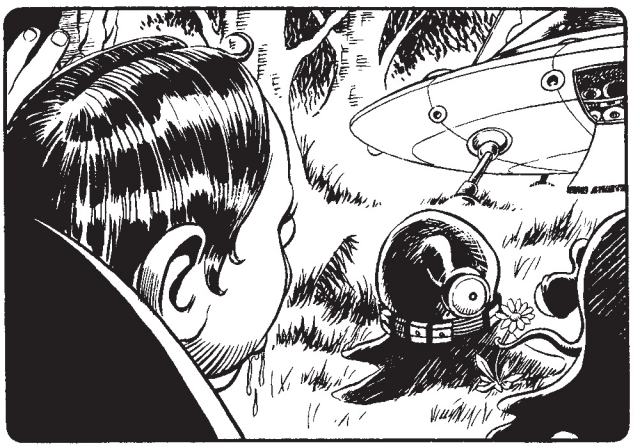
"The parents of his friends, in fear, forbade their offspring to go near lest they should up as a feast for this demented little beast."

"He stalked alone, shunned by his peers, in verdant woodlands growing near, and at the tremor of his tread the timid forest creatures fled."

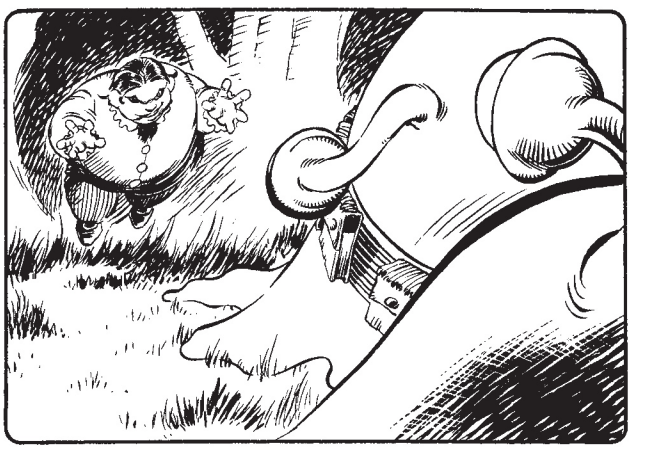
"One evening, as he dined on twigs, a sound disturbed this prince of pigs, and looking up saw something bright descending from the starry night."



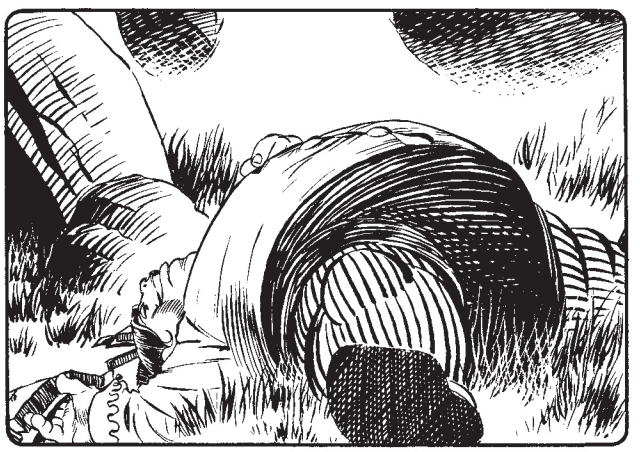
"The glowing disc dropped from the sky toward a leafy glade nearby, and from it's hatch, as Timmy hid, a brace of curious creatures slid."



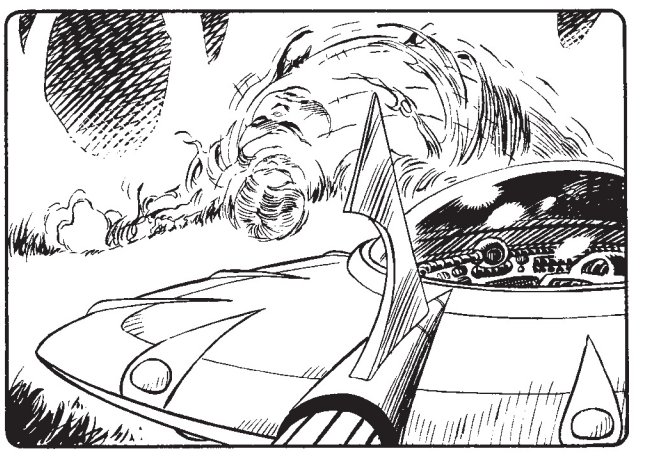
"Who knows from what dim, distant star this puzzling pair had journeyed far? But Tim, his beady eyes alert, had but one thought, which was dessert!"



"Imagine then their vast surprise, these voyagers from beyond the skies, when with a shriek, from out the gloom, leapt sixteen stones of sudden doom!"

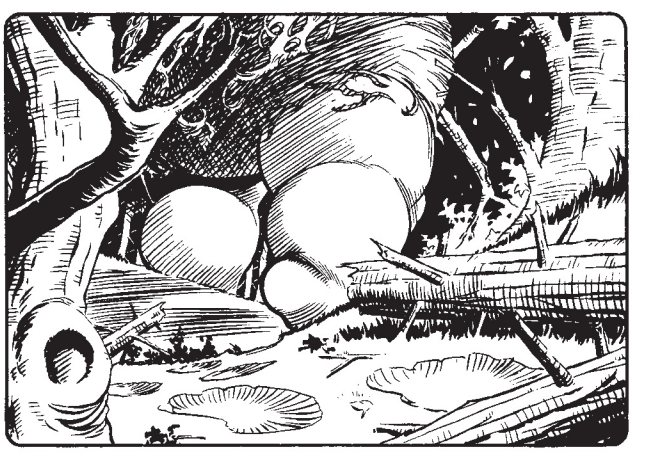


"They had no time to flee or fight... he scarfed them down without respite. Sated at last, this fleshy heap burped once, and smiled, and fell asleep."



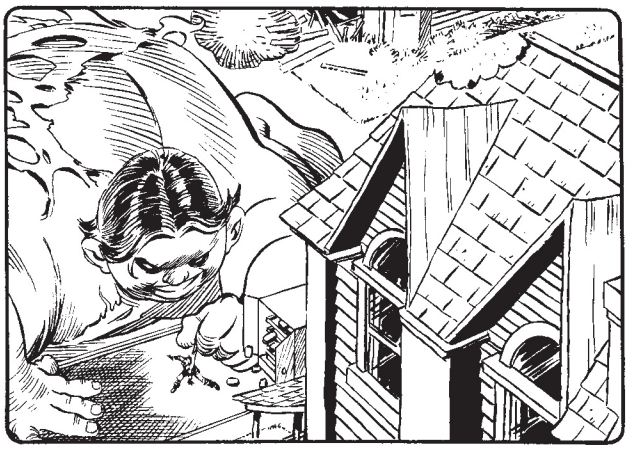
"But children, though they love to munch, should not eat aliens for lunch; the meal which caused such satisfaction produced a chemical reaction."

"On waking, Timmy learned in fright that he'd grown larger in the night. 'Oh woe is me!' cried master Tate, 'It must have been something I ate!'"



"Not only Timbo's body grew... his appetite was larger too! So, trampling timber all around, he headed off towards the town."

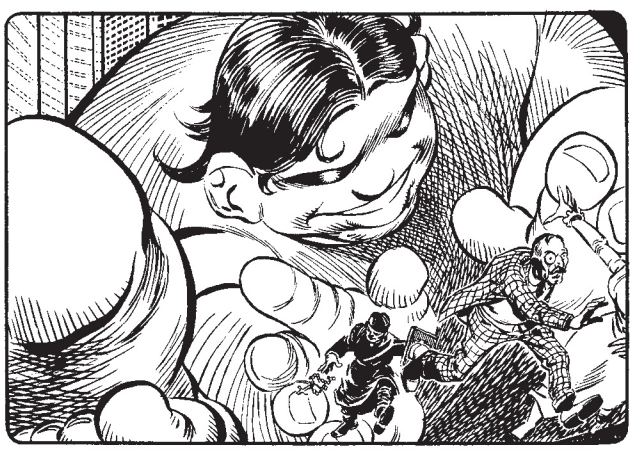
"The buildings shook as he grew near, and townsfolk, overcome by fear, began to panic, scream and run. His vast girth blotted out the sun."



"In that wild, hunger-crazed affray he ate six cars, two brewer's drays, the general stores, and, now quite mad, poor hapless Tom, the baker's lad."

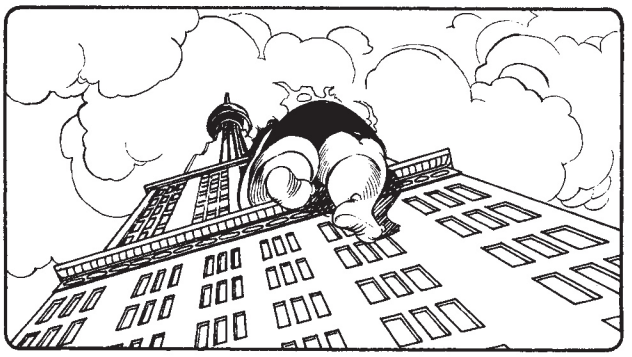
"Then, trampling what he did not scoff, he left the town and wandered off towards a nearby city where, he hoped for more substantial fare."

"The police force and the army too found there was nothing they could do, as Timmy, with tremendous glee, ate five platoons of infantry."

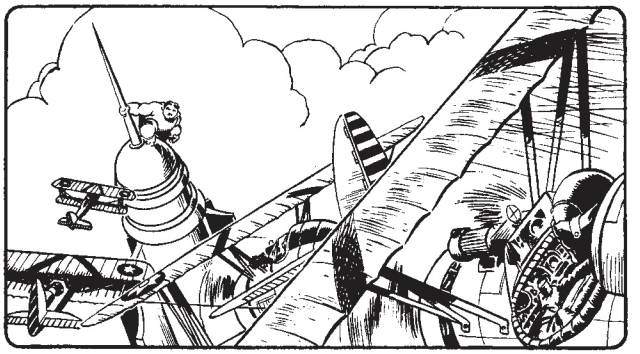


"His parents and the village priest were called to beg the slavering beast that once had been their son to cease. (They barely got out in one piece.)"

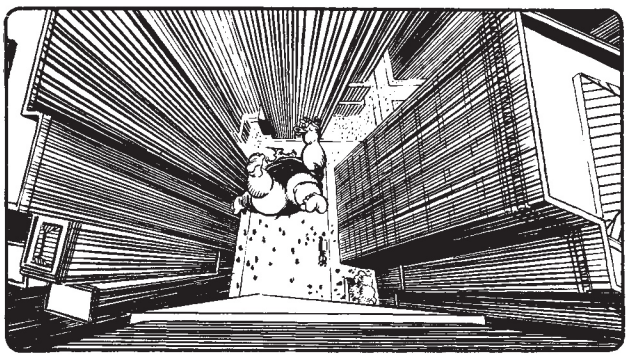
"He ate three libraries and a school, he drank the public swimming pool, devoured an office block or two, then bolted down the local zoo."



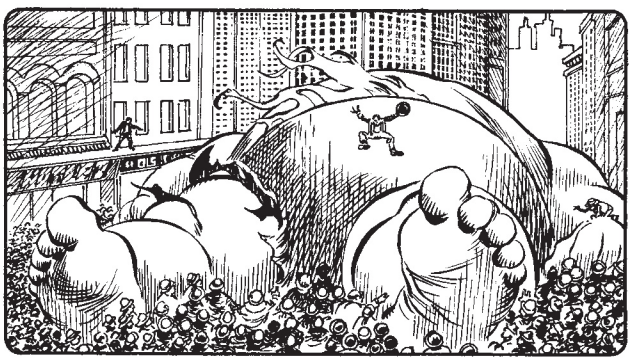
"But even monsters need a rest and somewhere tranquil to digest. He climbed a lofty spire and stopped when he could go no higher."



"But here less peace was to be found than there had been upon the ground. From out the sun the fighters came with guns that chattered, spitting flame!"

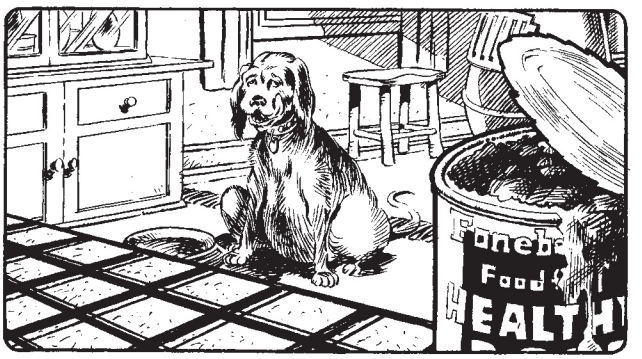


"Enraged he whirled his mighty fist, crushed one, swung at another, missed. Then to an awful roar gave vent, as toppling over down he went.



"Folk had no sympathy for Tim, but cried 'What shall we do with him? He blocks the street, it's plain to see! Besides, it isn't sanitary!'"

"Then up spoke Mr. Horace Bloggs of 'Fonebone's Food for Healthy Dogs'. He said 'I've sent for trucks and trains! We'll deal with Timmy's vast remains!'"



"We dare not show what hideous fate befell the shell of Timmy Tate. But happy pets, in sated bliss, still lick their chops and reminisce.

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
MISTER, COULD YOU USE A SQUONGE?
A DIMLY-LIT ROOM SOMEWHERE UNDER PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D.C...
WE'RE SORRY TO BOTHER YOU LIKE THIS, SIR. BUT IT'S A MATTER OF GRAVEST NATIONAL CONCERN!
HECK, BOYS... IT'S NO BOTHER!
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT A. MOORE
ART ROBOT R. TINER
LETTERING ROBOT T. SKOMSKI
COMPU-73E
IT'S THE SQUONGES, SIR! WE'VE FOUND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE SQUONGES! THEY'RE...
NOW HOLD ON, YOUNGSTER. MAYBE YOU'D BETTER START AT THE BEGINNING!
"WELL, AS YOU KNOW SIR, IT ALL BEGAN WHEN STARPROBE FIVE CAME BACK FROM ITS TWO-YEAR MISSION TO CENTAUR! ..."
SAMPLE BAG 041
ASTRONAUT HUCKLEBUN! DID YOU CONTACT ANY ALIEN LIFE-FORMS OUT THERE?
PRESS CONFERENCE LATER, GENTLEMEN. ONE SIDE, PLEASE...
"WE'D ALL BEEN PRETTY EXCITED BY THE PROSPECT OF WHAT HUCKLEBUN HAD FOUND OUT THERE."

"AFTER ALL, STARPROBE FIVE COST BILLIONS OF DOLLARS. SO YOU CAN IMAGINE OUR CHAGRIN WHEN WE FOUND WE'D SPENT ALL THAT MONEY ON..."
DEAD JELLYFISH??
UHH... I THOUGHT THEY LOOKED KINDA INTERESTING. KINDA SQUONGEY.
SQUONGEY?
"THE NAME STUCK. STARPROBE FIVE HAD NETTED US A DOZEN SQUONGES... WHATEVER THEY WERE!"
IT LOOKS LIKE A LIFE-FORM, BUT IT'S MADE OUT OF SOME KIND OF PLASTIC. MAYBE IT'S THE WORK OF AN ADVANCED ALIEN CIVILISATION...
YEAH. I GUESS YOU'D HAVE TO BE PRETTY ALIEN TO WANT TO MAKE DEAD PLASTIC JELLYFISH.
"WHATEVER HUCKLEBUN HAD FOUND ON THAT DESERTED PLANETOID, TO US SCIENTISTS THEY ONLY MEANT ONE THING... HEADACHES."
THESE THINGS OUGHT TO BE ALIVE... THEY'VE GOT A COMPLICATED CELL-STRUCTURE AND SOME SORT OF NERVOUS SYSTEM...
THEN WHY DON'T THEY DO ANYTHING? THEY DON'T SHOW ANY SIGN OF LIFE AT ALL...
"BUT WE WERE WRONG. THE SQUONGES DID SHOW ONE SIGN OF LIFE..."
"...THEY REPRODUCED."
!!!
WASTE PAPER
"AND SOON—"
WE'VE GOT EIGHT WAREHOUSES FULL OF THESE USELESS BLOBS OF GLOOP AND THERE'S MORE EVERY DAY!
NOT ONLY THAT, BUT THE TREASURY IS BREATHING DOWN OUR NECKS OVER THE MONEY WE WASTED ON STARPROBE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

"THERE WAS ONLY ONE ANSWER..."
WE'LL SELL 'EM TO THE PUBLIC AS NOVELTY ITEMS!
OF COURSE! REMEMBER HOW EVERYBODY WENT WILD OVER PET ROCKS?
SQUONGE REPORTS
ONLY 25...
INFORMATION
Nothing New
"THE AD BOYS WENT SWIFTLY TO WORK, AND A FEW NIGHTS LATER—"
MISTER, COULD YOU USE A SQUONGE? HAVE A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF YOUR VERY OWN WITH THESE CUDDLY LITTLE CRITTERS FROM OUTER SPACE!!
SWEETIES
WHUH? A SQUONGE? DO YOU KNOW WHAT A SQUONGE IS, MADGE??
"THE RESPONSE WAS OVERWHELMING. THE AMERICAN PUBLIC TOOK THE INERT, RUBBERY LITTLE LUMPS TO THEIR HEARTS..."
PLEASE! ONLY ONE PER CUSTOMER!!
NEW
I SAW THE TURQUOISE ONE FIRST!!
YOU'VE ALREADY GOT A SQUONGE! THIS ONE'S MINE!!
"WITHIN DAYS THE GOVERNMENT HAD MORE THAT RECOUPED THE LOSSES IT HAD MADE ON THE SPACEPROBE. THINGS LOOKED ROSY..."
"...UNTIL ONE FATEFUL MORNING ON A SUBURBAN LAWN SOMEWHERE IN VERMONT..."
MILTON! MY BABY! OH MY SOUL... HE'S STUCK HIS HEAD IN ONE OF THOSE AWFUL THINGS!!
THE GREATEST
GEE, MOM... IS IT GONNA BURST OUT OF MILTON LIKE IN THAT "ALIEN" MOVIE?? THAT'D BE REALLY NEAT!
"LITTLE MILTON GROZINSKI WAS RUSHED TO A GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY."
WELL, DOC? DID YOU MANAGE TO GET THAT ALIEN OFF HIS FACE?
YES, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I THINK YOU GUYS SHOULD SEE...
... THUS, THE ELECTRONIC AGE, SYMBOLISED BY SIMULTANEITY, DEMANDS A WHOLLY NEW MODEL... THAT OF A DIS-CONTINUITY IN THE UNIVERSAL STATE...
UHH... WHAT'S HE SAYING?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT I THINK I DO KNOW WHAT IT MEANS...
IT MEANS THAT SQUONGE HAS TURNED LITTLE MILTON GROZINSKI INTO A GENIUS!

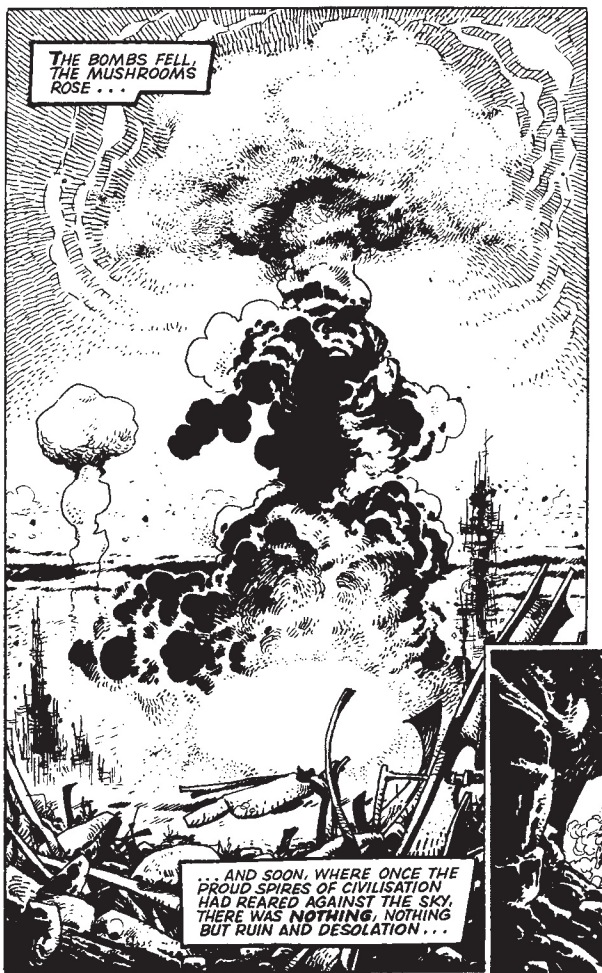
"IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, EXTENSIVE TESTS WERE MADE..."
... IN ORDER OF COMPLEXITY WE MUST DIFFERENTIATE BETWEEN CO-ORDINATES WHICH RESULT FROM DIRECT CONTACTUAL INTERACTION BETWEEN CELLS, AND...
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. HE'S A GENIUS. BUT WHAT THE HELL ARE THOSE SQUONGES?
I THINK I'M GETTING A PRETTY GOOD IDEA!
SOAP
I THINK THEY'RE EXO-BRAINS! YOU KNOW HOW EXO-SKELETONS BOOST THE PHYSICAL STRENGTH OF THE WEARER? WELL I FIGURE THAT EXO-BRAINS...
...BOOST THE INTELLIGENCE!! GRIEF! DO YOU REALISE WHAT THIS MEANS FOR HUMANITY?
"I REALISED ONLY TOO WELL. IT MEANT A WHOLE WORLD FULL OF GENIUSES!"
... AND NINTHLY, IF WE INTERELATE THE FIVE LEVEL VARIABLES OF POPULATION, NATURAL RESOURCES, CAPITAL-INVESTMENT-IN-AGRICULTURE FRACTION...
OF COURSE! THE KNOWN AND INTENDED PRACTICES OF ORGANIZATION ARE OFTEN FULLY SUFFICIENT TO INVESTIGATE THE CRISIS SCENARIO!
"IT WAS LIKE THE DAWN OF A NEW AGE. SUDDENLY, NO PROBLEM SEEMED TO BE BEYOND HUMANITY'S GRASP... EXCEPT ONE!"
OKAY... SO SOME ALIEN CIVILISATION INVENTED THE EXO-BRAIN TO SOLVE ALL ITS PROBLEMS.
BUT WHY DID THEY LEAVE A DOZEN OF THEM ON THAT DESERTED PLANETOID? IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!
"NOT TO US IT DIDN'T... BUT THERE WAS NO REASON WHY WE COULDN'T PUT THE QUESTION TO A SQUONGE..."
OBVIOUSLY, THE EXO-BRAINS WERE PUT ON THE DESERTED PLANETOID BECAUSE... ER... BECAUSE... BECAUSE... THEY... ER...
... COULD YOU REPEAT THE QUESTION?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT DOESN'T KNOW!

"DO YOU SEE? THE SQUONGE COULD CREATE UNLIMITED INTELLIGENCE... BUT IT DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE TINY QUESTION..."
...I WONDER WHY?
"THE PROBLEM SEEMED INSIGNIFICANT, BUT IT BOTHERED US. NOT SO THE REST OF THE WORLD HOWEVER. THE SQUONGES WERE SELLING BETTER THAN EVER..."
BUT DON'T YOU SEE... THE UNIQUE ATTRIBUTE TO LIVING MATTER IS ITS CAPACITY FOR SELF DUPLICATION WITH MUTATION.
OH, DON'T BOTHER ME NOW, SHAMUS. I'M WORKING ON MY THESIS CONCERNING THE AUTOKINETIC PHENOMENON AND ITS RELEVANCE TO PERCEPTION...
"THE WEEKS WENT BY, AND STILL WE RESTED WITH OUR ONE LITTLE NAGGING PROBLEM. AND THEN, ONE NIGHT..."
...FOR ALL I CARE, THE ALIENS LEFT THE SQUONGES ON THAT PLANETOID BECAUSE PEOPLE WERE USING THEM TO CHEAT WITH RUBRIC CUBES!
HA HA HA HA! YOU'RE CRAZY!
WHAT IS THE ONE THING THAT THE GREATEST BRAIN IN THE UNIVERSE CANNOT KNOW ABOUT ITSELF?
WHO ARE YOU CALLING CRAZY? I'M NOT CRAZY! I'D KNOW IF I WAS CRAZY!
NOT YOU, PAL! YOU'RE SO CRAZY THAT... THAT...
...THAT YOU DON'T KNOW YOU'RE CRAZY.
...OH, HELL...
"WE'D DONE IT. WE FINALLY WORKED OUT WHAT THE GREATEST BRAIN IN THE UNIVERSE CANNOT POSSIBLY KNOW ABOUT ITSELF..."

THE SQUONGES HAD BEEN DUMPED ON THAT PLANETOID BECAUSE THEY WERE A FAULTY BATCH! EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM WAS INSANE!!
LISTEN, OKAY, YOU'RE A FIRE HYDRANT. I CAN RELATE TO THAT...
"AS WE DROVE TO THE WHITE HOUSE WE REALISED JUST HOW SERIOUS THINGS HAD BECOME WHILE WE WERE CLOSETED AWAY WITH OUR PROBLEM..."
IT'S OBVIOUS! ALL THESE LITTLE BLUE PIECES OF GLASS REPRESENT THE MEANING OF LIFE...
7294TH STREET
ONE WAY
...SO THAT'S THE STORY, MR. PRESIDENT. WHAT WITH OUR OVERSEAS SHIPMENTS THE SQUONGES MUST HAVE DRIVEN HALF THE WORLD CRAZY BY NOW!
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! EVEN MAKING PEOPLE TAKE THEM OFF WON'T HELP... THE EFFECTS ARE PERMANENT!
WELL, THAT'S QUITE A POSER, BOYS. WHAT DO YOU SAY, MR. SECRETARY OF STATE?
"AND, AS THE OFFICIALS LEANED FORWARD INTO THE LIGHT..."
I'M NOT THE SECRETARY OF STATE! I'M ACTUALLY BO DEREK!
HMMM WELL THE WAY I SEE IT, WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A JELLYBEAN PROBLEM!
NO, NO, NO! IT'S THE MARTIAN RADIATION THAT'S TO BLAME! THEY PUT IT IN THE LIGHTBULBS.
WAIT! I'M GETTING A MESSAGE FROM THE WATER-COOLER!!
...UHHH... THEN DIVIDE ALL THAT BY THE RED JELLYBEANS, AND... UHH...
...OH NO...!
...AND THERE WE HAVE IT, EARTHLETS. IN THIS PARTICULAR TIME STREAM, THE WORLD ENDS NOT WITH A BANG, NOT WITH A WHIMPER, BUT WITH A GIGGLE! MIND... HOW YOU GO!
THE END

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

A SECOND CHANCE!



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ALAN MOORE

ART ROBOT
JOSÉ CASANOVAS

LETTERING ROBOT
JACK POTTER

COMPU·73E

..PLEASE.. WON'T SOMEBODY HELP ME? OHH...
GOOD LORD! THERE'S SOMEBODY TRAPPED UNDER THAT MASONRY!
..AND FROM THE VOICE IT SOUNDS LIKE IT'S...

A WOMAN! HERE... LET ME HELP YOU UP!
TH-THANK YOU. I.. I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE!

S-SO DID I! BUT NOW WE'RE TOGETHER... JUST THE TWO OF US! DON'T YOU SEE WHAT THAT MEANS?
WE CAN START THE HUMAN RACE ALL OVER AGAIN! GIVE MANKIND A SECOND CHANCE! ONLY THIS TIME WE'LL DO IT RIGHT!

OH YES! HOW WONDERFUL! B-BUT... BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME!

ME? MY NAME'S ADAM...
WHAT'S YOURS?

MAVIS.
THE BEGINNING..!

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
TWIST ENDING
Tak Tak...Tak Tak-Tak...Tak-Tak CHING!
PRESS
Tak Tak Tak-Tak... Tak-Tak... Tak Tak...
NO, THIS IS NO ORDINARY RUN-OF-THE-MILL GENIUS! THIS IS LAMONT COSGROOSE, THE WORLD'S MOST SUCCESSFUL SCIENCE FICTION WRITER!
I'LL JUST KNOCK... HOPE HE CAN HEAR ME OVER ALL THAT TYPING...
AHH! THE SOUND OF A WRITER AT WORK! AND NOT JUST ANY WRITER...
OTHERWISE I WOULDN'T BE INTERVIEWING HIM FOR 'READ ANY GOOD BOOKS?' RADIO'S PROBING BOOK PROGRAMME..?
YES?
GOOD MORNING, SIR. I'M FROM 'READ ANY GOOD BOOKS' MAGAZINE. I WONDER IF MR LAMONT GOSGROOSE IS AT HOME?
I'M LAMONT COSGROOSE 'SPOSE YOU BETTER COME IN...
INSIDE...
RIGHT. WHAT YER WANNA KNOW, THEN?
WELL, I THOUGHT WE COULD START BY DISCUSSING YOUR MOST FAMOUS BOOKS... WORKS LIKE "DAY OF THE GIANT RACCOON" AND "ATTACK OF THE KILLER PIZZAS"...
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ART ROBOT PAUL NEARY
LETTERING ROBOT TONY JACOB
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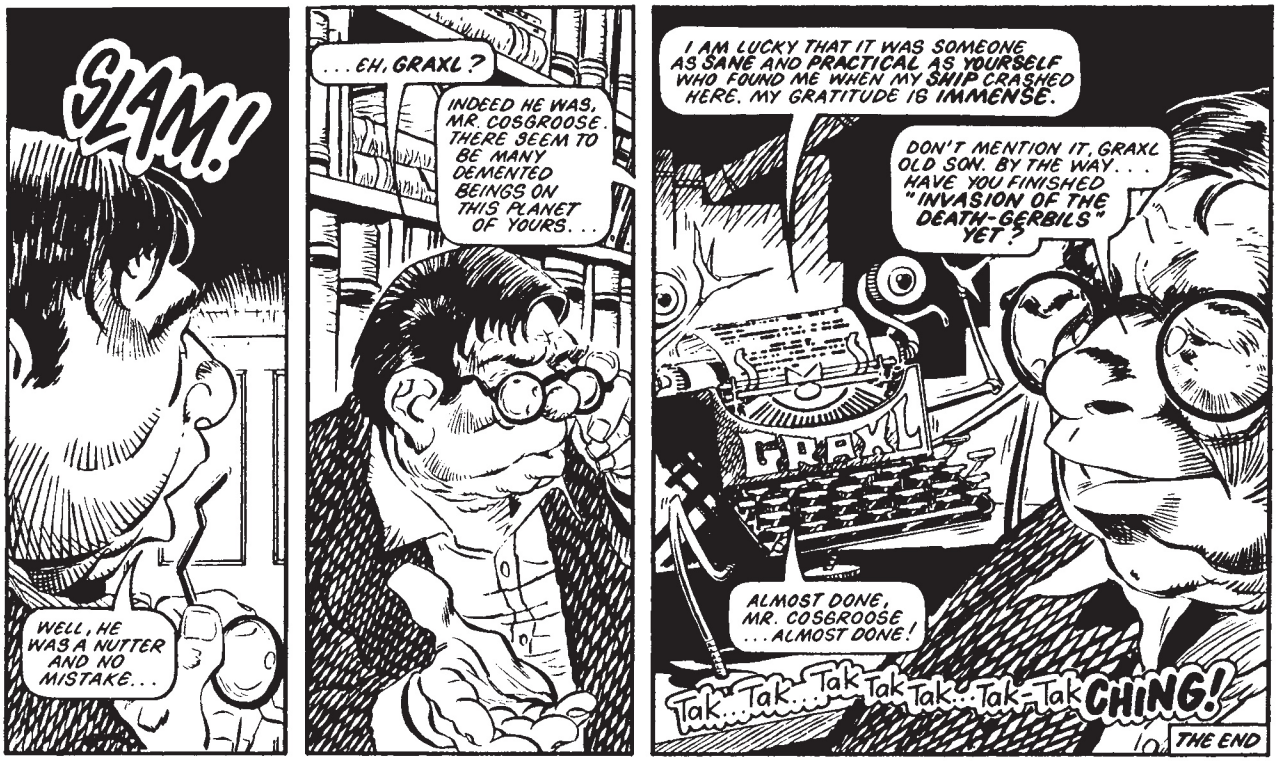
WHAT ABOUT 'EM, THEN?
WELL, I THINK OUR LISTENERS WOULD BE INTERESTED TO HEAR WHERE YOU GET YOUR IDEAS FROM...
YOUR DESCRIPTIONS OF ALIEN LIFE-FORMS ARE EXTRAORDINARILY CONVINCING...
WELL... I 'SPOSE IT'S JUST IMAGINATION, ISN'T IT?
OH COME NOW, MR. COSGROOSE! NO HUMAN IMAGINATION COULD HAVE COME UP WITH CREATIONS LIKE THE RUG-THINGS IN "NIGHT OF THE AXMINSTER"!
WELL, MR. COSGROOSE? WHAT'S YOUR SECRET? HMM?
SECRET? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, MATE...
I THINK YOU DO, MR. GOSGROOSE! REMEMBER THE HINTS YOU DROPPED IN THE TWIST ENDING TO YOUR SHORT STORY "THE BEAST THAT TYPED LIKE A MAN"?
THE STORY WHERE IT TURNS OUT THAT THE BRILLIANT SCIENCE FICTION WRITER IS IN REALITY AN ALIEN FROM ANOTHER WORLD?
IS THAT IT? IS THAT ALL I HAVE TO DO TO REVEAL YOUR SECRET TO THE WORLD? TO GRAB HOLD OF THIS RIDICULOUS RUBBER MASK...
TO TEAR IT AWAY...
...TO ...ER...
HEH HEH...
HEH... WELL, I...ER...THINK THAT'S ABOUT ALL I WANTED TO ASK YOU, MR. COSGROOSE!
PLEASE DON'T WORRY... I'LL FIND MY OWN WAY OUT...


SLAM!
WELL, HE WAS A NUTTER AND NO MISTAKE...
...EH, GRAXL?
INDEED HE WAS, MR. COSGROOSE. THERE SEEM TO BE MANY DEMENTED BEINGS ON THIS PLANET OF YOURS...
I AM LUCKY THAT IT WAS SOMEONE AS SANE AND PRACTICAL AS YOURSELF WHO FOUND ME WHEN MY SHIP CRASHED HERE. MY GRATITUDE IS IMMENSE.
DON'T MENTION IT, GRAXL OLD SON. BY THE WAY... HAVE YOU FINISHED "INVASION OF THE DEATH-GERBILS" YET?
GRAXL
ALMOST DONE, MR. COSGROOSE ...ALMOST DONE!
Tak...Tak...Tak Tak Tak...Tak-Tak CHING!
10
THE END

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
SALAD DAYS!
OUR FIRST CONTACT WITH AN ALIEN RACE! DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY'LL COME!
WELL, THEY SAID THEY'D BE LANDING HERE IN THEIR LAST RADIO MESSAGE. I WISH THEY'D HURRY. THIS WAITING IS MAKING ME HUNGRY...
ME, TOO. SHALL I TELL ONE OF THE MEN TO GET US SOME BURGERS?
NOT FOR ME, THANKS. I'VE GIVEN UP MEAT SINCE I BECAME A VEGETARIAN..
DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD HAVE MORE SOLDIERS AND TANKS UP HERE? I MEAN, WHAT IF THEY TURN OUT TO BE HOSTILE?
RELAX. ANYWAY, I DON'T THINK THE BEST WAY TO SHOW OUR PEACEFUL INTENTIONS IS TO SURROUND THEM WITH HARDWARE AS SOON AS THEY LAND.
BESIDES, I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYONE TALK ABOUT PEACE WITH SUCH CONVICTION AS THEY DID IN THEIR LAST MESSAGE!
ME NEITHER! WHAT WERE THEIR EXACT WORDS AGAIN? "WE ARE HUMANITARIANS, AND LOVE HUMANITY. WE COME WITH PURELY HUMANITARIAN INTENTIONS."
HEY! LOOK UP THERE! IN THE SKY!
IT'S THEM! THEY'VE FINALLY ARRIVED!
GEE, I CAN'T WAIT TO GET A LOOK AT THEM! DO YOU THINK THEY'LL LOOK LIKE US?
WITH ALL THAT TALK ABOUT HUMANITY I SHOULD THINK SO. ANYWAY, WE'LL SOON FIND OUT...
LOOK! A HATCHWAY'S OPENING UP IN THE SIDE OF THE SHIP!
THEY'RE COMING OUT... I CAN'T QUITE SEE THEM YET...
WAIT! HERE THEY COME! THEY'RE CLIMBING OUT OF THE SHIP! THEY'RE... THEY'RE...
..GOOD GRIEF!

THEY'RE VEGETABLES!
LOOK, YATTABLUG! HUMANS!
I SAY, MUNGWOOP! HOW SPIFFING! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I ADORE HUMANS!
WELL? WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, CHAPS?
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LETTERING ROBOT JACK POTTER
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....LET'S KILL THEM!
K-KILL?
W-WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU SAID IN YOUR MESSAGE THAT YOU WERE HUMANITARIANS!
WELL, OF COURSE WE'RE HUMANITARIANS! STRICT HUMANITARIANS! AFTER ALL...
...WE ONLY EAT HUMANS, DON'T WE?
YAAAAGH!
THE END

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
THE BEASTLY BELIEFS OF BENJAMIN BLINT
SO. PERHAPS YOU VOULD CARE TO TELL ME MORE ABOUT THESE VILD FANTASIES, HERR BLINT. VHEN DID THEY START?
DOCTOR SIDNEY SLACKADDER
PSYCHIATRIST TO THE GENTRY
W-WELL, IT WAS JUST A SORT OF FEELING AT FIRST. A FEELING THAT I WAS BEING WATCHED BY HIDEOUS ALIEN CREATURES!
TO BEGIN WITH, I THOUGHT IT WAS MY MIND PLAYING TRICKS. AND THEN, ONE EVENING, WHILE I WAS WALKING HOME FROM WORK, IT HAPPENED!
"...I SAW ONE!"
"IT WAS INDESCRIBABLE. IT WAS THE MOST GHASTLY THING I HAD EVER SEEN. THERE WAS NO-ONE AROUND TO HELP ME SO I RAN ALL THE WAY HOME."
HMM. THIS IS VERY INTERESTING VHAT HAPPENED NEXT?
N-NOTHING. AT LEAST, NOT FOR A FEW WEEKS. IN FACT I'D ALMOST COME TO BELIEVE THAT THE WHOLE INCIDENT WAS JUST A TRICK OF THE LIGHT!
IMAGINE MY HORROR WHEN THE NEXT TIME I ENCOUNTERED ONE OF THE CREATURES IT WAS IN THE SUPPOSED PRIVACY OF MY OWN HOME...
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ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
ERIC BRADBURY
LETTERING ROBOT
PETE KNIGHT
COMPU-73E

"TO BE PRECISE, IT WAS IN THE BATHROOM."
"WE JUST STARED AT EACH OTHER FOR LONG MOMENTS BEFORE MY NERVE BROKE AND I FLED, SLAMMING THE DOOR. WHEN I LOOKED LATER, IT HAD GONE..."
"FROM THEN ON I SAW THE CREATURES EVERYWHERE... IN THE BUS QUEUE, IN THE SUPERMARKET ON TELEVISION..."
"AND THEN, YESTERDAY MORNING, I WOKE UP TO FIND ONE IN BED NEXT TO ME. IT WAS THE FINAL STRAW, DOCTOR."
-SOB- YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, DOCTOR! EVERYWHERE I LOOK I SEE THOSE HORRIBLE WATERY EYES, THOSE WRIGGLING PINK TENTACLES! I CAN'T STAND IT!
YOU MUST NOT WORRY YOURSELF, HERR BLINT...
WHAT WE ARE TALKING ABOUT HERE IS A SIMPLE CASE OF PARANOID DELUSION!
YOU MUST TELL YOURSELF THAT THESE VEIRD AND VONDERFUL HALLUCINATIONS ARE ALL IN YOUR MIND...
SURELY YOU REALISE THAT SUCH CREATURES AS YOU DESCRIBE COULD NEVER EXIST IN REALITY?
I... I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, DOC...
...THERE JUST ISN'T ROOM IN THE REAL WORLD FOR CREATURES AS STOMACH-TURNING AND LOATHSOME AS THAT!
THAT IS VERY GOOD! I AM GLAD YOU BEGIN TO SEE REASON, HERR BLINT...
THAT WILL BE EIGHT HUNDRED PLASTOONS. SEE YOU NEXT THURSDAY!
The End

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
ALL OF THEM WERE EMPTY
"WE WERE SITTING IN MABEL'S TRUCK-STOP WHERE WE'D BEEN SITTING FOR THE PAST THREE DAYS. THEY WERE STILL OUTSIDE. SOMETIMES THEY SHOUTED IN..."
HEY! YOU IN THERE! COME ON OUT HERE AND GIVE US WHAT WE WANT!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, MERCLE? WE'LL HAVE TO GO OUT SOONER OR LATER...
...WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF FOOD!
I...I DON'T KNOW. I THOUGHT IF WE DIDN'T GIVE THEM WHAT THEY NEEDED THEN WE COULD HOLD OUT LONGER THAN THEY COULD!
WELL, I AIN'T GONNA SIT HERE ANY LONGER LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP. I'M MAKIN' A RUN FOR IT!
CHET, YOU'RE CRAZY!! THEY'LL CUT YOU DOWN BEFORE YOU'RE HALFWAY ACROSS THE YARD!!
SHE'S RIGHT, CHET. YOU CAN'T GO OUT THERE!
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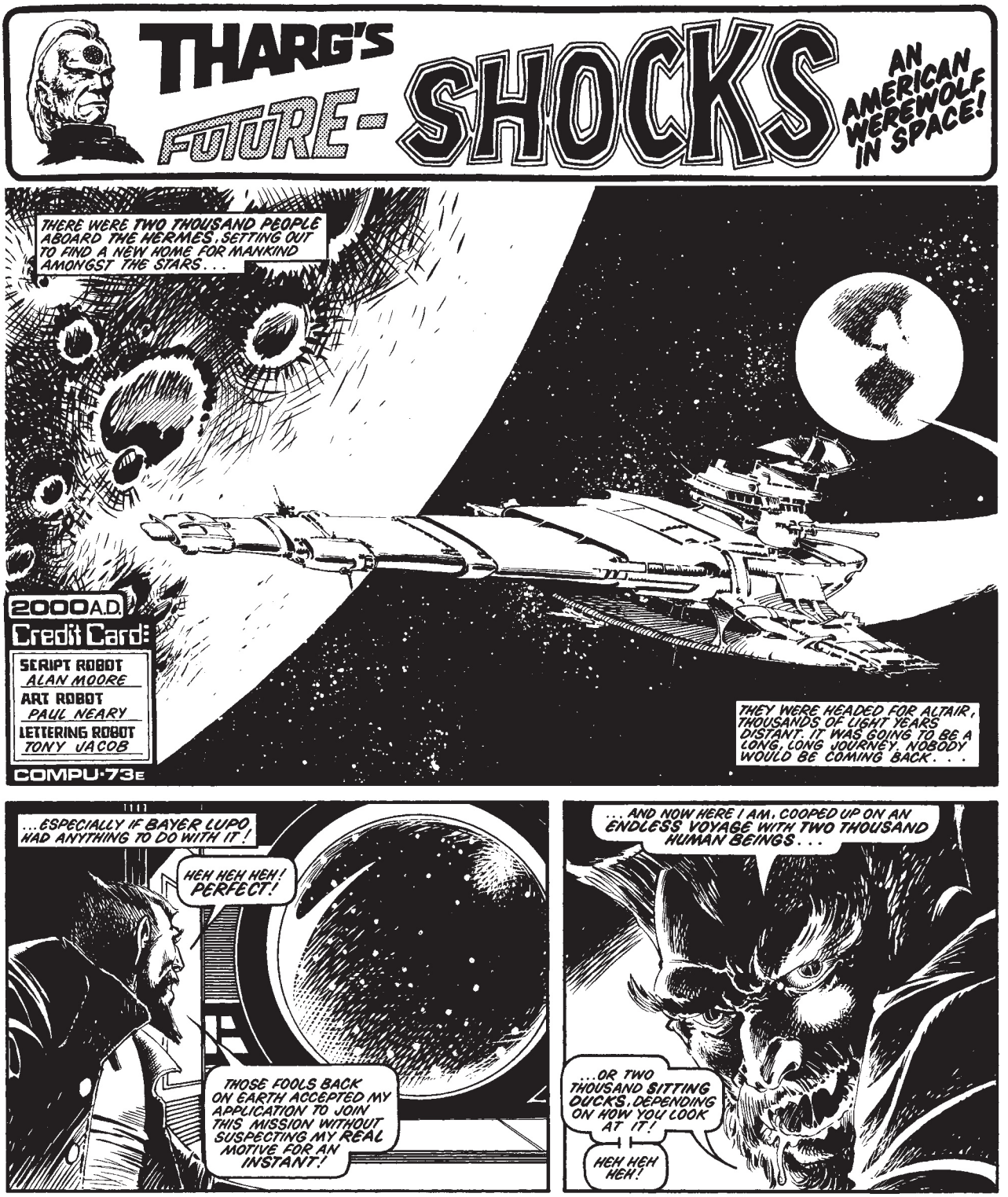
ART ROBOT PAUL NEARY
LETTERING ROBOT PETE KNIGHT
COMPU-73E
SKREEEEEEEE
AAARRRGH!
TH-THEY GOT HIM!
IT'S ALL OUR FAULT. WE LET HIM GET AS STRONG AS THIS...
WE GOT DEPENDENT ON THEM. MADE THEM MORE AND MORE CAPABLE OF DOING THINGS FOR THEMSELVES SO THAT WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO DIRTY OUR HANDS DOING 'EM...

... AND NOW WE'RE PAYIN' FOR IT. WE TAUGHT THEM HOW TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES, HOW TO TALK BY THEMSELVES, HOW TO GET AROUND BY THEMSELVES...
ONLY ONE THING THEY NEED US FOR, NOW. ONLY ONE THING THAT THEY CAN'T DO FOR THEMSELVES...
"RIGHT ON CUE THAT DEEP, RASPING VOICE STARTED UP AGAIN...
HEY! THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! COME OUT AND DO AS WE SAY OR WE'RE COMING IN!
THEY MEAN IT. I THINK I SAW A BULLDOZER OUT THERE...
I GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, THEN. I GUESS WE GO OUT THERE AND GIVE 'EM WHAT THEY WANT...
B-BUT THEN WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP ON GIVING IT TO THEM! WE'LL BE THEIR SERVANTS!
FAT'S
YEAH, I KNOW!
COME ON. WE MAY AS WELL GET THIS OVER WITH...
"...AND SO WE WALKED OUT, INTO THE AFTERNOON SUN. THEY WERE WAITING FOR US BY THE PUMPS. THEY WERE PURRING..."
"WE STARTED PUMPING IN THE PETROL THAT THEY NEEDED. IT TOOK A LONG TIME... THERE WERE LOTS OF THEM. TRUCKS, BUSES, CARS, VANS..."
"... AND ALL OF THEM WERE EMPTY."
THE END


THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN SPACE!
THERE WERE TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE ABOARD THE HERMES, SETTING OUT TO FIND A NEW HOME FOR MANKIND AMONGST THE STARS...
THEY WERE HEADED FOR ALTAIR, THOUSANDS OF LIGHT YEARS DISTANT. IT WAS GOING TO BE A LONG, LONG JOURNEY. NOBODY WOULD BE COMING BACK...
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...ESPECIALLY IF BAYER LUPO HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!
HEH HEH HEH! PERFECT!
THOSE FOOLS BACK ON EARTH ACCEPTED MY APPLICATION TO JOIN THIS MISSION WITHOUT SUSPECTING MY REAL MOTIVE FOR AN INSTANT!
...AND NOW HERE I AM, COOPED UP ON AN ENDLESS VOYAGE WITH TWO THOUSAND HUMAN BEINGS...
...OR TWO THOUSAND SITTING DUCKS, DEPENDING ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT!
HEH HEH HEH!

IT MAKES ME SHIVER TO THINK ABOUT IT... ALL THOSE ALIEN WORLDS, ALL THAT ALIEN MOONLIGHT TO BASK IN . . .
ALL THOSE PLUMP, WARM BODIES WITHIN EASY REACH, AND WITH NOWHERE FOR THEM TO RUN TO. OOH, I COULD HUG MYSELF!
HMM. HERE COMES LARRY TALBOT, THE CHIEF ENGINEER. TOO BAD THE SHIP'S JUST COMING WITHIN RANGE OF PHOBOS, THE MOON OF MARS...
TOO BAD FOR HIM, THAT IS. HE'S ABOUT TO BECOME THE FIRST VICTIM OF . . .
...BAYER LUPO, THE FIRST WEREWOLF IN OUTER SPACE!
GASP! IT'S INCREDIBLE!
YES, I SUPPOSE MY TRANSFORMATION MUST SEEM INCREDIBLE TO YOU, PUNY DOOMED MORTAL! NOW, PREPARE TO...
NO, I MEAN WHAT AN INCREDIBLE COINCIDENCE! YOU SEE...
...I'M A WEREWOLF TOO!
GOOD LORD!
HMMM. WELL, I'D COUNTED ON HAVING ALL THESE HUMANS TO MYSELF, BUT I SUPPOSE WE COULD MAKE IT A TWO-WAY SPLIT...
BETTER MAKE THAT A FOUR WAY SPLIT, RUG FACE!

HULL? CHANEY? YOU TWO ARE WEREWOLVES TOO?
THEY'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES. LOOK!
HOLY SMOKE! EVERYBODY'S A WEREWOLF!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
EARTH:-HERMES MISSION CONTROL...
WELL, ROUND ABOUT NOW THEY SHOULD BE FIGURING IT OUT. I'D LIKE TO SEE THEIR FACES WHEN THEY REALISE HOW WE TRICKED 'EM!
NASA
ME TOO! WHAT A GREAT IDEA IT WAS SCREENING ALL THE WERE-WOLVES OUT OF THE LIST OF APPLICANTS AND SENDING 'EM OFF INTO SPACE FOREVER!
YEAH. LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT HOW THE APPLICATIONS FOR THE HERMES II ARE COMING ALONG...
NAME, PLEASE?
UHH, ALUCARD...
...COUNT ALUCARD.
THE END

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS
THE BOUNTY HUNTERS!
THEY CAME TO AN ALIEN WORLD, SEEKING AN ALIEN FOE. IT WAS A MATTER OF BOUNTY, A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH. MORE THAN THAT, IT WAS A MATTER OF... CAMOUFLAGE!
ANYBODY SEE HIM YET?
GRUD ALMIGHTY, WANG! HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO KNOW? NOBODY'S SURE WHAT ROGEL DAX LOOKS LIKE...
ALL WE KNOW IS THAT HE'S A KILLER ALIEN WHO CAN CHANGE HIS SIZE AND SHAPE AT WILL! HE COULD LOOK LIKE ANYTHING!
Y-YEAH! IT'S SORT OF S-SPOOKY, AIN'T IT? HE COULD BE WATCHING US AT THIS VERY MOMENT, DISGUISED AS A ROCK, OR A BIRD, OR... OR...
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ART ROBOT JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING ROBOT TONY JACOB
COMPU-73E
...OR AS A CLUMP OF BUSHES!
ZZZAAAAAT!

NO...THAT WASN'T HIM...
GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, MAN! GETTING JUMPY IS JUST WHAT ROGEL DAX WANTS US TO DO!
OH YEAH? HOW WOULD YOU KNOW WHAT ROGEL DAX WANTS? UNLESS...
...UNLESS YOU ARE REALLY ROGEL DAX!
AAARRGH!
NOPE THAT WASN'T HIM EITHER...
HEY! I JUST HAD A THOUGHT!
I READ THIS STORY ONCE WHERE THESE GUYS ARE LOOKING FOR AN ALIEN, NOT REALISING THAT THE ALIEN IS REALLY THE PLANET THEY'RE STANDIN' ON...
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT ROGEL DAX HAS DONE!
HMM. COULD BE...

...LET'S SHOOT IT AND FIND OUT!
ZZZAAAT!
ZZZAAAT!
ZZZAAAT!
NOPE. NOT A SQUEAK. FUNNY... I WAS SURE IT WOULD BE SOMETHING TRICKY AND UNEXPECTED LIKE THAT...
AHH. THIS IS HOPELESS! WE CAN'T SHOOT EVERYTHING ON THE PLANET TO BITS IN THE HOPE OF FINDING ROGEL DAX!
I SAY WE QUIT AND GO HOME.
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. TOO BAD... I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO SPENDING THAT BOUNTY MONEY.
OH WELL, LET'S GET BACK TO THE SHIP.
TRY NOT TO BE TOO DOWN-HEARTED, BURKE. AFTER ALL, YOU WIN SOME...
AND YOU LOSE SOME!
SSLURRRP!
HOW TRUE.
THE END

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

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ART ROBOT BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT TONY JACOB
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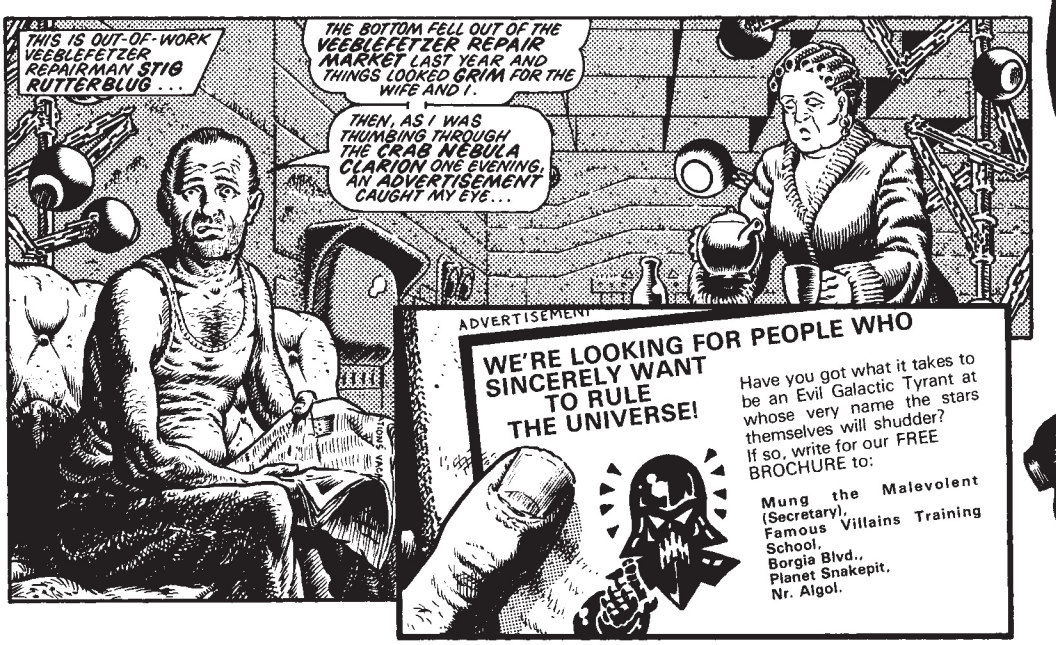
THE WAGES OF SIN!!



"WHAT HAD I GOT TO LOSE? I WROTE OFF FOR THE BROCHURE AND WITHIN DAYS I FOUND MYSELF STANDING APPREHENSIVELY OUTSIDE THE FAMOUS VILLAINS SCHOOL..."
"ONCE INSIDE I WAS PLACED WITH A GROUP OF APPLICANTS JUST LIKE MYSELF, AND THE COURSE WAS EXPLAINED TO US BY A MR. DIREFANG DREADSPAWN..."
GOOD AFTERNOON, YOU CURSED WHELPS OF SLAVERING SHE-SHARKS! AS YOU KNOW, THE UNIVERSE IS FACED WITH A SEVERE MANPOWER PROBLEM AT THE MOMENT...
...MUCH OF IT DUE TO THE LARGE NUMBER OF VALIANT REBEL FORCES AND SQUARE-JAWED CHAMPIONS OF JUSTICE SITTING AROUND IDLE WITH NO-ONE TO FIGHT!
WHAT WE HAVE IS AN ACUTE SHORTAGE OF BLOODTHIRSTY FIENDS AND WORLD-ENSLAVERS. WHICH IS WHERE WE AT THE FAMOUS VILLAINS SCHOOL COME IN...
GIVE US THREE SHORT MONTHS AND WE WILL TRANSFORM YOU FROM THE CRINGING RODENTS I SEE BEFORE ME NOW TO PRIME EXAMPLES OF FIRST CLASS ROTTERHOOD!
"MR. DREADSPAWN CERTAINLY HAD A WAY WITH WORDS! IN THE NEXT ROOM WE WERE GIVEN A SIMPLE APTITUDE TEST TO ESTABLISH OUR V.Q. (VILLIANS QUOTIENT)."
OKAY, YOU FESTERING POOLS OF CURDLED VUG'S MILK! EACH OF THOSE BABIES IS HOLDING A STICK OF CANDY. I WANT TO SEE YOU TAKE IT AWAY FROM THEM...
SNITT, YOU MOLLY-CODDLING MOUND OF BLUBBER. THAT'S THE MOST PATHETIC ATTEMPT I'VE EVER SEEN! REPORT TO THE CHIEF FLESH-EATER IMMEDIATELY!
OH, DEAR!

"AFTER THE NO-HOPERS HAD BEEN WEEDED OUT, MR. DREADSPAWN HELPED US PICK A SUITABLE NAME FOR OUR NEW CAREER..."
NO. "STIG RUTTERBLUG, MERCILESS SLAUGHTERER OF MILLIONS" JUST DOESN'T HAVE THAT RING TO IT...
HOW ABOUT "DRAKULAX, DEVOURER OF THE DEAD"!?
"I FINALLY SETTLED FOR 'ANTHRAX GHOULSHADOW.' NEXT STOP WAS WARDROBE..."
HMMM... WITH YOUR BONE STRUCTURE I SHOULD GO FOR SOMETHING IN BASIC BLACK WITH LOTS OF SKULLS...
MIND YOU, SEPTIC GREENS AND CLOTTED PURPLES ARE VERY BIG AT THE MOMENT...
"BUT IT WAS THE NEXT STAGE IN MY TRANSFORMATION THAT REALLY HAD ME WORRIED."
LISTEN, YOU VERMIN, TO BE A SUCCESSFUL VILLAIN THESE DAYS YOU'VE GOT TO LOOK EVIL!
HOW ABOUT LONG TUSKS AND A SCARRED FACE?
ER... COULDN'T I JUST HAVE A SLIGHT LIMP AND A NASTY COUGH?
"BUT AS USUAL, MR. DREADSPAWN KNEW BEST. AND SO, AFTER A MINOR OPERATION..."
"NOW, AT LAST, I LOOKED LIKE A SADISTIC DESPOT BENT ON UNIVERSAL DOMINATION! BUT I STILL HAD TO LEARN TO SOUND LIKE ONE..."
AFTER ME, FROM THE TOP: "SANCTIMONIOUS SCUM! NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU NOW!" AND THIS TIME SOUND THOSE 'S' S!
"THEN OF COURSE THERE WAS THE BLOOD-CURDLING LAUGH. THIS IS MORE DIFFICULT THAN IT LOOKS..."
THE TRICK IS TO THINK OF YOUR FAVOURITE JOKE WHILE YOU SENTENCE PEOPLE TO DEATH. ONLY DON'T TELL IT OUT LOUD...
THE LAST THING PEOPLE WHO ARE ABOUT TO BE DUNKED IN MOLTEN LEAD WANT TO HEAR IS THE ONE ABOUT THE ENGLISHMAN, THE IRISHMAN AND THE ALTROXIAN!

"WE ALSO HAD TO LEARN POSTURE... HOW TO MAKE SINISTER GESTURES AND THE LIKE..."
NO, NO, NO! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO RAISE YOUR HAND IN A CLAW-LIKE GESTURE OF DEFIANCE AS YOU FALL INTO YOUR OWN ATOMIC REACTOR...
YOU DON'T JUST WAVE!
ATOMIC READ
PRACTICE DUMM

"EVENTUALLY WE WERE TAUGHT MORE PRACTICAL STUFF..."
RIGHT...NOW YOU HAVE THE HERO IN YOUR POWER AT LAST. WHAT DO YOU DO, DOCTOR DEVASTATION?
UHH... SHOOT HIM?

GIVE ME, STRENGTH! HOW'S HE GOING TO ESCAPE AND DEFEAT YOU IF YOU SHOOT HIM?

NOW, THIS IS HOW YOU DO IT! THE STARVED RAT IN THE TREADMILL GENERATES ENOUGH POWER TO FIRE THE LASER WHICH SEVERS THE CORD HOLDING THE GLASS JAR FULL OF VAMPIRE BEES...
...THE JAR FALLS AND SMASHES RELEASING THE BEES WHO BEGIN TO EAT THROUGH THE BLOOD-STAINED ROPE SUSPENDING THE HERO ABOVE THE GIANT SAUSAGE MINCER.
HAS EVERYBODY GOT THAT?

"IT WAS ONLY AFTER ALL THIS PREPARATION THAT WE WERE FINALLY ALLOWED OUT 'IN THE FIELD' AS IT WERE..."
THERE...NICE LITTLE PEACE-LOVING PLANET FOR YOU. JUST LAND, DECLARE YOURSELF SUPREME EMPEROR AND TORTURE ANY-BODY WHO OBJECTS...

"OF COURSE, IT WASN'T QUITE THAT EASY. I FOUND THE INITIAL REACTION VERY DISAPPOINTING..."
HUH! CALL YOURSELF A BLOOD-CRAZED INTERGALACTIC MENACE? WE HAD MURKBREATH THE INHUMAN HERE LAST WEEK. HE PULLED OUR FINGERNAILS OUT BEFORE HE BEHEADED US!
"AFTER A WHILE, THOUGH, I MANAGED TO GET IN THE SWING OF THINGS..."
YOU COWERING BLOBS OF GARBAGE! I'M GOING TO GRIND YOU TO PULP, INCINERATE YOUR REMAINS AND SPREAD THE ASHES ON MY CHRYSANTHEMUMS!
GOR! HE'S REALLY EVIL, ISN'T HE?
"BY THE TIME IT CAME TO SIT OUR FINAL EXAMS WE ALL HAD THE HANG OF THE GALACTIC VILLAIN RACKET... AT LEAST, MOST OF US HAD..."
OI! YOU! WHY AREN'T YOU CHEATING LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE?
"GRADUATION DAY FINALLY ARRIVED."
CONGRATULATIONS, MR. GHOULSHADOW. MAY BEELZEBUB ROT YOUR EYES!
OF COURSE, ALL THAT SEEMS LONG AGO TO ME NOW, AS I SIT HERE IN MY SATANIC RETREAT, WAITING FOR THE REBEL FORCES TO SMASH THE DOOR DOWN...
BUT ON THE WHOLE, WHEN I LOOK BACK, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY LIFE'S BEEN GOOD TO ME.
OPEN THE DOOR, BLACK-HEARTED DEMON!
SCRUNCH!!

PLEASE TICK ONE ☑

- ☐ ..... I am slightly naughty.
- ☐ ..... I am very naughty indeed.
- ☐ ..... I am actually quite evil.
- ☐ ..... I am so evil that I'm not even going to put a stamp on this when I post it!

THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS SKIRMISH!
FROM THE EDGE OF OUR DIMENSION THEY CAME. A VAST ARMADA BRISTLING WITH HELL-WEAPONS AND BENT UPON CARNAGE...
ARE WE ARRIVED YET, WARPMASTER? IS THIS THE EARTH CONTINUUM?
IT WOULD SEEM SO, HIGH OVERFIEND, ALTHOUGH THE DIMENSIONAL SPACE WHICH WE HAVE EMERGED INTO SEEMS STRANGE...
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT DAVE GIBBONS
LETTERING ROBOT TONY JACOB
IT SEEMS TO BE COMPOSED OF ELECTRONIC PULSE-SIGNALS RATHER THAN THE SOLID-MATTER THAT WE WERE EXPECTING...
HMMPH. NO MATTER. THE PRIMITIVES OF THIS DIMENSION WILL SOON BEND THE KNEE BEFORE US.
AFTER ALL, OUR TECHNOLOGY IS CENTURIES IN ADVANCE OF THEIRS. THEY WILL HAVE NO WEAPONS WITH WHICH TO COUNTER OUR...
BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP
...ATTACK?
WHURR. WH'APPEN?
STRIKE A LUMINOSITY! THE EARTHLINGS HAVE HIT US WITH A PARTICLE BEAM WEAPON FROM OUT OF NOWHERE!
FIVE OF OUR DRONE CRAFT ARE NO MORE! I SHALL RELEASE THE PHOTON-TORPEDOES...

YARK!
DWIBBLE! DWIBBLE! DWIBBLE!
THEY HAVE BLASTED OUR PHOTON-TORPEDOES OUT OF THE AIR, AND A FURTHER SIX OF OUR DREADNOUGHTS HAVE BEEN INCAPACITATED!
WE ARE BEING GIVEN A HYPER-PASTING AND NO MISTAKE...
ZEET!
DWP!
CUBBLE!
THE REST OF THE FLEET HAS BEEN ATOMISED! WE MUST LEG IT, WARPMASTER! WE CANNOT FIGHT THESE TERRIBLE WEAPONS THAT MAKE SUCH A RIDICULOUS NOISE. . .
WE ARE TOO LATE, HIGH OVER-FIEND! A BEAM IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR US! WE CANNOT EVADE IT! WE CANNOT. . .
BOOP! BOOP! BOOP!
AAARRRGH!
SPLIBBIT!
SPLIBBIT!
AAARGH!
AAARGH?
'ERE, JOHN. THIS SPACE INVADERS MACHINE JUST WENT "AAARRGH!"
SPACE INVADERS
SPACE INVADERS
BURGER BAR
LEAVE IT OUT, NORMAN. PLAYING THAT THING ALL DAY'S STARTING TO ROT YOUR BRAIN.
WHY CAN'T YOU FIND SOMETHING USEFUL TO DO WITH YOUR TIME?
THE END

TIME TWISTERS

Script: Alan Moore
Art: Mike White, John Higgins, Dave Gibbons, Eric Bradbury, Jesus Redondo & John Higgins
Letters: Peter Knight, Dave Gibbons, Steve Potter & Jack Potter

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THARG'S TIME TWISTERS

THE REVERSIBLE MAN.

"LISTEN. I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME AND I HAVE TO TELL YOU MY STORY. I'LL BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING... WELL, NOT EXACTLY THE BEGINNING, BUT..."

·EKORTS A DAH...

:ENOO S'EH

"OH, NEVER MIND. YOU'LL WORK IT OUT. MY FIRST MEMORY IS OF DARKNESS, AND VOICES TALKING GIBBERISH.

SCRIPT ROBOT	ART ROBOT	LETTERING ROBOT
A. MOORE	M. WHITE	P. KNIGHT

"IT WAS VERY ODD. MY BODY SEEMED TO DO THINGS WITHOUT MY INSTRUCTIONS, AS IF COMMANDED BY PART OF MY MIND THAT I HAD NO ACCESS TO. I COULD ONLY SIT AND WATCH.
"OVER THE NEXT FEW YEARS, MANY THINGS HAPPENED.
"FOR ONE THING, I GOT BORED WITH RETIREMENT AND DECIDED TO GET A JOB AT AN OFFICE. MY NEW WORK-MATES SEEMED TO LIKE ME. THEY SHOOK MY HAND AND SLAPPED ME ON THE BACK.
"THEN THEY ALL STARTED CLAPPING AND I FELT I SHOULD SAY SOMETHING. I SAID 'YAS OT TAHW WONK T'NOD I' AND THE MANAGER SMILED AND STOLE MY GOLD WATCH.
"I SOON SETTLED IN. BUT APART FROM THE REGULAR URGE TO TAKE A FULL CUP OF COFFEE AND PUT IT IN A MACHINE, THE WORK GOT PROGRESSIVELY EASIER AND I HAD TO GIVE LESS AND LESS MONEY TO THE FIRM EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.
SOFT DR
COFFEE | TEA
"THE YEARS ROLLED BY. AND I STARTED FEELING HEALTHIER EVERY DAY. MY EYESIGHT IMPROVED AND I WAS ABLE TO HAND MY GLASSES IN AT THE OPTICIANS.
"HOME LIFE WAS BLISSFUL. I WAS STARTING TO GROW QUITE ATTACHED TO EDDAM. ALTHOUGH EVERYTHING SHE'D SAID HAD SEEMED TO IRRITATE ME WHEN FIRST WE MET.
"EVERY NIGHT WE'D GET UP. TAKE THE EMPTY MILK BOTTLES OFF THE STEP AND LET THE CAT IN. WE'D WATCH TV. WAKE THE CHILDREN UP. REGURGITATE A LIGHT MEAL AND THEN I'D GO TO WORK.
"ONE EVENING I WOKE UP FEELING TERRIBLY SAD WITHOUT KNOWING WHY. EVERYONE IN THE HOUSE WAS WEEPING, INCLUDING, TO MY SURPRISE, MYSELF. I DIDN'T EVEN GO TO WORK AS NORMAL.
"INSTEAD. WE SAT AROUND MOPING UNTIL LATE AFTERNOON WHEN A LARGE BLACK CAR BACKED UP OUTSIDE. TEARS WERE ROLLING UP MY FACE AND INTO MY EYES AS WE WENT OUT TO CLIMB IN.
"WE WERE TAKEN TO A CEMETERY WHERE MEN WERE CAREFULLY RAISING A BOX FROM A HOLE IN THE GROUND. AFTER A SHORT CEREMONY, WE WENT HOME. THEY TOOK THE BOX AWAY SOMEWHERE.
"I WENT TO BED THAT MORNING STILL FEELING TERRIBLY UPSET. BUT AS SOON AS THE ALARM CLOCK RANG I FELL FAST ASLEEP."
"OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS THERE WAS A LOT OF CONFUSING ACTIVITY, BUT FINALLY WE WERE TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE WE WERE INTRODUCED TO AN OLD LADY NAMED LAMRON ARON. (MY MOTHER.)
WE VISITED HER QUITE A LOT, AND SHE SEEMED TO BE GETTING SLOWLY BETTER. EVENTUALLY SHE LEFT THE HOSPITAL AND MOVED IN WITH US.

"SHE WAS ONLY WITH US FOR A FEW YEARS BEFORE SHE MOVED INTO HER OWN HOUSE. STRAIGHT AFTER THAT WE HAD TO GO TO ANOTHER FUNERAL AND WATCH ANOTHER BOX BEING DUG UP.
"DAYS LATER WE VISITED THE HOSPITAL WITH MOTHER AND FOUND AN OLD MAN NAMED LAMRON TREBRON WAITING FOR US. HE AND MOTHER SEEMED TO HIT IT OFF FROM THE WORD GO.
"WHEN TREBRON, OR 'DAD' AS I NOW CALLED HIM, CAME OUT OF HOSPITAL HE WENT TO LIVE WITH MOTHER. THEY TOOK SEVERAL OF OUR THINGS WITH THEM TO FURNISH THEIR HOME. MOSTLY ANTIQUE FURNITURE. WE DIDN'T MIND.
"EGDAM, MYSELF AND THE BOYS WERE ENJOYING LIFE WITHOUT MUM TO LOOK AFTER. EGDAM ESPECIALLY. SHE LOOKED YOUNGER AND PRETTIER EVERY DAY.
"TREBOR WAS GIVING US A BIT OF TROUBLE. HE WAS GOING THROUGH THAT DIFFICULT STAGE WHERE BOYS FIRST START TO LOSE INTEREST IN GIRLS. ON THE WHOLE, THOUGH, WE WERE CONTENT.
"AS THE YEARS ROLLED BY I GOT ON VERY WELL AT WORK, RECEIVING DEMOTION AFTER DEMOTION. EGDAM AND I WERE VERY HAPPY. LIFE SEEMED TO GET EASIER.
"MUM AND DAD WOULD CALL ON SUNDAYS. THEY DOTED ON NODROG, AND WERE ESPECIALLY FOND OF LITTLE TREBOR. EVERY CHRISTMAS THEY'D TAKE DOZENS OF TOYS AWAY FROM HIM.
"OF COURSE, WHEN TREBOR REACHED BABYHOOD THINGS WERE MORE DIFFICULT. HIS WAILING AT NIGHT KEPT PUTTING US TO SLEEP AND I CAME TO DREAD CHANGING HIS NAPPIES.
"ONE DAY, EGDAM, LOOKING BLISSFULLY HAPPY, TOOK TREBOR OFF TO HOSPITAL. I VISITED THEM A FEW TIMES, SURPRISED BY HOW PINK AND TINY HE HAD BECOME. EVENTUALLY EGDAM CAME HOME ALONE.
"THREE YEARS LATER, NODROG WAS GONE, TOO. I DIDN'T MISS THEM AT ALL. EGDAM AND I WERE ENTERING INTO THE HAPPIEST TIME OF OUR LIVES. WE WERE SO MUCH IN LOVE.
"THE MARRIAGE SERVICE CAME AS A SURPRISE AND I WAS NERVOUS, DESPITE THE WONDERFUL FORTNIGHT IN BENIDORM THAT PRECEEDED IT. I FELT SORRY THAT THE CHILDREN COULDN'T BE THERE.
"OF COURSE, AFTER THAT, EGDAM AND I HAD TO LIVE SEPARATELY. I WAS FORTUNATE IN THAT MY MUM AND DAD TOOK ME IN. I STILL SAW EGDAM EVERY DAY, THOUGH, SO IT WAS ALL RIGHT.
"EGDAM GAVE ME A DIAMOND RING, WHICH I EXCHANGED FOR MONEY AT THE JEWELLERS. GRADUALLY, EGDAM AND I STARTED TO SEE LESS AND LESS OF EACH OTHER.
"ONE NIGHT WE MET AS WE EACH BACKED OUR WAY TO THE STATION. WE WALKED ALONG CHATTERING PLEASANTLY. WE BOTH CARRIED NEWSPAPERS UNDER OUR ARMS.

"AT THE STATION WE STOPPED AND SPREAD THE NEWSPAPERS OUT ON THE PLATFORM. AS WE DID SO, OUR EYES MET. SHE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I'D EVER SEEN. I LOOKED AWAY.
"WE STOOD, CLOSE TOGETHER, AND THE PAPERS FLUTTERED UP FROM THE PLATFORM, GATHERING THEMSELVES INTO OUR HANDS. THERE WAS A MOMENT OF VIOLENT CONTACT AND THEN WE BACKED AWAY FROM EACH OTHER.
"I NEVER SAW HER AGAIN.
"I WAS GETTING TOO YOUNG FOR THE TEABOY'S JOB I WAS CURRENTLY HOLDING. I LEFT WORK AND STARTED SCHOOL AFTER HANDING IN MY 'O'-LEVEL CERTIFICATES.
"FRANKLY, I DIDN'T ENJOY SCHOOL VERY MUCH, ALTHOUGH IT WAS PLEASANT FORGETTING THINGS THAT HAD NEVER BEEN ANY USE TO ME, LIKE LATIN AND CHEMISTRY.
"I WAS GLAD WHEN I COULD FINALLY TODDLE OUT OF INFANTS SCHOOL WHEN I WAS FOUR AND SPEND ALL DAY WITH MUM. I HAD GROWN VERY FOND OF MUM IN THE TIME I HAD KNOWN HER.
"THE YEARS SEEMED TO PASS SO SLOWLY, AND LIFE WAS EASY. I STOPPED BOTHERING TO FEED MYSELF. I STOPPED BOTHERING TO TALK. I STOPPED WALKING AND LET MUM PUSH ME EVERYWHERE.
TAXI
"LAST WEEK, MUM BROUGHT ME TO THE HOSPITAL IN A TAXI. FOR SOME REASON, I FELT SCARED AND STARTED CRYING. MUM JUST SMILED AND SAID '006 006 006'.
"I'M SCARED. WHAT HAPPENED TO TREBOR AND NODROG? WHERE DID THEY GO? WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME? MOTHER LOOKS DOWN AT ME. SHE SMILES. SHE'S LOVELY.
"THEY ONLY LET ME SEE HER AT FEEDING TIMES. I SEEM TO JUST EAT AND SLEEP. IT'S HARD TO CONCENTRATE, BEING SO HUNGRY AND EXHAUSTED ALL THE TIME, BUT I'VE GOT TO TELL MY STORY."
"BIG HANDS TAKE ME AWAY FROM HER. I START SCREAMING. I'M SCARED. I'M SO SCARED. A BIG HAND SLAPS ME HARD, ON THE BACK...
"I CAN'T BREATHE ANY MORE. I CAN'T..."
THE END
"WELL, NOT EXACTLY THE END. BUT..."

THARG'S
TIME TWISTERS
PLANET EARTH, 6519 A.D.. NO CRIME. NO WAR. NO POVERTY. NO PREJUDICE.
NO PEOPLE!
DULL? YOU'RE NOT KIDDING!
DULL, THAT IS, UNTIL THE ALIENS ARRIVED...
BOY, HOWDY! WHAT A DULL-LOOKING PLANET!
YEAH! DULL!
DOUBLE DULL!
STILL, IF THE MAMMALS WHO USED TO OWN THIS DIRTBALL HADN'T WIPED THEMSELVES OUT, WE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO BUY IT SO CHEAPLY!
THEIR LOSS WAS THE HISTORICAL 700 CORPORATION'S GAIN. UNLOAD THE TIME-PROBES AND GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING ROBOT PETE KNIGHT
COMPU-73E

AND SO...
HOW'S IT GOING?
THE SPECIMEN ENCLOSURES ARE ALL SET UP AND I'VE BEEN RUNNING THROUGH THE PRELIMINARY SCANS ON THE TIME-PROBE. THIS USED TO BE A REALLY INTERESTING PLANET!
IT HAD ARTISTS AND POLITICIANS AND CRIMINALS AND ALL SORTS OF OTHER NEAT STUFF. THEY'LL MAKE OUR ZOO A REAL GROAT-SPINNER!
THE INHABITANTS WERE ONLY A CARBON-BASED LIFE-FORM. ONCE WE GET THEIR CELLULAR DETAILS FROM THE TIME-PROBE IT'LL BE A CINCH TO RECONSTRUCT THEM!
SOME OF THOSE CHARACTERS ON SCREEN LOOK PRETTY...UH... VIOLENT. KNOW WHAT I MEAN? WE DON'T WANT A REPEAT OF WHAT HAPPENED ON GOOBAL IV.
RELAX. GOOBAL IV WAS A FLUKE. THESE PEOPLE WERE JUST FURRY LITTLE MAMMALS. THEY WON'T GIVE US ANY TROUBLE. I MEAN, JUST LISTEN TO SOME OF THEIR NAMES...
Bugsie's SPEAKEASY
"ATILLA THE HUN". "FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE". "TIGLATH PILESER THE THIRD". "LEGS DIAMOND". HOW COULD PEOPLE WITH STUPID NAMES LIKE THOSE BE A THREAT TO US?
YEAH, OKAY... GO AHEAD WITH THE RECONSTRUCTION!
TIME PASSES...
HEY! THE ZOO'S LOOKING PRETTY GOOD. WHATS THAT BUILDING OVER THERE?
THAT'S WHERE WE'RE KEEPING THE ARTISTS. OVER THERE IS THE MILITARY ENCLOSURE AND RIGHT NEXT DOOR IS WHERE WE'RE PUTTING THE SCIENTISTS!

SCIENTISTS, EH? ANYTHING INTERESTING?
A GUY CALLED NEWTON, WHO, AS FAR AS WE CAN MAKE OUT, INVENTED THE APPLE. THEN THERE'S PASTEUR, GALLILEO...
OH, YEAH... AND EINSTEIN! HE'S TERRIFIC!
HUH? THERE'S TWO OF THEM! WHY DID YOU RECONSTRUCT TWO EINSTEINS?
CURIOSITY - I WANTED TO SEE IF THEY WERE SMART ENOUGH TO WORK OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THEM. YOU KNOW... BEING DEAD AND THEN BEING ALIVE AGAIN!
BUT FOR TWO GUYS WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO BE THE MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTIST EVER THEY'RE PRETTY DUMB. THEY'VE JUST BEEN SITTING THERE STARING AT EACH OTHER!
THE ZOO OPENS NEXT WEEK. WE COULD USE SOME STAR TURNS...
STAR TURNS? YOU WANT STAR TURNS? WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE EMPEROR NERO! HE'S OVER IN THE NEXT BLOCK!
MEANWHILE...
HMM...
HMM...
I SUPPOSE THERE IS NO POINT IN ARGUING WHICH OF US IS THE REAL ALBERT EINSTEIN, FOR WHILE I HAVE ALL EINSTEIN'S MEMORIES UP TO THE MOMENT OF MY DEATH...
...SO DO I. BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, BOTH OF US CAN'T BE ALBERT EINSTEIN. SO THEREFORE...
NEITHER OF US IS THE REAL ALBERT EINSTEIN! NOW, WHAT EMPIRICAL EVIDENCE DO WE HAVE TO SUPPORT THIS THEORY?
WELL, FOR ONE THING, EINSTEIN IS DEAD AND WE'RE BOTH ALIVE!
...AND FOR ANOTHER, WE'RE BOTH BRIGHT BLUE!

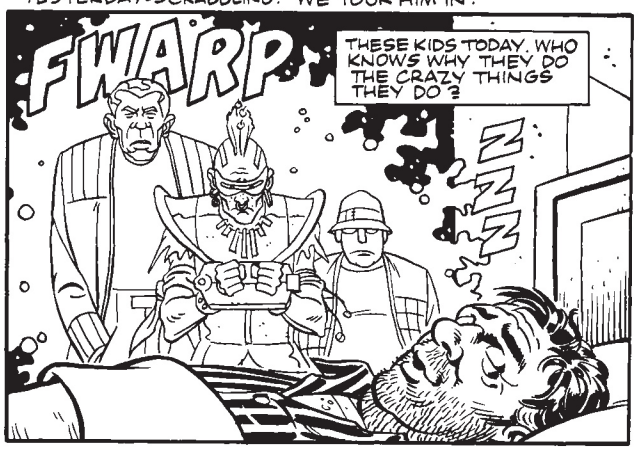
HMM. WHY DO YOU THINK THAT SHOULD BE?
I DON'T KNOW. IT WOULD SEEM, HOWEVER, THAT WE ARE BOTH DUPLICATE RECONSTRUCTIONS OF THE ORIGINAL EINSTEIN ASSEMBLED AFTER HIS DEATH. BUT THE TECHNOLOGY NEEDED TO DO THAT...
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. MANKIND WOULDN'T HAVE THAT TECHNOLOGY UNTIL... WHAT? ABOUT THE FORTY-THIRD CENTURY?
ABOUT THAT. BUT IF WE'VE BEEN RECONSTRUCTED BY MANKIND, SURELY THEY'D MAKE US THE RIGHT COLOUR...
UNLESS... UNLESS WE'VE BEEN REMADE BY CREATURES WHOSE COLOUR PERCEPTION IS VASTLY DIFFERENT TO OURS!
ALIENS! ALIENS WHO SEE COLOURS DIFFERENTLY TO US AND THINK THAT HUMANS WERE BRIGHT BLUE. BUT THAT MEANS...
...THAT THERE AREN'T ANY REAL HUMANS AROUND TO POINT OUT THE DIFFERENCE. HUMANITY MUST HAVE BEEN DESTROYED IN SOME WAY. THEN, YEARS LATER, THE ALIENS ARRIVE...
...AND START RECONSTRUCTING PEOPLE! BUT WHY? FOR HISTORICAL RESEARCH? NO. IF THEY KNOW ENOUGH TO RECONSTRUCT US THEY MUST ALREADY KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT US!
HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE?
HOW ABOUT ENTERTAINMENT? WHAT IF THESE ALIENS ARE SETTING UP SOME SORT OF HISTORICAL ZOO POPULATED BY FAMOUS, DECEASED EARTHMEN?
HMMM. YOU COULD BE RIGHT. WHICH OF COURSE LEAVES US WITH ONLY ONE PROBLEM STILL TO SOLVE...

THE NEXT DAY DAWNS NORMALLY ENOUGH—
THE ZOO STANDS COMPLETED—
...FOR ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS.
GADOOOOM!
HOLY BLUNG!
THE EXPLOSION CAME FROM THE SCIENTISTS' ENCLOSURE. SOME OF THE RECONSTRUCTS MUST HAVE JURY-RIGGED SOME EXPLOSIVES SOMEHOW AND BLOWN A HOLE THROUGH TO THE NEXT BLOCK!
THE NEXT BLOCK? OH, NO! THE NEXT BLOCK TO THE SCIENTISTS IS...
"...THE MILITARY ENCLOSURE!!"
SPEAK, CITIZENS! WHAT NEWS DO YOU BRING?
WE'RE IN A ZOO RUN BY ALIENS! THEY'VE RECONSTRUCTED...
...EVERY FAMOUS PERSON WHO EVER LIVED ON EARTH FOR ENTERTAINMENT PURPOSES!
BY THE GODS! THE BARBARIANS MUST PAY FOR THEIR TREASON!
YEA! THE MAN OF ROME SPEAKS TRULY! ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH, DEAR FRIENDS...
DONNER UND BLITZEN! STURM UND DRANG! HANSEL UND GRETEL!
AARGH! THEY'RE BREAKING OUT! WHATEVER HAPPENS WE MUSTN'T LET THEM REACH THE RECONSTRUCTION CHAMBERS...
TOO LATE! AND THE EINSTEINS HAVE FIGURED OUT HOW TO WORK THE MACHINE! THEY'RE RECONSTRUCTING ANCIENT EARTH WEAPONS!
HERE THEY COME!

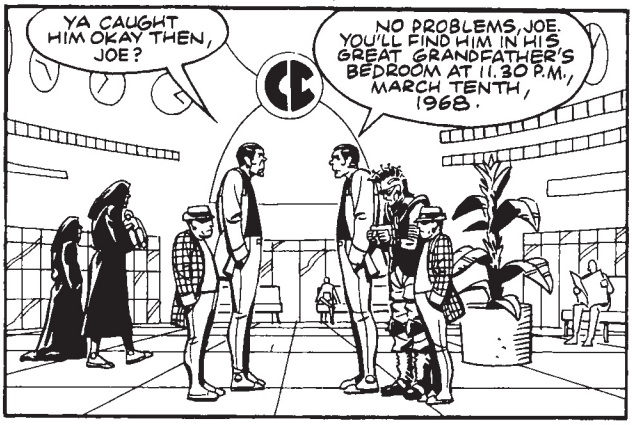
THERE WAS BLOOD. THERE WAS SLAUGHTER. THERE WAS THE RATTLE OF SABRES. THE BOOM OF ARTILLERY SHELLS. THE DEAFENING ROAR OF THERMO-NUCLEAR MISSILES...
GEE! DIS SURE TAKES YA BACK, HUH?
JA! IS JUST LIKE DER OLD DAYS!
AND EVENTUALLY...
C'MON! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE! WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT THOSE TURQUOISE INSANIACS THE WAY THEY WERE: DEAD!
NOW YOU TELL US! I TELL YOU, I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS BUSINESS AND GOING INTO SOME THING SAFER... LIKE MAYBE BLACK HOLE COLONIZATION OR SOMETHING!
AND AS FOR EARTH? WELL, ONCE THE ALIENS HAD GONE THINGS PRETTY MUCH GOT BACK TO NORMAL. APART FROM EVERYBODY BEING BRIGHT BLUE, THAT IS.
THERE WAS CRIME. THERE WAS WAR. POVERTY. PREJUDICE AND STARVATION.
BUT YOU HAD TO ADMIT...
...AT LEAST IT WASN'T DULL!
The End

THARG'S TIMETWISTERS CHRONO-COPS

IT WASN'T ANY BIG DEAL. HIS NAME WAS QUARMSLEY Q. QUAALUDE, A RICH YOUNG PUNK WITH A YEN FOR YESTERDAY-SCRABBLING. WE TOOK HIM IN.



WE ARRIVED BACK AT CHRONOCOP H.Q. AT ZERO-ZERO TWENTY HOURS. NOT BAD CONSIDERING WE'D SET OUT ON THE MISSION AT ZERO-ZERO TWENTY TWO. WE MET OURSELVES IN THE LOBBY.

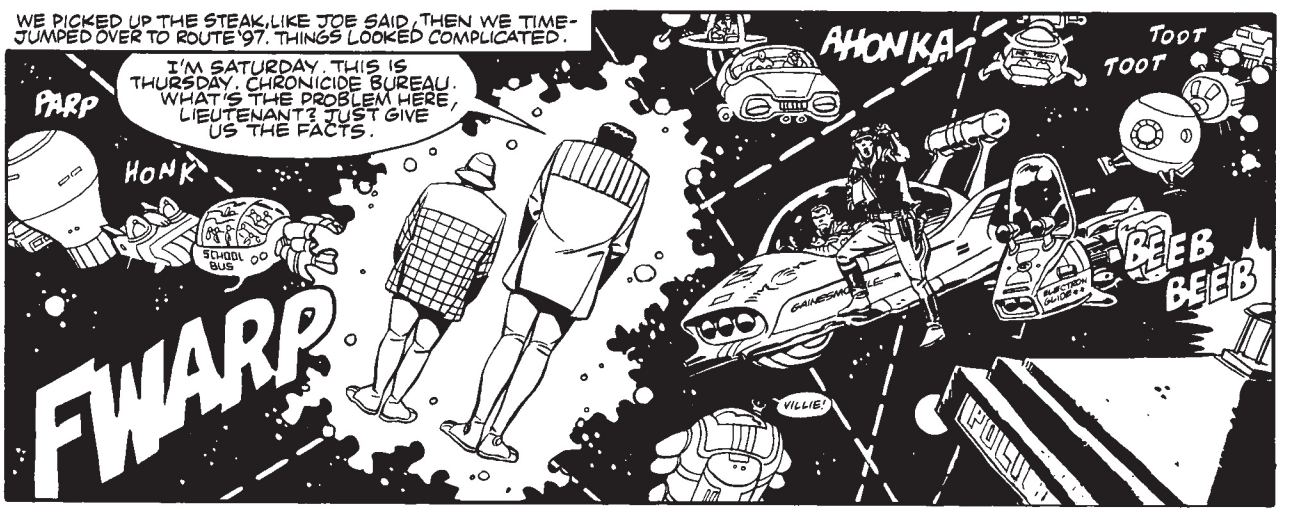


QUAALUDE BROKE DOWN DURING INTERROGATION. I COULDN'T BLAME HIM. PARADOX VANDALS ARE THE LOWEST OF THE LOW. THE OTHER CONS BEAT THEM UP WHEN THEY'RE IN JAIL.

I'D SEEN IT A MILLION TIMES BEFORE. THEY START OUT WITH LITTLE THINGS LIKE KILLING THEIR GREAT GRANDPARENTS. NEXT THING YOU KNOW, THEY'RE TRYING TO ALTER THE OUTCOME OF WORLD WAR II,

IN THE LOBBY, WE MET OURSELVES COMING BACK.

WE PICKED UP THE STEAK, LIKE JOE SAID, THEN WE TIME-JUMPED OVER TO ROUTE '97. THINGS LOOKED COMPLICATED.



WE FINALLY GOT THE TIME TRAFFIC SORTED OUT BY ARRANGING A DIVERSION THROUGH 1645. ED LOOKED KINDA SHAKEN BY THE WHOLE DEAL. I GUESS IT WAS THAT TALK ABOUT HIS CAREER ...

WE ARRIVED BACK IN THE LOBBY AT ZERO-ZERO FIFTY-FIVE. WE MET OURSELVES GOING OUT.

I TREATED ED TO A SUNDAE AT THE CANTEEN. WE SAT OPPOSITE MARV WEDNESDAY FROM FRAUD DIVISION. I WAS WORRIED ABOUT ED.

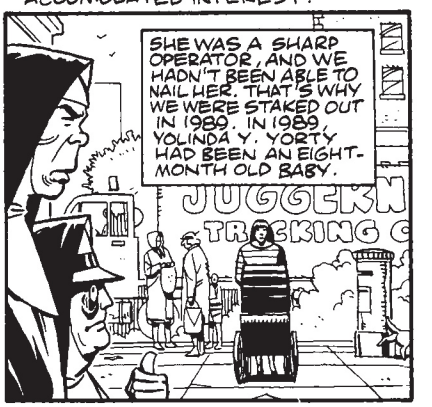
WEDNESDAY WAS TELLING US ABOUT SOME NEW TWIST TO THE ART-FRAUD BUSINESS. I DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION.

WE EXCUSED OURSELVES AND LEFT. WE HAD WORK, AND WE WERE IN A HURRY TO GET BACK TO IT.

TOO MUCH OF A HURRY. WE ARRIVED BACK AT THE LOBBY AT ZERO-ZERO FIFTY-FIVE AND HAD TO HIDE BEHIND THE POTTED PALM TO AVOID CONFUSION.

OUR NEXT JOB WAS AN UNDERCOVER STAKE-OUT IN 1989. WE WERE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE CALLED YOLINDA Y. YORTY...

YORTY WAS A LONG-TERM INTEREST BANDIT. SHE'D DEPOSIT A POUND NOTE IN HER BANK ACCOUNT, JUMP THREE HUNDRED YEARS INTO THE FUTURE AND COLLECT THE ACCUMULATED INTEREST.

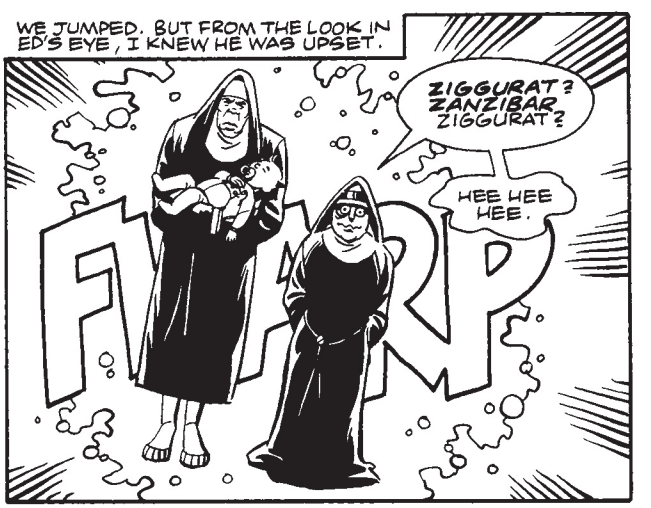


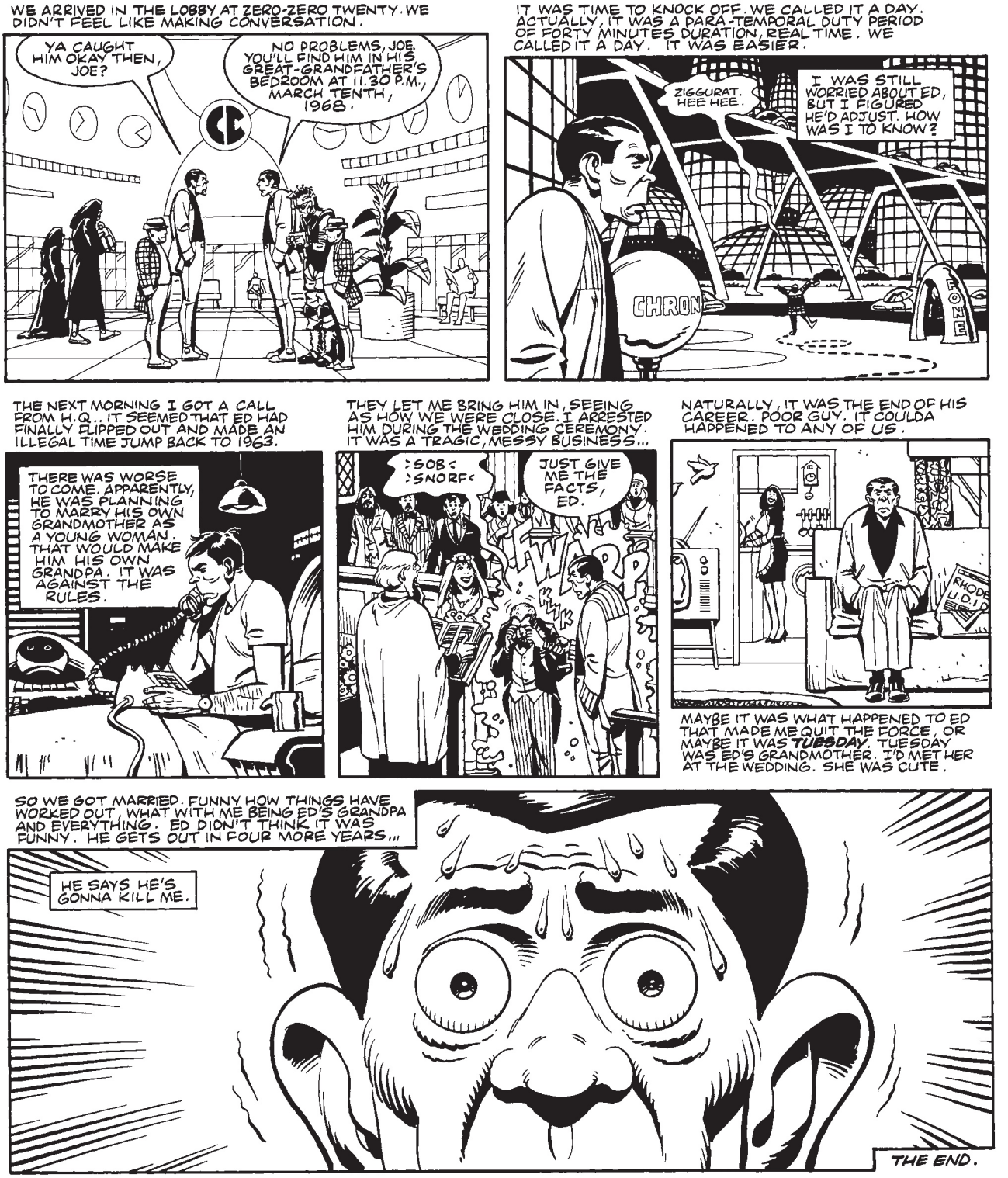
TECHNICALLY, WE SHOULDN'T ARREST PEOPLE BEFORE THEY'VE COMMITTED THE CRIME THEY'RE CHARGED WITH. SOMETIMES WE BEND THE RULES A LITTLE. WE'RE JUST GUYS, DOIN' OUR JOB.

ED HAD BEEN KINDA EDGY ALL DAY. I GUESS THAT'S HOW COME HE MADE THE MISTAKE LIKE HE DID...

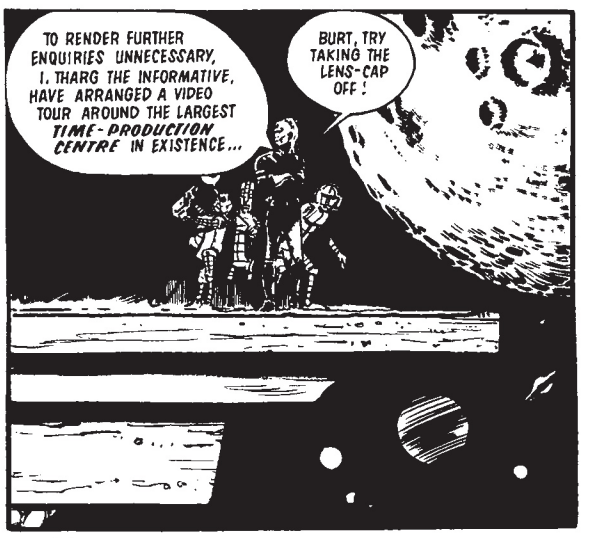
YORTY HAD BEEN IN THE NEXT BABY CARRIAGE TO COME ALONG. I GRABBED HER AND WE PREPARED TO JUMP. THAT'S WHEN IT HAPPENED...

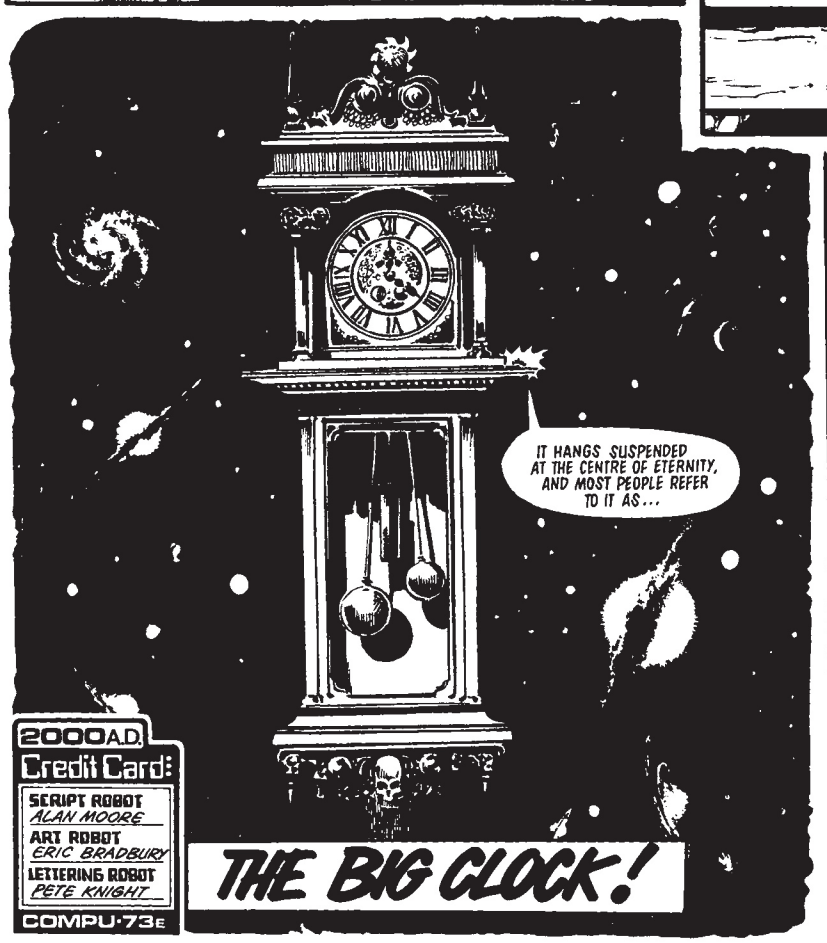
WE JUMPED. BUT FROM THE LOOK IN ED'S EYE, I KNEW HE WAS UPSET.




WE ARRIVED IN THE LOBBY AT ZERO-ZERO TWENTY. WE DIDN'T FEEL LIKE MAKING CONVERSATION.
YA CAUGHT HIM OKAY THEN, JOE?
NO PROBLEMS, JOE. YOU'LL FIND HIM IN HIS GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S BEDROOM AT 11.30 P.M., MARCH TENTH, 1968.
IT WAS TIME TO KNOCK OFF. WE CALLED IT A DAY. ACTUALLY, IT WAS A PARA-TEMPORAL DUTY PERIOD OF FORTY MINUTES DURATION, REAL TIME. WE CALLED IT A DAY. IT WAS EASIER.
ZIGGURAT. HEE HEE.
I WAS STILL WORRIED ABOUT ED, BUT I FIGURED HE'D ADJUST. HOW WAS I TO KNOW?
CHRON
TOME
THE NEXT MORNING I GOT A CALL FROM H.Q.. IT SEEMED THAT ED HAD FINALLY FLIPPED OUT AND MADE AN ILLEGAL TIME JUMP BACK TO 1963.
THERE WAS WORSE TO COME. APPARENTLY, HE WAS PLANNING TO MARRY HIS OWN GRANDMOTHER AS A YOUNG WOMAN THAT WOULD MAKE HIM HIS OWN GRANDPA. IT WAS AGAINST THE RULES.
THEY LET ME BRING HIM IN, SEEING AS HOW WE WERE CLOSE. I ARRESTED HIM DURING THE WEDDING CEREMONY. IT WAS A TRAGIC, MESSY BUSINESS...
:SOB<
:SNORF<
JUST GIVE ME THE FACTS, ED.
WARP
NATURALLY, IT WAS THE END OF HIS CAREER. POOR GUY. IT COULDA HAPPENED TO ANY OF US.
RHODE U.D.I.D
MAYBE IT WAS WHAT HAPPENED TO ED THAT MADE ME QUIT THE FORCE, OR MAYBE IT WAS *TUESDAY*. TUESDAY WAS ED'S GRANDMOTHER. I'D MET HER AT THE WEDDING. SHE WAS CUTE.
SO WE GOT MARRIED. FUNNY HOW THINGS HAVE WORKED OUT, WHAT WITH ME BEING ED'S GRANDPA AND EVERYTHING. ED DIDN'T THINK IT WAS FUNNY. HE GETS OUT IN FOUR MORE YEARS...
HE SAYS HE'S GONNA KILL ME.
THE END.

THARG'S TIME TWISTERS





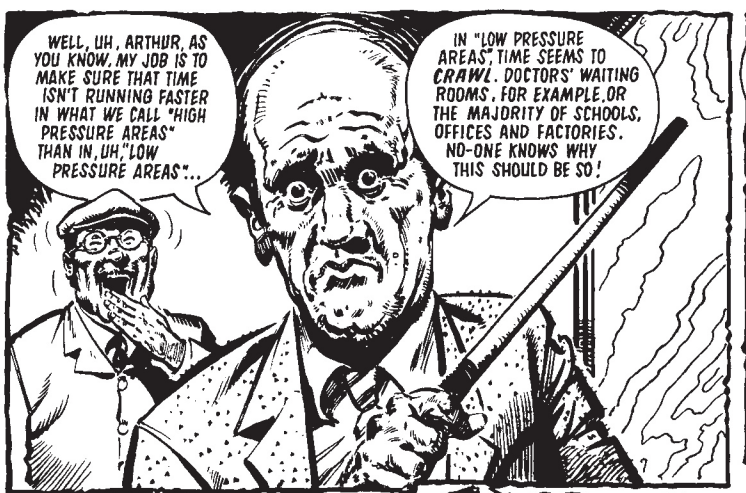
2000AD Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT ERIC BRADBURY
LETTERING ROBOT PETE KNIGHT
COMPU-73E

THE BIG CLOCK!

WE'LL START THE TOUR WITH A LOOK AT WHERE TIME ACTUALLY COMES FROM. MANY PEOPLE THINK THIS IS A COMPLICATED QUESTION, BUT THE ANSWER IS REALLY QUITE SIMPLE...
WE DIG IT UP!
HERE WE SEE THE LADS WORKING AT A MAJOR TIME-SEAM. THIS ONE'S A WHOPPER... A GOOD FEW MILLENIA THICK, IF I KNOW MY TIME.
WHEN THIS SEAM IS USED UP AND WE'VE GOUGED EVERY LAST LUMP OF TIME OUT OF THE FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE, THE LADS WILL MOVE ON TO ANOTHER SPOT...
OF COURSE, THE OLD PITS ARE LEFT OPEN. THAT'S WHERE BLACK HOLES COME FROM!
NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST FOLLOW ME ALONG HERE...
THIS IS WHERE WE PROCESS THE RAW TIME. THE COGS POUND IT OUT INTO FINE WIRE, AND IT THEN GOES TO THE LADIES WHO OPERATE THE TIMELOOMS!
MEET THE FATE SISTERS. MARVELLOUS GIRLS, THEY ARE. BEEN HERE AGES AND STILL DON'T LOOK A DAY OVER TWENTY-ONE, DO YOU LADIES?
TEE HEE!
RIGHT. NOW WE GET THE SORTING BAYS... HERE THE TIME GETS GRADED INTO GOOD TIMES AND BAD TIMES PRIOR TO DISTRIBUTION!
OVER HERE YOU SEE SOME PRECIOUS MOMENTS... LIMITED TO ONE PER LIFETIME PER CUSTOMER, GENERALLY. THERE YOU SEE A FEW GOLDEN YEARS ON THEIR WAY TO THE SECURITY VAULTS...
PRECIOUS
BAD TIMES
GOOD TIMES
HERE'S WHERE WE KEEP THE SALAD DAYS. AY UP! THERE'S SLUGS IN THAT. I'LL HAVE TO HAVE A WORD!
SALAD DAYS

FURTHER ALONG A BIT, OVER IN THE 'BAD TIMES' SECTION, WE SEE A BUNCH OF *TENSE SECONDS*. OVER ON YOUR RIGHT YOU CAN SEE SOME *DEPRESSION YEARS*...
GIZZA JOB?
1934
1935
1972
BOB!

AHA! NOW WE GET TO THE TIME DISTRIBUTION CENTRE ITSELF. PAY ATTENTION HERE AND YOU MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING!
THIS IS *KEITH*, WHO TRIES TO MAKE SURE THAT THE TIME SUPPLY IS KEPT *CONSTANT* OVER WIDE AREAS. 'OW'S IT GOING, KEITH?


WELL, UH, ARTHUR, AS YOU KNOW, MY JOB IS TO MAKE SURE THAT TIME ISN'T RUNNING FASTER IN WHAT WE CALL "HIGH PRESSURE AREAS" THAN IN, UH, "LOW PRESSURE AREAS"...
IN "LOW PRESSURE AREAS", TIME SEEMS TO *CRAWL*. DOCTORS' WAITING ROOMS, FOR EXAMPLE, OR THE MAJORITY OF SCHOOLS, OFFICES AND FACTORIES. NO-ONE KNOWS WHY THIS SHOULD BE SO!

ON MY CHART FOR TOMORROW, YOU'LL SEE THAT THERE'S A LOW PRESSURE AREA OVER *BRADFORD*. BUT FOLKS ON HOLIDAY IN THE ANDROMEDA PLEASURE DROMES WILL FIND THE DAYS JUST *FLASH BY* DUE TO HIGH...
AYE, YES, WELL, THANKS A LOT, KEITH. BUT WE'D BETTER BE MOVIN' ON...

BY 'ECK, 'E'S DULL! GOOD AT 'IS JOB, BUT *DULL*.'
RIGHT. SO WE'VE SEEN HOW TIME IS MANUFACTURED AND SHIPPED OUT, BUT OUR JOB DOESN'T END THERE. NOT BY A *LONG* CHALK!

FOR EXAMPLE, WHAT HAPPENS TO TIME WHEN IT'S ALL USED UP AND IN THE PAST TENSE? YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE IT *LYING ABOUT*!
WE STORE ALL OUR USED-UP TIME IN THIS CUPBOARD HERE. SINCE IT ONLY REALLY EXISTS AS *MEMORIES* IT DOESN'T TAKE UP MUCH ROOM...

IN FACT, ALL WE REALLY NEED IS *CYRIL* HERE. IT'S CYRIL'S JOB TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE OF EXISTENCE. IF HE *FORGETS* SOMETHING IT *VANISHES* FROM LIVING MEMORY!
'OW'S IT GOING, CYRIL?

...PORTUGUESE DRAMATIST GIL VICENTE WAS BORN IN 1470... MRS BOOTH OF ISLINGTON HAS TO CANCEL HER MILK TOMORROW... STALACTITES GROW DOWN, STALAGMITES UP...
I SAID, "OW'S IT GOING, CYRIL?"...
SHUT UP!! HOW CAN I CONCENTRATE WITH YOU YAMMERING AT ME?
OH NO,' NOW I'VE FORGOTTEN WHERE EVERYBODY PUT THEIR BALLPOINT PENS!
FUNNY CHAP, CYRIL!
...DYNAMITE WAS INVENTED BY ALFRED NOBLE... CUCUMBERS ARE 98% WATER... REG NORRIS OF HARTLEPOOL HAS A THREE MILLIMETRE MOLE ON HIS LEFT KNEE... KIWIS LAY BIG WHITE EGGS...
NOW, AS I'VE POINTED OUT, STORAGE OF PAST TIME ISN'T A PROBLEM. FUTURE TIME, ON THE OTHER HAND, NEEDS SOMEWHERE PRETTY BIG TO STORE IT UNTIL WE'RE READY FOR IT!
UP HERE. MIND YOUR HEADS!
...THIS IS WHERE WE KEEP ALL THE THINGS THAT'LL BE CROPPING UP IN THE FUTURE. NOBODY KNOWS WHAT HALF OF THEM ARE, OF COURSE. NOT YET ANYWAY...
AY UP! ERE COMES TROUBLE!
TIME FLIES
WHAT ABOUT THE BOMB, EH? WHAT ABOUT POLLUTION? ANSWER ME THAT!
WHAT ABOUT THE FREEDOM OF THE INDIVIDUAL? ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME, OR WHAT?
THESE ARE NAGGING ANXIETIES. THEY HANG AROUND IN THE FUTURE DEPARTMENT. WE'VE TRIED TO GET RID OF 'EM, BUT IN THE END IT'S BEST JUST TO IGNORE THEM!
STILL, THERE DO SEEM TO BE MORE OF THEM THAN USUAL. I'D BETTER MAKE A NOTE...
HMM. NOW WHERE DID I PUT MY BALLPOINT?
OH, NEVER MIND!

ALONG HERE WE HAVE THE MOST SPECTACULAR SECTION OF THE BIG CLOCK... THE *PENDULUM ITSELF!*
YOU KNOW, RUMOUR HAS IT THAT WHEN THIS CLOCK STRUCK FOR THE FIRST TIME, TIME AND SPACE CAME INTO BEING AS A DIRECT RESULT!
IT'S CALLED THE "*BIG BONG*" THEORY!
NOW, OVER HERE THERE'S...
WAIT A MINUTE! THIS WATCH SAID TWENTY-FIVE TO WHEN I LOOKED AT IT HALF AN HOUR AGO! IT MUST HAVE *STOPPED!*
FLIDDING 'ECK! I'M *LATE* FOR THE *MOST IMPORTANT JOB OF THE DAY!!*
I'VE GOT TO *WIND UP THE MAINSPRING* BEFORE IT...
RUNNNNNS...
DOOOOOWWWNNN...
HMMM!
WELL, WE SEEM TO HAVE RUN OUT OF TIME ON OUR FEATURE FOR THIS WEEK, SO IT'S SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG UNTIL NEXT WEEK!
ALWAYS ASSUMING THAT THERE *IS* A NEXT WEEK, OF COURSE...
The End

THARG'S TIME TWISTERS

GOING NATIVE

THE RAINS HAD CEASED, AND AMBER SUNLIGHT BURNISHED THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF THE RHINE VALLEY TO A DEEP BRONZE. SOMEWHERE, A MAMMOTH SCREAMED.

IT WAS ANOTHER PERFECT MORNING IN THE LATE **PALEOLITHIC AGE.**

WOODROW ROSE EARLIER THAN USUAL, THOUGH SADLY TOO LATE FOR THE SPECTACULAR PRIMEVAL SUNRISE.

2000AD Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT: ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT: MIKE WHITE
LETTERING ROBOT: PETE KNIGHT
COMPU-73E

A GROUP OF NEANDERTHALS WATCHED HIM FROM A SAFE DISTANCE. HE CALLED OUT A GREETING TO THEM. HE KNEW THEY WOULDN'T REPLY. BUT WHAT THE HELL?

THE POWERFUL, HULKING HOMINIDS HAD GIVEN HIM TROUBLE WHEN HE FIRST ARRIVED. THAT WAS BEFORE THEY FOUND OUT WHAT THE LITTLE JEWELLED STICK HE CARRIED COULD DO.

THAT WAS OVER A YEAR AGO NOW. GRADUALLY, THEY HAD COME TO TRUST HIM. SOME OF THE YOUNGER ONES EVEN PLAYED WITH HIM OCCASIONALLY.

THERE WAS ONE, ESPECIALLY... A SQUAT, MUSCULAR YOUNG FEMALE WHOSE NAME SEEMED TO BE EITHER **MURR-GA**, OR JUST **MURR**. WOODROW THOUGHT SHE RATHER LIKED HIM.

OF COURSE, SIX MONTHS PREVIOUSLY HE'D SLICED A SABRE-TOOTH IN HALF WITH HIS GEMBURNER A SECOND BEFORE IT DID THE SAME TO HER. THAT MAY HAVE PREJUDICED HER A LITTLE.

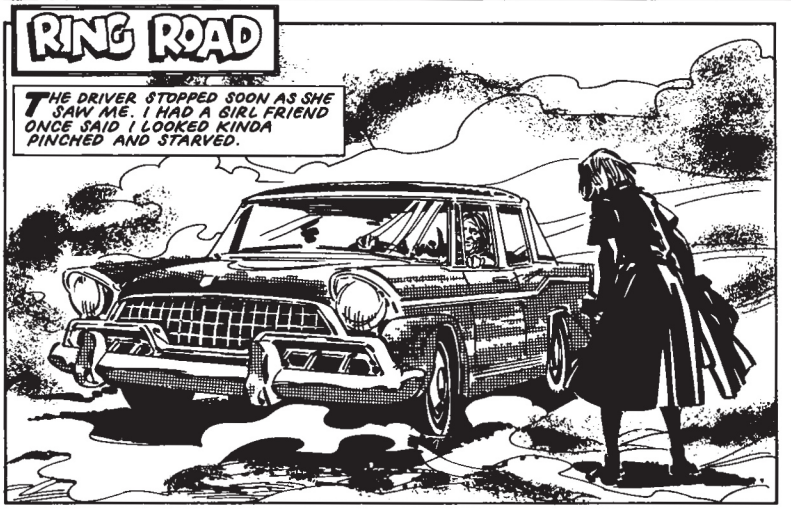
IT WAS FUNNY... A YEAR AGO HE WOULD HAVE FOUND MURR-GA (OR MURR) REPULSIVE. THAT ACRID SMELL, THE NUMEROUS PARASITES INHABITING HER FUR. NOW HE HARDLY NOTICED.
THAT WAS WHAT A YEAR OF PALEOLITHIC LIVING DID FOR A MAN.
WHAT HE DID NOTICE WAS JUST HOW BRIGHT SHE WAS. FOR HER SPECIES. THERE WAS A LIVELY INTELLIGENCE DANCING IN THOSE GREY EYES, BENEATH THAT DELICATELY SLOPING BROW.
PLUS, SHE SEEMED TO HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOUR. HE LIKED MURR-GA (OR MURR). HE LIKED HER COMPANY.
OF COURSE, NONE OF THIS WAS WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL "GETTING THE JOB DONE". TOO BAD.
HIS EMPLOYERS BACK AT THE INSTITUTE OF TRANS-CHRONAL ANTHROPOLOGY IN THE 63RD CENTURY WOULD BE GETTING PRETTY IRATE WAITING FOR HIM TO RETURN.
TOO BAD. IT WAS A NICE DAY. HE WAS IN NO HURRY.
THEY'D SENT HIM BACK TO THE PALEOLITHIC TO FIND THE ANSWER TO THE ONE BIG QUESTION THAT STILL STUMPED ANTHROPOLOGISTS, EVEN IN 6274...
NAMELY, WHERE DID MAN COME FROM?
OH SURE, THEY KNEW MAN STARTED OFF AS A KNUCKLE-DRAGGING NEANDERTHAL. THEY KNEW THAT SOME TIME LATER, WHEN THEY PICKED UP THE SCENT AGAIN, HE WAS A STRAIGHT-BACKED CROMAGNON.
BUT THEY STILL DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED IN BETWEEN. THE CHAIN OF EVOLUTION WAS INCOMPLETE. THERE WAS A MISSING LINK. WOODROW HAD BEEN SENT BACK TO FIND IT.

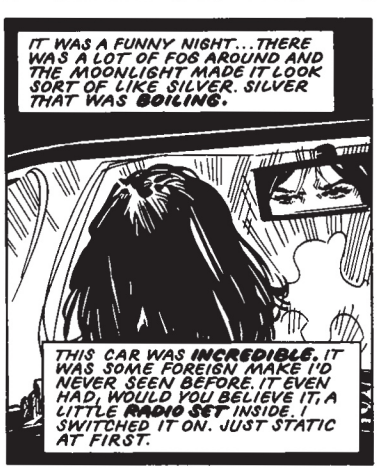
HE'D HAD NO LUCK SO FAR. ALL HE'D FOUND WERE NEANDERTHALS.
TOO BAD.
IN FACT, FROM WHERE WOODROW WAS STANDING, IT DIDN'T LOOK AS IF HOMO ERECTUS WOULD EVER EVOLVE UPON PLANET EARTH...
...EXCEPT OF COURSE THAT HE MUST HAVE DONE, OTHERWISE WOODROW WOULDN'T BE HERE PUZZLING ABOUT IT ALL. WOULD HE?
LATER, MURR... AS HE'D DECIDED TO CALL HER, WAS TRYING TO CATCH A FISH FOR HIM. HE LAY AND WATCHED THE OCHRE CLOUDS SCUDDING ACROSS A BRAZEN SKY.
BACK IN 6274, HE HADN'T GOTTEN TO SEE MUCH SKY.
JUST PEDWAYS AND THERMORAILS AND THE DREARY BLUE LIGHT FILTERING THROUGH THE 'SAFE-AIR' DOME HIGH OVERHEAD.
ALL THE PEOPLE WITH DEAD EYES AND EXPENSIVE PSYCHOVISION UNITS IN THEIR LIVING ROOMS. THE METAL FIELDS. THE FIVE-YEARLY LIFE TAX.
HELL, THERE WERE LOTS OF THINGS THAT HE HADN'T GOTTEN TO SEE BACK IN 6274.
LOTS OF THINGS.
THE HOT NIGHT BREEZE BEGAN TO RISE. HE WALKED MURR BACK TO HER FAMILY'S CAVE AND THEY WATCHED A VAST FLOCK OF LIZARD-BIRDS WHEELING INTO THE BLOODY PALEOLITHIC SUNSET.
MOST PROBABLY IT WAS THEN THAT WOODROW ADMITTED TO HIMSELF THAT HE WAS NEVER GOING HOME.
AND, WHAT DO YOU KNOW. HALF A KILOMETRE FROM MURR'S CAVE, DAMNED IF SHE DIDN'T GET ATTACKED AGAIN.
A PROTO-DOG THIS TIME. UGLY AS SIN.

NO PROBLEM.
MURR'S FOLKS WERE PRETTY PLEASED WITH HIM AFTER THAT. THEY STARTED CALLING HIM "GURR-RUTT," WHICH, AS NEAR AS HE COULD MAKE OUT, MEANT "TWO ANIMALS".
AFTER A WHILE HE LIKED IT BETTER THAN 'WOODROW,' WHICH DIDN'T MEAN MUCH AT ALL.
OF COURSE, THE BEAUTY OF IT WAS THAT THE INSTITUTE COULDN'T TRACE HIM. THEY COULD ONLY SEND A TIME-SHIP BACK THIS FAR WITH A 29% ACCURACY FACTOR.
THIS MEANT THAT THEY HAD ABOUT A ONE-IN-A-ZILLION CHANCE OF LANDING WITHIN A THOUSAND YEARS OF HIM EITHER WAY. PROBABLY, ALL THEY'D FIND WOULD BE HIS BONES. TOO BAD.
GURR-RUTT, OR TWO ANIMALS, OR WOODROW, LIVED BEYOND THE CLEARING IN HIS STRANGE AND SILVER CAVE. MURR WAS STRONG, AND CLEVER, AND, AFTER A YEAR OR TWO, BEAUTIFUL.
SHE CAME TO VISIT EVERY DAY.
AFTER A WHILE, SHE DIDN'T BOTHER GOING HOME AGAIN.
AND, EVENTUALLY, THERE WERE KIDS. LOTS OF KIDS.
KIDS WITH STRAIGHT BACKS.
THE BEGINNING...

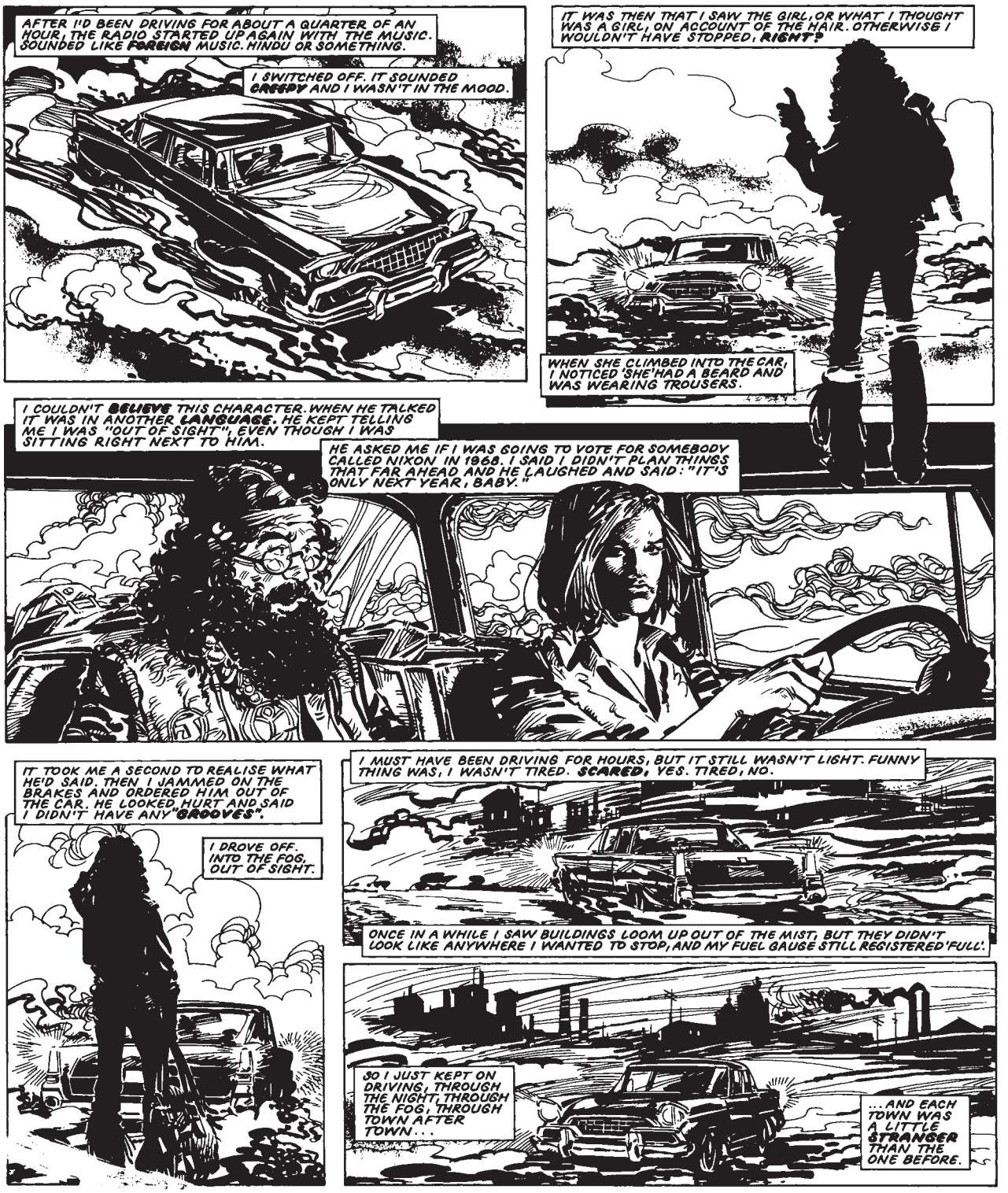
THARG'S TIME TWISTERS

RING ROAD





THEN IT STARTED PICKING UP MUSIC... STRANGE MUSIC WITH LOTS OF BRASS. A MAN CAME ON AND SAID, "THAT WAS GLENN MILLER".
ME, I'D NEVER HEARD OF THE GUY. THINGS SURE HAD CHANGED WHILE I'D BEEN AT THE DETENTION HOME.
FUNNY THING, THERE WAS THIS NEWS ITEM. IT SAID A MILITARY BASE CALLED 'PEARL HARBOUR', IN THE PHILIPPINES SOMEWHERE, HAD BEEN ATTACKED BY THE JAPANESE.
THE NEW YORK GLOBE
IT'S WAR SAS TRUMAN
IT HAD TO BE A JOKE. I MEAN, THE JAPANESE? GIVE ME A BREAK.
I'D BEEN DRIVING FOR A WHILE, SO I FIGURED I WAS PROBABLY LOW ON GAS. THE NEEDLE HAD REGISTERED 'FULL' SINCE I GOT IN THE CAR, BUT MAYBE IT WAS BROKEN.
ANYWAY, I FOUND A GAS STATION, WAY OUT THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. LUCKY ME.
INSIDE, IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING IN A DREAM. EVERYTHING WAS VERY STRANGE AND FUNNY LOOKING.
THERE WAS A BIG SILVER BOX IN THE CORNER, ALL LIT UP. THAT WAS PLAYING THIS AWFUL ROW. THERE WERE TWO GUYS WITH FUNNY HAIRCUTS. I ASKED IF THE MUSIC WAS BY GLENN MILLER.
1957
AUGUST 19
THEY LOOKED AT ME FUNNY, AND THEN STARTED LAUGHING. I DECIDED I'D BETTER LEAVE. I WAS ON MY WAY OUT WHEN I SAW THE CALENDAR...
I THOUGHT THE DATE HAD TO BE A JOKE, BUT I WAS SCARED.
I JUST RAN OUT AND CLIMBED INTO THE CAR AND GOT THE HELL OUT OF THERE.
I'D FORGOTTEN TO FILL UP WITH GAS, BUT THAT DIDN'T MATTER.

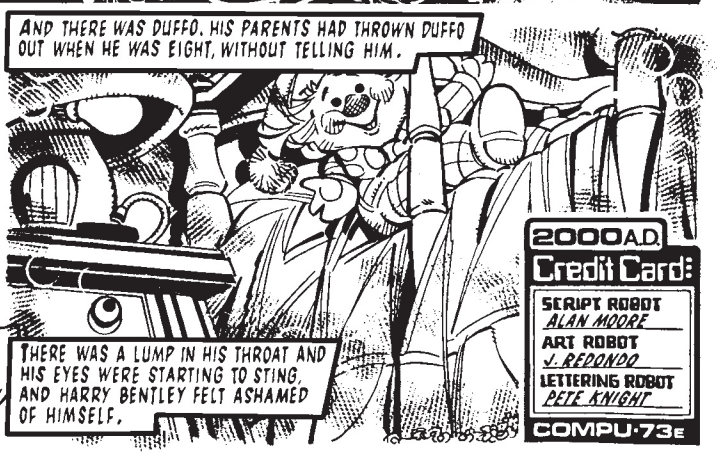

AFTER I'D BEEN DRIVING FOR ABOUT A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, THE RADIO STARTED UP AGAIN WITH THE MUSIC. SOUNDED LIKE FOREIGN MUSIC. HINDU OR SOMETHING.
I SWITCHED OFF. IT SOUNDED CREEPY AND I WASN'T IN THE MOOD.
IT WAS THEN THAT I SAW THE GIRL, OR WHAT I THOUGHT WAS A GIRL, ON ACCOUNT OF THE HAIR. OTHERWISE I WOULDN'T HAVE STOPPED, RIGHT?
WHEN SHE CLIMBED INTO THE CAR, I NOTICED 'SHE' HAD A BEARD AND WAS WEARING TROUSERS.
I COULDN'T BELIEVE THIS CHARACTER. WHEN HE TALKED IT WAS IN ANOTHER LANGUAGE. HE KEPT TELLING ME I WAS "OUT OF SIGHT", EVEN THOUGH I WAS SITTING RIGHT NEXT TO HIM.
HE ASKED ME IF I WAS GOING TO VOTE FOR SOMEBODY CALLED NIXON IN 1968. I SAID I DIDN'T PLAN THINGS THAT FAR AHEAD AND HE LAUGHED AND SAID: "IT'S ONLY NEXT YEAR, BABY."
IT TOOK ME A SECOND TO REALISE WHAT HE'D SAID. THEN I JAMMED ON THE BRAKES AND ORDERED HIM OUT OF THE CAR. HE LOOKED HURT AND SAID I DIDN'T HAVE ANY "GROOVES".
I DROVE OFF. INTO THE FOG. OUT OF SIGHT.
I MUST HAVE BEEN DRIVING FOR HOURS, BUT IT STILL WASN'T LIGHT. FUNNY THING WAS, I WASN'T TIRED. SCARED, YES. TIRED, NO.
ONCE IN A WHILE I SAW BUILDINGS LOOM UP OUT OF THE MIST; BUT THEY DIDN'T LOOK LIKE ANYWHERE I WANTED TO STOP, AND MY FUEL GAUGE STILL REGISTERED 'FULL'.
SO I JUST KEPT ON DRIVING, THROUGH THE NIGHT, THROUGH THE FOG, THROUGH TOWN AFTER TOWN...
...AND EACH TOWN WAS A LITTLE STRANGER THAN THE ONE BEFORE.

I DROVE THROUGH A TOWN FULL OF COLOURED LIGHTS AND KIDS THAT DIDN'T LOOK HUMAN. IT LOOKED LIKE HELL.
THE RADIO WAS PLAYING THIS AWFUL STUFF THAT SOUNDED LIKE MACHINE MUSIC, AND A BUY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT SOME COUNTRY I'D NEVER HEARD OF BEING INVADED. I DROVE ON.
A LITTLE WHILE AFTER THAT THERE WAS THIS BIG FLASH IN THE WEST THAT LIT UP THE WHOLE SKY. I DUNNO WHAT IT WAS, BUT I'M GLAD I WASN'T UNDERNEATH IT.
FUNNY THING, BUT AFTER THAT I DIDN'T SEE ANYMORE TOWNS...
JUST DESERTS AND CRATERS.
OH YEAH, AND ONCE, THESE TWO THINGS RAN ACROSS THE ROAD IN FRONT OF ME. I DIDN'T SEE 'EM TOO CLEARLY.
I'M SORTA GLAD ABOUT THAT.
I DIDN'T FEEL HUNGRY, I DIDN'T FEEL TIRED, THE FUEL GAUGE READ 'FULL' AND I DIDN'T HAVE ANY REASON TO STOP.
ALL SORTS OF STUFF WAS HAPPENING TO THE SKY, BUT WHAT THE HECK? AT LEAST IT WASN'T THE END OF THE WORLD, RIGHT?
FOR A LONG TIME AFTER THAT THERE WAS JUST FOG.
I CAUGHT SIGHT OF MYSELF IN THE MIRROR. I LOOKED OLDER, SORT OF. HECK KNOWS HOW LONG I'D BEEN DRIVING. THERE WAS NOTHING MUCH GOING ON OUTSIDE THE CAR...

...SO THE BIG FLYING LIZARD CAME AS SOMETHING OF A SURPRISE.
I DROVE ON. AFTER THE LIZARDS I SAW MORE LIZARDS, AND THEN I SAW CHIMPS...
...AND THEN PEOPLE... SORT OF.
A LITTLE AFTER THAT I STARTED SEEING TOWNS AGAIN.
I'VE BEEN DRIVING A LONG WHILE NOW.
A HECK OF A LONG WHILE. MY GAUGE STILL READS 'FULL', BUT I'M STARTING TO FEEL TIRED. AND OLD. AND LONELY. BOY, I COULD SURE USE SOME COMPANY.
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
LOOKS LIKE MY LUCK IS FINALLY IN. AND THIS ONE'S DEFINITELY A GIRL!
I GUESS I SHOULDN'T TAKE CHANCES AT MY AGE, BUT THEN AGAIN, THE POOR KID LOOKS AS THOUGH SHE COULD USE A RIDE.
PROBABLY USE A GOOD MEAL, TOO.
SHE LOOKS SO PINCHED AND STARVED.
I'M A SUCKER FOR KIDS LIKE THAT...
MILLVALE DETENTION CENTRE
The End

THARG'S TIME TWISTERS

THE TIME MACHINE



2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT *ALAN MOORE*

ART ROBOT *J. REDONDO*

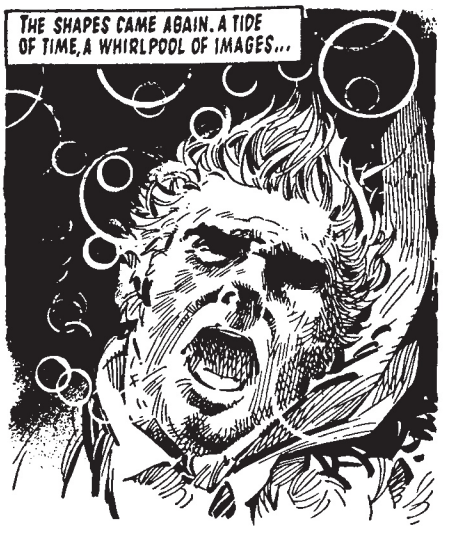
LETTERING ROBOT *PETE KNIGHT*

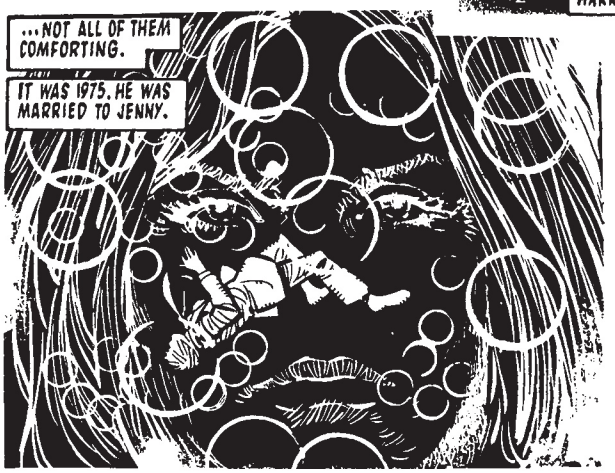
COMPU·73E

HE'D TRIED, YEARS LATER, TO TELL JENNY ABOUT DUFFO, BUT SHE'D LAUGHED AND HE'D BEEN EMBARRASSED. IT DIDN'T MATTER. HE WAS BACK NOW.
HE WAS REACHING OUT. HE WAS REACHING OUT FOR DUFFO. HIS FINGERTIPS TOUCHED WORN CLOTH...
...AND THE IMAGES SPLASHED AND RIPPLED, AND THE NURSERY SHATTERED LIKE A LURID JIGSAW. IT WAS BLACK. AND COLD.
HARRY BENTLEY WAS FALLING ...
DOWN THROUGH TIME.
DOWN THROUGH THE COLD, BLACK YEARS.
SHAPES. SCENTS...THE SMELL OF CLIPPED SUBURBAN PRIVET. THE RAIN ON THE CORRUGATED ROOF OF THE BUS SHELTER IN ALBESTONE ROAD...
IT WAS 1963. IN THE CHURCH YOUTH CLUB OVER THE ROAD, "LOVE ME DO" WAS PLAYING ON A BATTERED BLUE AND WHITE DANSETTE GRAMOPHONE...
...AND HE WAS IN THE BUS SHELTER, WAITING FOR THE 10:32 BACK TO TOWN...
...AND JACKIE RUTHERFORD WAS KEEPING HIM COMPANY WHILE HE WAITED.
REALLY HE'D BEEN PLANNING ALL *WEEK* TO KISS HER, BUT WHEN IT CAME DOWN TO IT... WELL, THERE WAS ALWAYS *NEXT* WEEK. BETTER NOT RUSH THESE THINGS...
THERE WAS A SPOT JUST UNDER HIS NOSE, AND YOU COULDN'T KISS SOMEONE WITH A SPOT UNDER YOUR NOSE.

AND THEN...

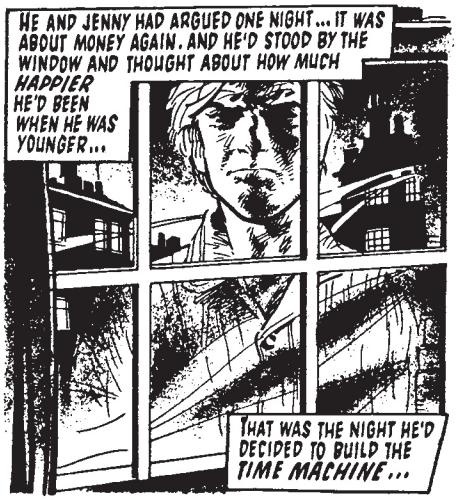
AND THEN...
HARRY BENTLEY WAS FALLING.


THE SHAPES CAME AGAIN. A TIDE OF TIME, A WHIRLPOOL OF IMAGES...

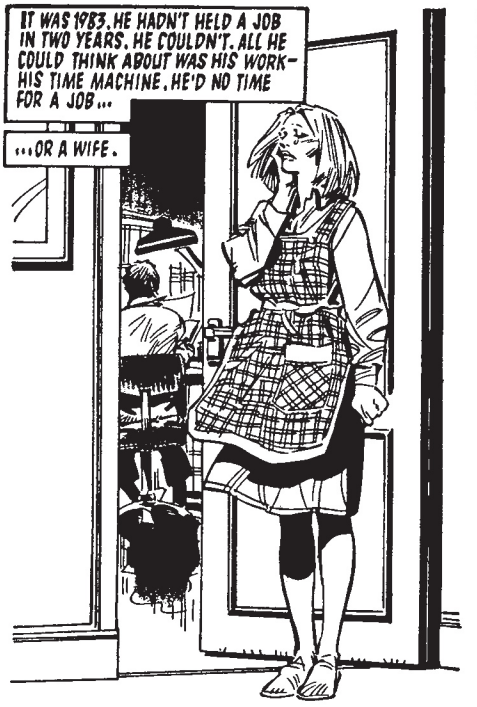

...NOT ALL OF THEM COMFORTING.
IT WAS 1975. HE WAS MARRIED TO JENNY.

MOST OF THE TIME HE HAD LOVED HER. SOME OF THE TIME HE HADN'T. IT HAD ALL BEEN VERY COMPLICATED...
...AND THERE HAD BEEN BILLS AND FINAL DEMANDS AND ICY, THREATENING LETTERS FROM THE BANK. HE'D TAKEN IT OUT ON HER.

HE SAW THAT NOW. HE WAS WRONG TO DO IT.
SUDDENLY IT WAS 1981, AND THE CIVIL ENGINEERING COMPANY HE WORKED FOR HAD JUST GONE BUST.
DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND SOCIAL SECURITY


HE AND JENNY HAD ARGUED ONE NIGHT... IT WAS ABOUT MONEY AGAIN. AND HE'D STOOD BY THE WINDOW AND THOUGHT ABOUT HOW MUCH HAPPIER HE'D BEEN WHEN HE WAS YOUNGER...
THAT WAS THE NIGHT HE'D DECIDED TO BUILD THE TIME MACHINE...

...THE NIGHT HE'D DECIDED HE HAD TO GET BACK TO THAT LOST WORLD.
WHATEVER THE COST.


IT WAS 1983. HE HADN'T HELD A JOB IN TWO YEARS. HE COULDN'T. ALL HE COULD THINK ABOUT WAS HIS WORK- HIS TIME MACHINE. HE'D NO TIME FOR A JOB...
...OR A WIFE.

IT WAS 1985, A SATURDAY MORNING IN APRIL, AND JENNY HAD JUST LEFT HIM. SHE'D TRIED TO TALK TO HIM AT BREAKFAST, BUT HE'D BEEN BUSY.
HE DIDN'T REALISE THAT SHE'D GONE UNTIL HE CAME DOWNSTAIRS AT ELEVEN TO MAKE A SANDWICH AND FOUND THE NOTE...

... AND HE DIDN'T REALISE HOW MUCH HE'D MISS HER UNTIL SHE WASN'T THERE.
HE'D HAD TO COMPLETE THE TIME MACHINE. IT HAD BEEN MORE IMPORTANT THAN EVER. HE HAD TO GET BACK... TO THAT NURSERY, TO THAT BUS SHELTER, TO THAT TOY, TO THAT GIRL...

IT WAS A GREY FEBRUARY AFTERNOON IN 1987... TODAY, IN FACT... AND HE'D JUST COMPLETED THE TIME MACHINE THAT HAD CONSUMED SIX YEARS AND ONE MARRIAGE.
ALL THAT TIME, ALL THAT MONEY, ALL THAT DESPERATE, URGENT LONGING...

...AND IT DIDN'T WORK.
IT WAS WRONG. THE WHOLE THEORY HAD BEEN WRONG. TIME TRAVEL WAS, QUITE SIMPLY AND BRUTALLY, IMPOSSIBLE. HE COULD NEVER GET BACK. NEVER.

THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO.

HE WAS FALLING IN A BLACK COLDNESS. A GIANT'S HAND SQUEEZED HIS RIBCAGE.
HIS LIFE FLICKERED BEFORE HIS EYES.

HARRY BENTLEY WAS GOING DOWN.
FOR THE THIRD AND LAST TIME.

IT DIDN'T MATTER.
HE'D FOUND HIS TIME MACHINE.

AND IT HAD WORKED.
REALLY WORKED.
The End

THARG'S TIMETWISTERS

The Startling Success of Sideways Scuttleton

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE

ART ROBOT
JOHN HIGGINS

LETTERING ROBOT
JACK POTTER

COMPU-73E

"...AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I WAS SOMEWHERE ELSE!
"NO WORD OF A LIE, BISHOP, IT WAS A RARE OLD TURN UP FOR THE BOOKS.
"'COURSE, ALL THE PANZER TRUCKS TRUNDLING THROUGH THE 'DILLY WERE A BIT OF AN EYE OPENER, BUT I SOON GOT ME BEARINGS...
"SEE, I WORKED OUT THAT I MUST BE ON ONE OF YER ACTUAL PARALLEL WORLDS.
Der Times
AMERICA SURRENDERS
"A PARALLEL WORLD IS, LIKE, A WORLD EXISTING ALONGSIDE OUR OWN THAT TURNED OUT DIFFERENT TO THE WAY OURS DID...
"IN THIS CASE, JERRY HAD WON THE SECOND WORLD WAR.
"NOW, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW I'D ENDED UP THERE, BUT I'M NO MUG, BRIGADIER! KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
"I COULD SEE THAT I WAS ONTO THE SMART MONEY HERE.
"FIRST THING I HAD TO DO WAS TO GET BACK TO ME OWN WORLD. IT WAS ALL HIT AND MISS, BUT EVENTUALLY I CRACKED IT...
"I JUST HAD TO WIGGLE ME BACK IN A CERTAIN WAY, AND BINGO!

"ONCE I WAS BACK ON ME **OWN** EARTH, I BORROWED SOME MONEY AND STARTED BUYING UP **OLD JACKBOOTS** FROM THIS GERMAN COMPANY.
"SO THEN I WIGGLE ME BACK, NIP BACK TO THIS PARALLEL WORLD I'D DISCOVERED . . .
". . . AND SELL THE WHOLE LOT TO THE **ST. ALBANS' WEHRMACHT!**"
"THIS WAS JUST AFTER GERMANY'D LOST THE WAR, AND YOU COULDN'T GIVE THE THINGS AWAY. I GOT 'EM FOR A SONG . . .
'COURSE, IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I DISCOVERED THAT THERE WERE **LOTS** OF PARALLEL WORLDS . . .
EACH ONE **DIFFERENT** TO OUR OWN IN SOME **TINY LITTLE DETAIL** . . .
"FOR INSTANCE, THERE WAS AN ALTERNATIVE EARTH WHERE **VINCENT VAN GOGH** WAS A DOWN-AND-OUT STREET PAINTER."
WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH CALL FOR 'EM. NOT IN THAT COLOUR. TELL YOU WHAT . . . I'LL TAKE THE LOT FOR A TENNER.
"WELL, YOU CAN SEE THE POSSIBILITIES, CAN'T YOU, MAJOR?"
THERE YOU ARE. TWO DOZEN PREVIOUSLY UNDISCOVERED VAN GOGHS IN GOOD NICK. ASK NO QUESTIONS, YOU'LL BE TOLD NO LIES.
"ALL IT TOOK WAS A BIT OF SAVVY. I MEAN, PRETTY SOON, I WAS OPERATING ON A **GOVERNMENTAL** LEVEL . . ."
A SAFE PLACE TO DUMP **NUCLEAR WASTE**? HMMM. LEAVE IT WITH ME AND I'LL RING YOU BACK FRIDAY.
"AS LUCK WOULD 'AVE IT, I FOUND AN EARTH WHERE WORLD WAR III HAD BROKEN OUT IN 1961 . . .
"**THEY** WEREN'T GOING TO NOTICE A FEW EXTRA TRUCKLOADS OF STRONTIUM 90, WERE THEY?

"THEN THERE WERE MY TALENT-SCOUTING ACTIVITIES. SEE, EVERYONE WHO EVER LIVED IS STILL ALIVE SOMEWHERE ON AN ALTERNATIVE WORLD..."
WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS, LUV?
BAKER. NORMA JEAN BAKER.
HMMM. TELL YOU WHAT, SIGN HERE AND I'LL MAKE YOU THE NEXT MARILYN MONROE.
THE NEXT WHO?
"THEN THERE WAS THAT AUSTRIAN BLOKE I MET ON ONE OF THE EARTHS. INTERIOR DECORATOR HE WAS . . .
"HE SIGNED UP WITH ME AND NOW HE GETS TO PLAY HITLER IN ALL THE WAR FILMS. UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE. 'COURSE, I GET 10% OF GROSS...
NATURALLY, I WAS PICKING UP A PACKET! I 'AD IT ALL SALTED AWAY DOWN THE MIDLAND BANK IN 'ACKNEY . . .
"THAT WAS MY BIG MISTAKE, AS IT 'APPENED . . ."
SEE, IF I'D THOUGHT ABOUT IT, I'D HAVE BANKED THE MONEY ON A LOT OF SEPARATE PARALLEL EARTHS RATHER THAN PUT ALL ME EGGS INTO ONE BASKET.
BUT THEN, I WASN'T EXPECTING ME BACK TO START PLAYING ME UP, WAS I?
"IT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS DELIVERING SOME WORTHLESS CONFEDERATE CURRENCY TO AN EARTH WHERE THE SOUTHERN STATES HAD WON THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR . . ."
ANOTHUR MINT JULEP, MISTER SCUTTLETON, SUH?
NO THANKS, YOUR GRACE. I'D BETTER BE OFF AND...
AARRRRK!
"'ORRIBLE, IT WAS. SHOOTIN' PAINS ALL DOWN ME BACK. STILL, I THOUGHT NOTHING OF IT . . .

"... NOT UNTIL I HAD TO WIGGLE IT IN ORDER TO GET BACK TO ME OWN EARTH ...
"I DUNNO WHERE I ENDED UP. IT LOOKED RIGHT AT FIRST...
"... BUT THEN I SPOTTED THE DIFFERENCES...
"I WIGGLED ME BACK AND HAD ANOTHER GO...
"THIS TIME I THOUGHT I'D GOT THE RIGHT EARTH FOR SURE— UNTIL I SAW TRAFALGAR SQUARE—
"I WAS GETTING WORRIED. HOW WAS I GOING TO GET ME MONEY IF I COULDN'T EVEN FIND THE RIGHT EARTH ?"
ANYWAY, I TRIED AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL I ENDED UP HERE. I'M CERTAIN THIS IS THE RIGHT WORLD. IT'S EXACTLY THE SAME AS MY WORLD IN EVERY DETAIL...
ALL I NEED NOW IS ME BUS FARE TO 'ACKNEY TO CHECK ME BANK ACCOUNT. LEND US A QUID, WILL YOU, MAESTRO? UNTIL TOMORROW...
WELL, AFTER SUCH AN INVENTIVE STORY, HOW CAN I REFUSE? HERE'S A POUND...
NO! NO, IT CAN'T BE!!
I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! I KNEW THERE'D BE A DIFFERENCE SOMEWHERE! I'M NEVER GOING TO FIND MY PROPER WORLD! NEVER!
WE HAVE PAPER POUNDS WHERE I COME FROM, SQUADRON LEADER!
ONE POUND
...AND THEN HE WAS GONE. FOREVER.
THE END.

HOT ITEM

Script: Alan Moore
Art: John Higgins,
Letters: Jack Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 278

DR. DIBWORTHY'S DISAPPOINTING DAY

Script: Alan Moore
Art: Alan Langford
Letters: Jack Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 316

THE HYPER-HISTORIC HEADBANG

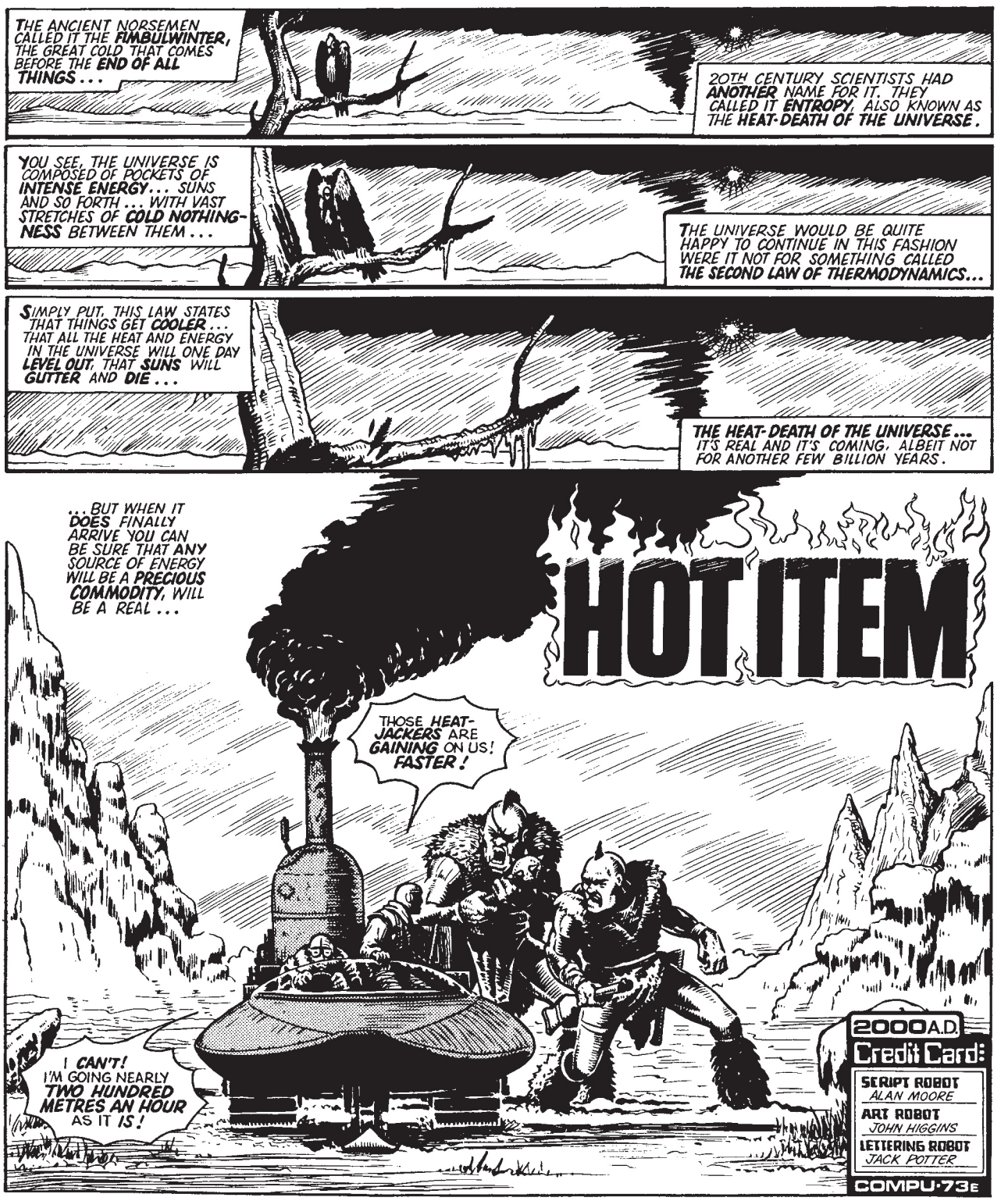
Script: Alan Moore
Art: Alan Davis
Letters: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 322

THE LETHAL LAZINESS OF LOBELIA LOAM

Script: Alan Moore
Art: Boluda
Letters: Peter Knight

Originally published in *2000 AD* Prog 323


THE ANCIENT NORSEMEN CALLED IT THE FIMBULWINTER, THE GREAT COLD THAT COMES BEFORE THE END OF ALL THINGS...
20TH CENTURY SCIENTISTS HAD ANOTHER NAME FOR IT. THEY CALLED IT ENTROPY, ALSO KNOWN AS THE HEAT-DEATH OF THE UNIVERSE.
YOU SEE, THE UNIVERSE IS COMPOSED OF POCKETS OF INTENSE ENERGY... SUNS AND SO FORTH... WITH VAST STRETCHES OF COLD NOTHINGNESS BETWEEN THEM...
THE UNIVERSE WOULD BE QUITE HAPPY TO CONTINUE IN THIS FASHION WERE IT NOT FOR SOMETHING CALLED THE SECOND LAW OF THERMODYNAMICS...
SIMPLY PUT, THIS LAW STATES THAT THINGS GET COOLER... THAT ALL THE HEAT AND ENERGY IN THE UNIVERSE WILL ONE DAY LEVEL OUT, THAT SUNS WILL GUTTER AND DIE...
THE HEAT-DEATH OF THE UNIVERSE... IT'S REAL AND IT'S COMING, ALBEIT NOT FOR ANOTHER FEW BILLION YEARS.
...BUT WHEN IT DOES FINALLY ARRIVE YOU CAN BE SURE THAT ANY SOURCE OF ENERGY WILL BE A PRECIOUS COMMODITY, WILL BE A REAL...
HOT ITEM
THOSE HEAT-JACKERS ARE GAINING ON US! FASTER!
I CAN'T! I'M GOING NEARLY TWO HUNDRED METRES AN HOUR AS IT IS!
2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING ROBOT
JACK POTTER
COMPU-73E

...BUT WE CAN'T LET THEM STEAL OUR ENERGY SUPPLIES! THE VILLAGE NEEDS THEM!
BESIDES, WE'VE TRAVELLED FOR MONTHS TO FIND THEM! WE MUST HAVE COVERED NEARLY TWO KILOMETRES!
TOO LATE! LOOK!
HAR HAR! WE'VE GOT 'EM! LET 'EM HAVE IT, SKRANGLES ME LAD! BOTH BARRELS!
AYE AYE, CAP'N!
BANG
OO
PLUP!
PHUD!
BLISTER ME VITALS! THERE'S NOT ENOUGH KINETIC ENERGY LEFT TO GET THE BULLETS OUT OF THE BARREL! WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP 'EM INSTEAD!
URFF! IT'S NO GOOD! THEY'VE PUT CENTIMETRES BETWEEN US WHILE WE'VE BEEN NATTERING!
DON'T WORRY, CAP'N! I'LL HAVE ME BREATH BACK IN HALF AN HOUR, AND THEN I'LL GET AFTER 'EM!
HALF AN HOUR? DON'T BE DAFT, SKRANGLES! THEY'LL BE METRES AWAY BY THEN!
BESIDES, I CAN'T BE BOTHERED CHASING 'EM ANY MORE. I AIN'T GOT THE ENERGY...
PHEW! THEY'VE GIVEN UP! THE ENERGY SUPPLIES ARE SAFE!
DON'T BANK ON IT! WE'VE GOT ANOTHER THREE OR FOUR HUNDRED METRES TO GO BEFORE WE REACH THE VILLAGE!
ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN!

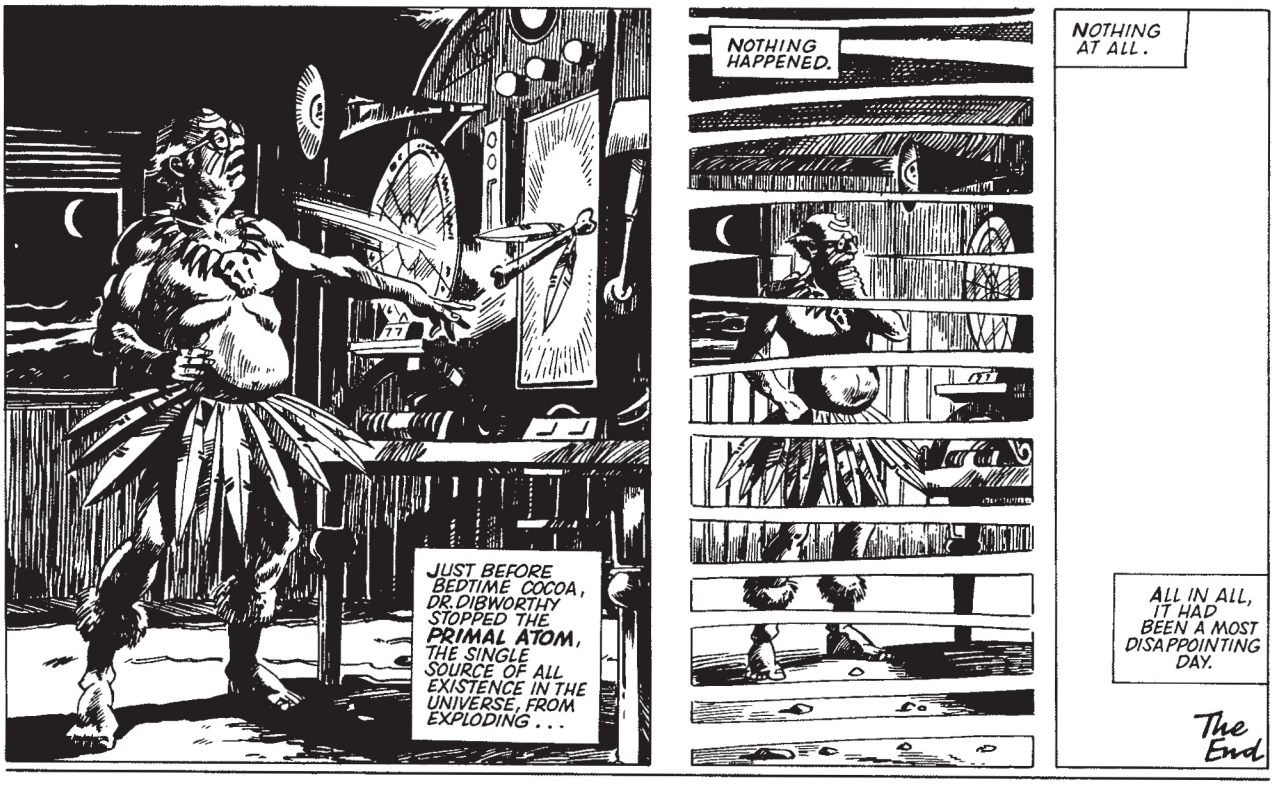
INDEED IT COULD, FOR THE COLD AND DYING PLANET IS NOT WITHOUT ITS DANGERS. FOR EXAMPLE, THERE ISN'T AS MUCH FRICTION AS THERE USED TO BE..
... ON THE OTHER HAND, THERE ISN'T AS MUCH GRAVITY EITHER...
LOOK OUT! THAT BIG ROCK HAS ROLLED LOOSE! IT'S FALLING!
HURRY UP! ONLY ANOTHER METRE AND WE'LL BE CLEAR!
SLOWLY, THE INTREPID PAIR CONTINUE WITH THEIR LIFE-OR-DEATH JOURNEY, UNTIL..
IT'S GETTING DARKER! THE SUN MUST BE GOING DOWN...
I DOUBT IT. THE SUN'S BEEN IN THE SAME PLACE FOR THE LAST TWELVE HOURS. IT MUST BE GOING OUT!
HMM. YOU'RE RIGHT..
ACTUALLY, IT PROBABLY WENT OUT YEARS AGO AND IT'S TAKEN THIS LONG FOR THE LIGHT TO REACH US..
AYE. THE SPEED OF LIGHT'S NOT WHAT IT WAS, IS IT?
ONWARD THEY GO INTO THE GATHERING DARKNESS, ALONE SAVE FOR THE STEADY TICK OF THEIR METROMETER...
OOWOOOWOOOOO
OR RATHER... ALMOST ALONE...
LOOK! LUMBERING OUT OF THE SHADOWS! WHAT ARE THEY?
IT'S A PACK OF THERMO-LEECHES... THEY MUST HAVE SENSED OUR BODY-HEAT!
THIS IS IT, OLD FRIEND. WE MAY BE DOOMED BUT AT LEAST WE'LL GO DOWN KICKING FEEBLY...
WAIT! LOOK AT THAT!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO THE BIGGEST ONE... IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S STARTING TO MELT!
OF COURSE! HE'S REACHED CRITICAL PHASE... ALL OF HIS VALENCY IS DRAINING AWAY...
VALENCY? WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S THE ELECTRICAL CHARGE THAT HOLDS ATOMS TOGETHER. HIS HAS JUST RUN OUT!
GROOP!
WE'RE IN LUCK! THE OTHER LEECHES ARE STOPPING TO WARM THEMSELVES OVER HIS ESCAPING BODY HEAT! THEY'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT US! LET'S GO!
WHURR!
MNNUGH!
LATER...
THE VILLAGE! WE'VE MADE IT!
MUCH LATER...
COME ON! LET US IN!
LATER STILL...
PIFCO BE PRAISED! IT'S ERIK AND NOGRED! LONG HAVE WE PRAYED TO THE SACRED ELECTRIC BLANKET FOR YOUR SAFE RETURN.
DO YOU HAVE... THE ENERGY SUPPLIES?
AYE, THAT WE DO! COME, HELP US CARRY THEM TO THE CENTRAL STOCKADE!
WHAT ARE THEY? LUMPS OF ANTHRACITE? SAFETY MATCHES? URANIUM ISOTOPES?

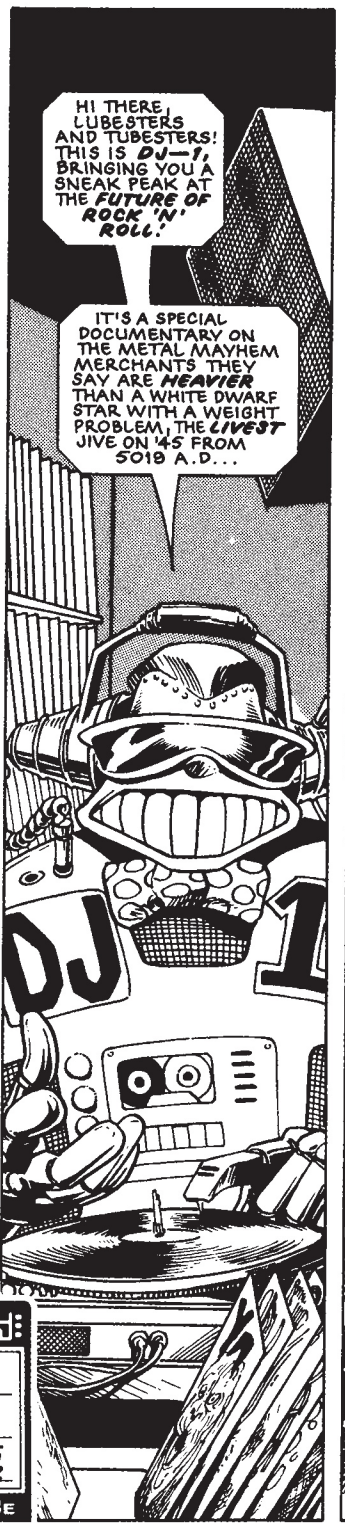
NO, OLD ONE. ERIK AND I HAVE DISCOVERED SOMETHING FAR MORE POWERFUL THAN MERE URANIUM!
WHAT WE HAVE HERE WILL GIVE OUR PEOPLE ALL THE ENERGY THEY NEED FOR YEARS TO COME!
GASP!
AND SO, SEVERAL HOURS LATER, IN THE CENTRAL STOCKADE...
FRIENDS! ERIK AND NOGRED HAVE RETURNED WITH THE ANSWER TO ALL OF OUR ENERGY PROBLEMS!
BUT HOW? DID THEY STUMBLE ACROSS AN ABANDONED POWER STATION?
YES! THAT MUST BE IT! OR AN OIL REFINERY... MAYBE THEY FOUND AN OIL REFINERY!
NOTHING SO CRUDE, MY KINSMEN. WHAT ERIK AND I FOUND WAS...
...A MUSEUM!
A MUSEUM ???
AYE! AND WITHIN WE FOUND THE ONE SOURCE OF POWER WHICH NEVER WANES NOR GROWS DIM! BEHOLD, BRETHREN...
..THRILL-POWER UNLEASHED!
THRILL-POWER!
I CAN FEEL ITS WARMTH FROM HERE!
ZARJAZ!
...AND THERE WAS GREAT CELEBRATION WHICH WENT ON ALL NIGHT...
...AND THE NIGHT WENT ON FOREVER.
THE END

DR. DIBWORTHY'S DISAPPOINTING DAY

DR. DIBWORTHY'S FIRST ATTEMPT TO ALTER TIME INVOLVED SENDING A FLAT-IRON BACK TO BRAIN AN OBSCURE TURKISH DIPLOMAT IN 1057 A.D.
HOME SWEET HOME
THE LOSS OF SUCH A MINOR HISTORICAL CHARACTER WOULD SURELY NOT AFFECT EVENTS TOO DRASTICALLY.
DR. DIBWORTHY DROPPED THE FLAT-IRON INTO THE TIME-STREAM AND WAITED.
NOTHING HAPPENED.
HOWM SWITT HOWM
HE DECIDED TO TRY AGAIN, USING A MORE FAMOUS AND INFLUENTIAL PAST PERSONAGE.
JUST AFTER TIFFIN, DR. DIBWORTHY DROPPED AN ANVIL ON KING JOHN JUST PRIOR TO THE SIGNING OF THE MAGNA CARTA. HE WAITED.
NOTHING HAPPENED.
ARBEIT MACHT FREI
BEFORE SUPPER HAD ROLLED AROUND, DR. DIBWORTHY HAD SAVED THE TITANIC, PREVENTED WATT FROM INVENTING THE STEAM ENGINE AND LET THE JAPANESE WIN WW2...
STILL NOTHING HAPPENED.
IT OCCURRED TO HIM THAT IF TIME WAS ALTERED, PERHAPS PEOPLE'S MEMORIES WOULD BE ALTERED TOO, SO THAT NO CHANGES WOULD BE NOTICED...
BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM VERY LIKELY. HE DECIDED TO HAVE ONE LAST TRY.

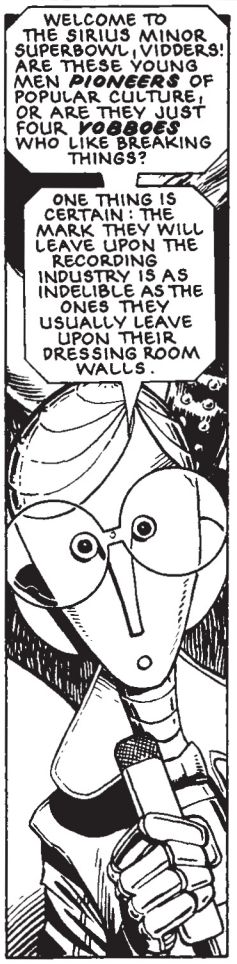

JUST BEFORE BEDTIME COCOA, DR. DIBWORTHY STOPPED THE PRIMAL ATOM, THE SINGLE SOURCE OF ALL EXISTENCE IN THE UNIVERSE, FROM EXPLODING . . .
NOTHING HAPPENED.
NOTHING AT ALL.
ALL IN ALL, IT HAD BEEN A MOST DISAPPOINTING DAY.
The End

THE HYPER-HISTORIC HEADBANG!

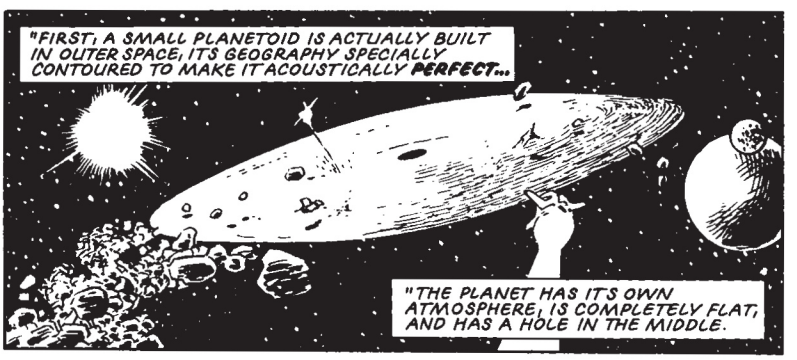


2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
ALAN DAVIS
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E

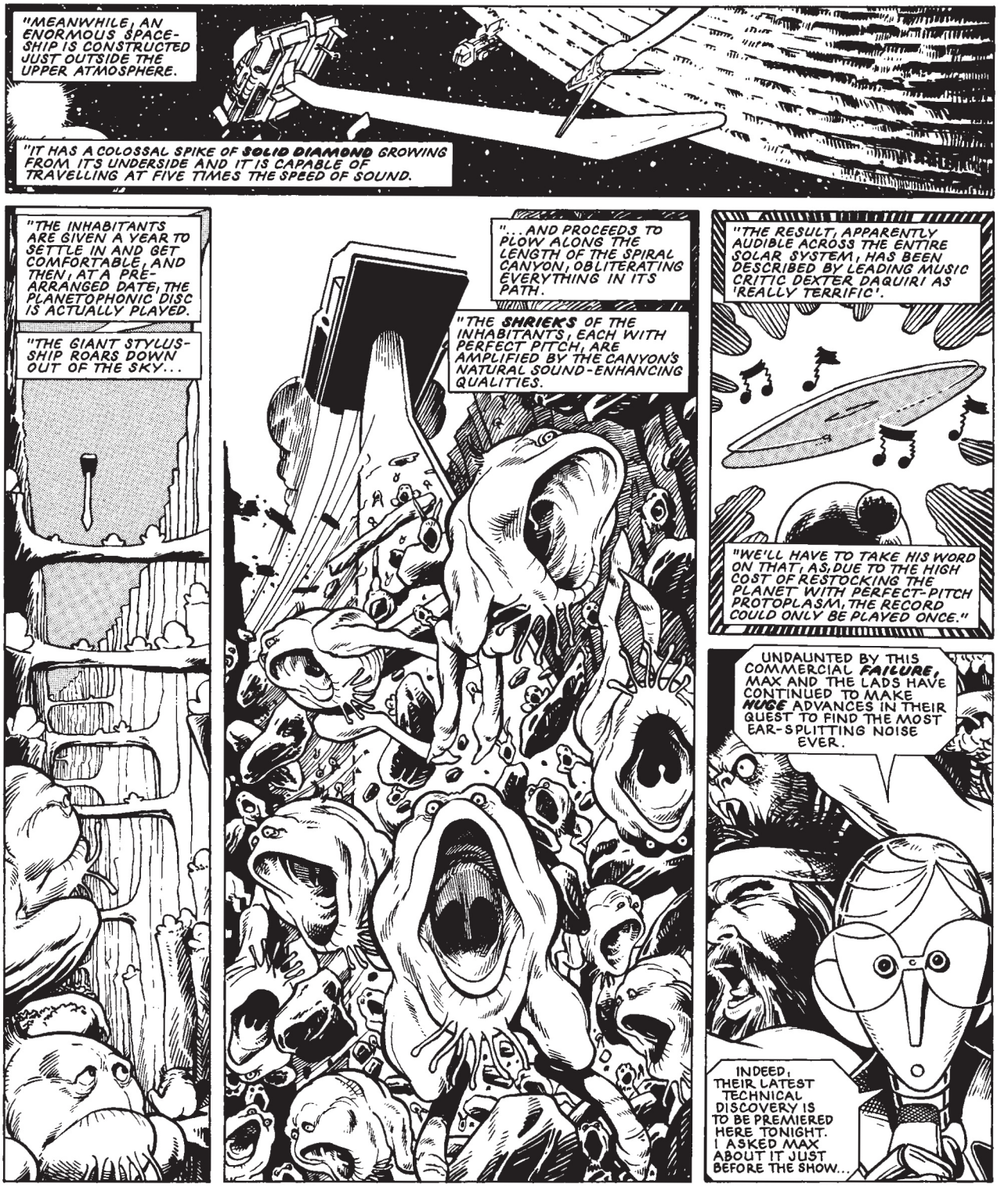
OUR FIRST NUMBER TONIGHT IS ONE SOME OF YA MIGHT 'AVE 'EARD BEFORE... HEH...
IT'S CALLED... "LET'S JUST SMASH EVERY-THING UP, LIKE!"
ONE, CHOO, FREE, FOUR...


WELCOME TO THE SIRIUS MINOR SUPERBOWL, VIDDERS! ARE THESE YOUNG MEN PIONEERS OF POPULAR CULTURE, OR ARE THEY JUST FOUR VOBBOES WHO LIKE BREAKING THINGS?
ONE THING IS CERTAIN: THE MARK THEY WILL LEAVE UPON THE RECORDING INDUSTRY IS AS INDELIBLE AS THE ONES THEY USUALLY LEAVE UPON THEIR DRESSING ROOM WALLS.

TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, THEIR USE OF PLANETOPHONIC SOUND ON THEIR FIRST ALBUM, "SPACE VIKING & SATAN-HYENAS FROM HADES". HERE'S HOW THE PROCESS WORKS...


"FIRST, A SMALL PLANETOID IS ACTUALLY BUILT IN OUTER SPACE, ITS GEOGRAPHY SPECIALLY CONTOURED TO MAKE IT ACOUSTICALLY PERFECT...
"THE PLANET HAS IT'S OWN ATMOSPHERE, IS COMPLETELY FLAT, AND HAS A HOLE IN THE MIDDLE.

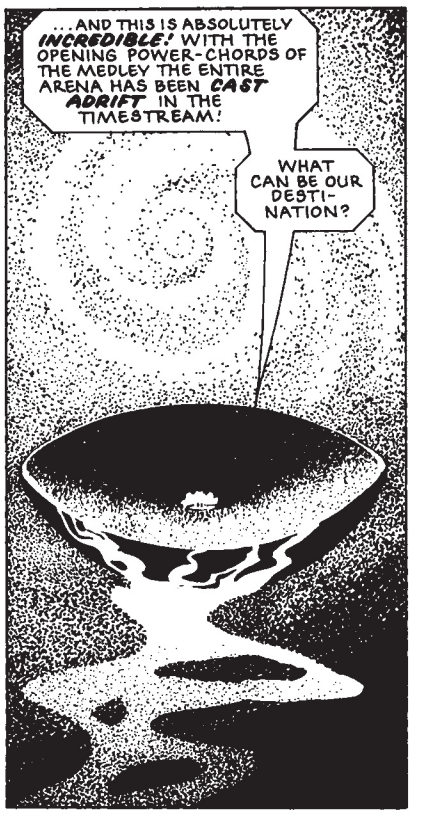
"A SINGLE, GIGANTIC CANYON SPIRALS FROM THE OUTER RIM OF THE PLANET TO THE CENTRE. THIS IS WHERE THE PLANET'S INHABITANTS LIVE...
"THESE INHABITANTS... BILLIONS OF THEM... ARE GENETICALLY MASS PRODUCED, EACH OF THEM BRED TO SING ONE NOTE WITH PERFECT PITCH.

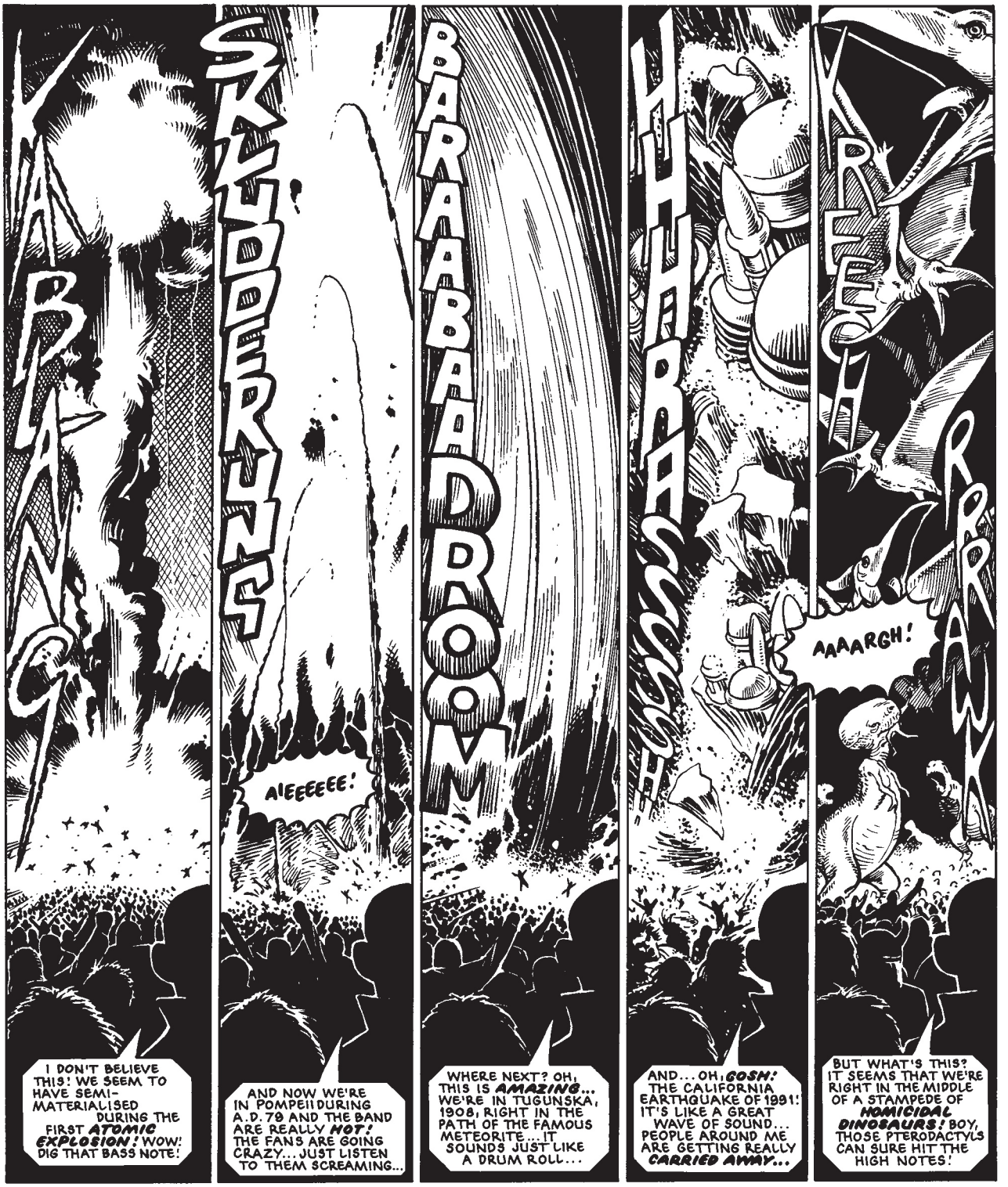

"MEANWHILE, AN ENORMOUS SPACE-SHIP IS CONSTRUCTED JUST OUTSIDE THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE.
"IT HAS A COLOSSAL SPIKE OF SOLID DIAMOND GROWING FROM ITS UNDERSIDE AND IT IS CAPABLE OF TRAVELLING AT FIVE TIMES THE SPEED OF SOUND.
"THE INHABITANTS ARE GIVEN A YEAR TO SETTLE IN AND GET COMFORTABLE, AND THEN, AT A PRE-ARRANGED DATE, THE PLANETOPHONIC DISC IS ACTUALLY PLAYED.
"THE GIANT STYLUS-SHIP ROARS DOWN OUT OF THE SKY...
"...AND PROCEEDS TO PLOW ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE SPIRAL CANYON, OBLITERATING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH.
"THE SHRIEKS OF THE INHABITANTS, EACH WITH PERFECT PITCH, ARE AMPLIFIED BY THE CANYON'S NATURAL SOUND-ENHANCING QUALITIES.
"THE RESULT, APPARENTLY AUDIBLE ACROSS THE ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM, HAS BEEN DESCRIBED BY LEADING MUSIC CRITIC DEXTER DAQUIRI AS 'REALLY TERRIFIC'.
"WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIS WORD ON THAT, AS, DUE TO THE HIGH COST OF RESTOCKING THE PLANET WITH PERFECT-PITCH PROTOPLASM, THE RECORD COULD ONLY BE PLAYED ONCE."
UNDAUNTED BY THIS COMMERCIAL FAILURE, MAX AND THE LADS HAVE CONTINUED TO MAKE HUGE ADVANCES IN THEIR QUEST TO FIND THE MOST EAR-SPLITTING NOISE EVER.
INDEED, THEIR LATEST TECHNICAL DISCOVERY IS TO BE PREMIERED HERE TONIGHT. I ASKED MAX ABOUT IT JUST BEFORE THE SHOW...

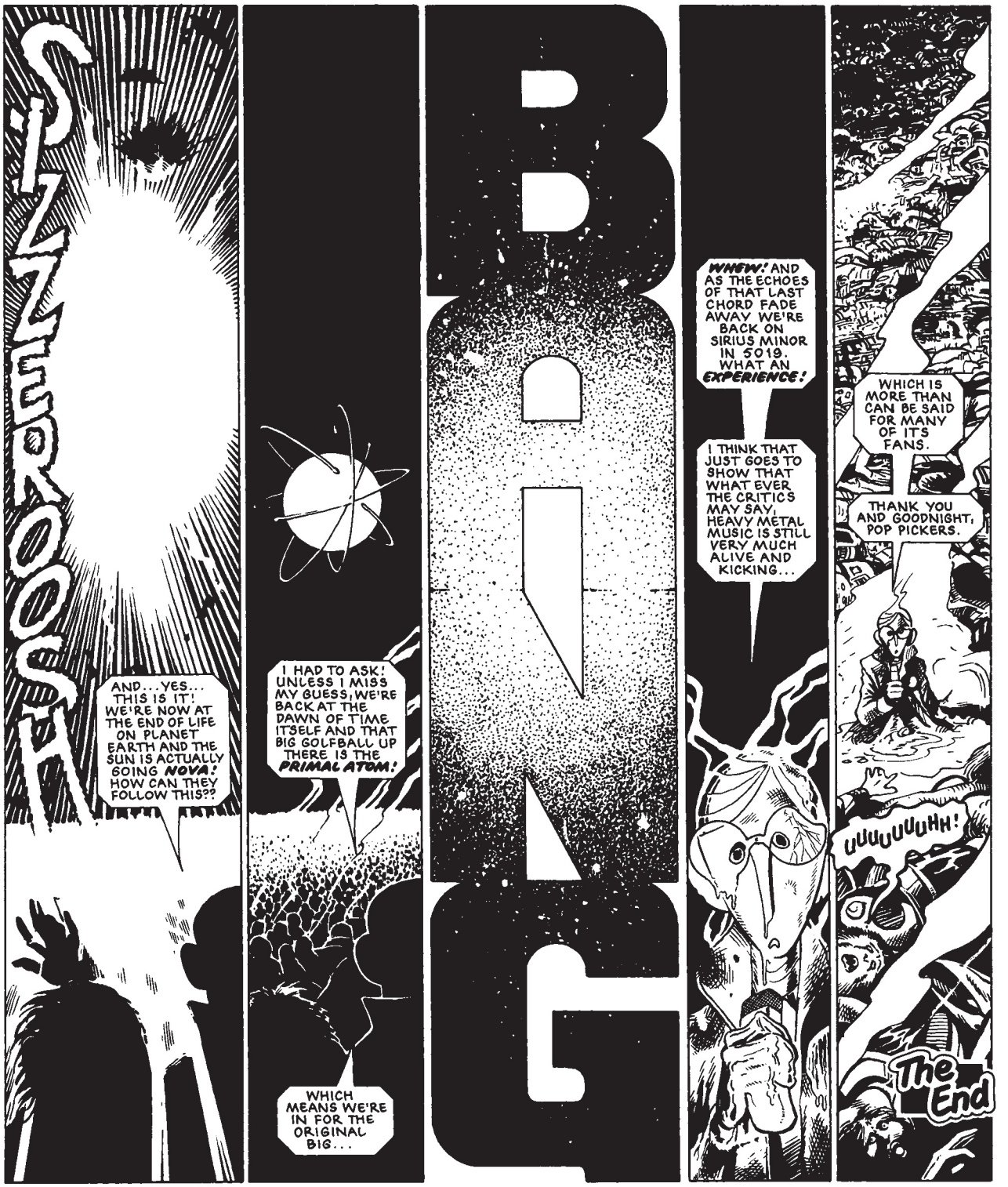
MAX MEGADOOM LEAD VOCALS

JUSTIN JEWEL BASSIST AND SON OF RECORD COMPANY PRESIDENT

DENNIS DEATHWISH LEAD GUITAR AND CHAINSAW




KLANG!
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! WE SEEM TO HAVE SEMI-MATERIALISED DURING THE FIRST ATOMIC EXPLOSION! WOW! DIG THAT BASS NOTE!
SKUDDERUNS
AIEEEEEE!
AND NOW WE'RE IN POMPEII DURING A.D. 79 AND THE BAND ARE REALLY NOT! THE FANS ARE GOING CRAZY... JUST LISTEN TO THEM SCREAMING...
BARAABAADROOM
WHERE NEXT? OH, THIS IS AMAZING... WE'RE IN TUGUNSKA, 1908, RIGHT IN THE PATH OF THE FAMOUS METEORITE... IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE A DRUM ROLL...
HHHRASSSH
AAAARGH!
AND... OH, GOSH! THE CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE OF 1991! IT'S LIKE A GREAT WAVE OF SOUND... PEOPLE AROUND ME ARE GETTING REALLY CARRIED AWAY...
KREECH
RRRAWK
BUT WHAT'S THIS? IT SEEMS THAT WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A STAMPEDE OF HOMICIDAL DINOSAURS! BOY, THOSE PTERODACTYLS CAN SURE HIT THE HIGH NOTES!


SYNTHESIS
AND...YES... THIS IS IT! WE'RE NOW AT THE END OF LIFE ON PLANET EARTH AND THE SUN IS ACTUALLY GOING NOVA! HOW CAN THEY FOLLOW THIS??
I HAD TO ASK! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, WE'RE BACK AT THE DAWN OF TIME ITSELF AND THAT BIG GOLFBALL UP THERE IS THE PRIMAL ATOM!
WHICH MEANS WE'RE IN FOR THE ORIGINAL BIG...
BIG
WHEW! AND AS THE ECHOES OF THAT LAST CHORD FADE AWAY WE'RE BACK ON SIRIUS MINOR IN 5019. WHAT AN EXPERIENCE!
I THINK THAT JUST GOES TO SHOW THAT WHAT EVER THE CRITICS MAY SAY, HEAVY METAL MUSIC IS STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE AND KICKING...
WHICH IS MORE THAN CAN BE SAID FOR MANY OF ITS FANS.
THANK YOU AND GOODNIGHT, POP PICKERS.
UUUUUUUHH!
The End

THE LETHAL LAZINESS OF LOBELIA LOAM

2000 A.D. Credit Card:
ART ROBOT *BOLUDA*
LETTERING ROBOT *PETE KNIGHT*
COMPU-73E

This tale concerns Lobelia Loam, who would not wash or use a comb or make attempts to keep things neat: A slothful, sullen slab of meat.

She'd sit up late and watch the box, desirable as chicken-pox.

While for his part, her father opted to claim the child had been adopted.

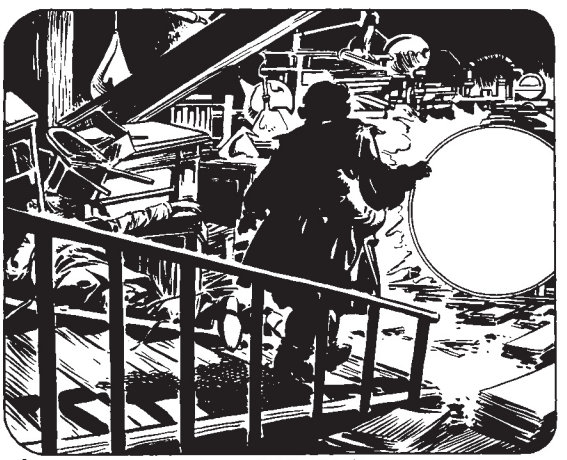
He tried to stem, without success, this miserable monsoon of mess.

No matter how he'd rant and holler, Lobelia generated squalor.

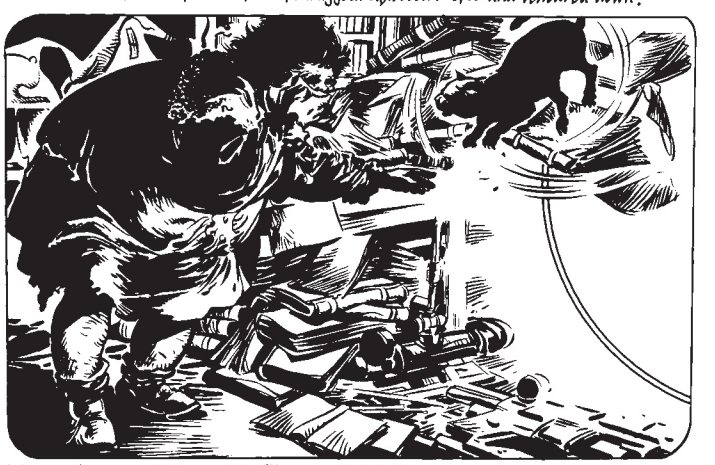
Ignored, repulsed and quite defeated, her pa into his work retreated and sought each day, with undue haste, the cellar where his lab was based.

One day, with mammoth breakthroughs hinting, off to his basement labours sprinting he did not notice, as he ran, the clothesline or the damson plan.

There came a shriek of hideous violence, a crash, a clattering, then silence. Lobelia, with a puzzled frown, shrugged, squeezed a spot and ventured down.



She noted without much surprise the details of her dad's demise but in her tracks stopped short as she saw what he'd built so secretly.



A brazen plaque read "time machine." Unsure of what these words might mean, Lobelia grunted, cleared her throat, then blew her nose upon his notes.

'Twas quite by chance she came to learn that things sent through did not return

But fell into that crackling space and vanished from the planet's face.

Perhaps it was a temporal gate that sent things to some future date?

With tiny, brutish eyes agleam, Lobelia hatched a monstrous scheme.

Her pa's remains, as it transpired, were not for this dark plot required. So, with much heaving and to-do, she hauled him up and shoved him through.

With passion previously unseen, she set to work to make things clean. Old shoes and dirty cereal bowls were hurled into the pulsing hole.

For hours she worked as if demented, her former sloth it seemed, repented. But once she'd cleared the larger rubble she gave it up as too much trouble.

She sent, instead, for Conrad Cloot, a decorator of repute, then, naming fees which made him gnove!, she bade him to restore her hove!.

He laboured in the filth and grime for three long weeks, plus overtime. And, when he asked for payments due, she brained him with a four-by-two.

Lobelia knew the best of places to dump poor Conrad's mortal traces. assured that she incurred no risks, she heaved him through the sparkling disc.

Her house, once dire, was spick and span, which suited well Lobelia's plan. the second step was to invite a wealthy heir to dine one night.

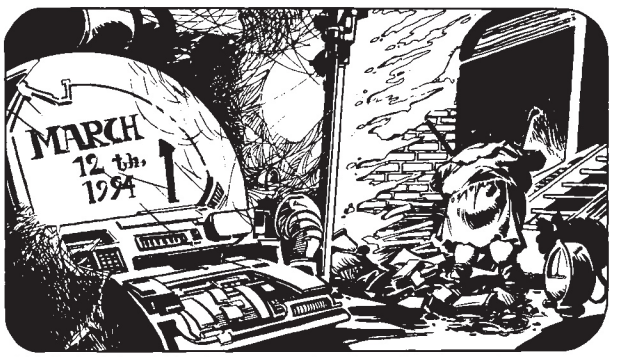
She watched as he tucked into fish, then steak, and then at last a dish of poisoned avacado pears. She dragged him down the cellar stairs.

the evidence of this grim crime was pushed through into future-time.

In manner not unlike to that of sweeping muck beneath a mat.

With wealth and welfare now secured, bored with pretending to be cured of her deep love for filth and grime, Lobelia made up for lost time.

When tired of being forced to thrash through chambers shoulder-deep with trash the tallest piles through time were sent. (She never wondered where they went.)



But if she'd thought to clear away the filth from off the main display and read a certain dial thereon, she would have KNOWN where they had gone.

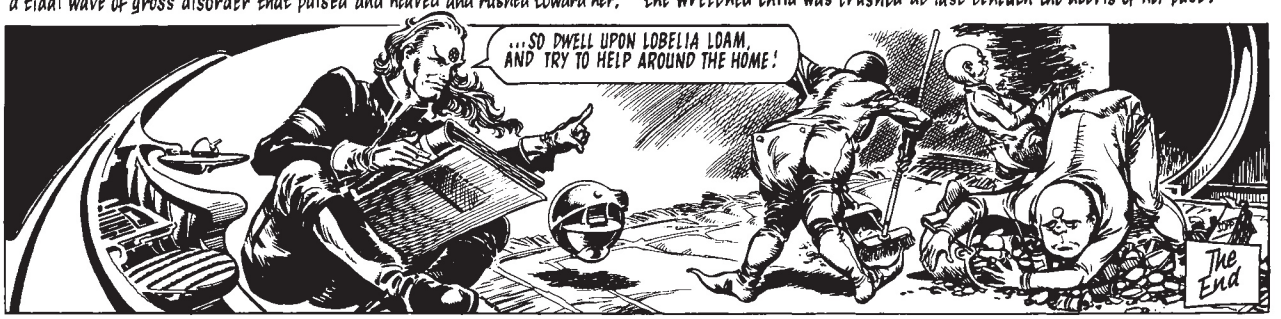
On March twelth, Nineteen-Ninety-Four, Lobelia woke, choked off a snore, To hear a wholly loathesome sound, a rumbling from deep underground.

Suspecting something less than nice she reached the basement in a trice. She grunted and flung wide the door, and this is what Lobelia saw:

Six tons of tea-leaves, three settees, eight pound of pututa cottage cheese, nine spin-driers and one steering wheel, an acre of banana peel...

A hundred kinds of ballpoint pen, five thousand tins and twelve dead men. A tidal wave of gross disorder that pulsed and heaved and rushed toward her.

The house collapsed ('twas no great loss,) beneath that everest of dross. The wretched child was crushed at last beneath the debris of her past.



ABELARD SNAZZ

Script: Alan Moore
Art: Steve Dillon, Mike White, John Cooper & Paul Neary
Letters: John Aldrich, Peter Knight, Tony Jacob & Jack Potter

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WOTCHER, HUMES! THINK EARTH HAS A CRIME PROBLEM? WELL, WAIT TILL I TELL YER ABOUT THE PLANET TWOPP, WHERE EVEN THE MUGGERS WALK ROUND IN TWOS! WITH A CRIME RATE LIKE THAT IT'S NO WONDER THAT THE3 ELDERS OF TWOPP ARE ANXIOUS TO FIND A...
FINAL SOLUTION
A RO-JAWS' ROBO-TALE
WE'RE ALMOST THERE, PRIME MINISTER! ONLY ONE MORE BLOCK!
HAND OVER THE GOODS, PAL!
THANK HEAVENS! IT'S A MIRACLE WE'VE GOT THIS FAR WITHOUT BEING...
2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT STEVE DILLON
LETTERING ROBOT ALDRICH MK. II
COMPU-73E
HUR, HUR, HUR!
...MUGGED!
AND SO, SOME TIME LATER...
MY CREDIT CARDS! MY WALLET! THEY TOOK THEM ALL =SNIFF!=
OH, STOP WHINING, CHANCELLOR... LOOK! WE'RE HERE! THINK, INC.!
THINK INC.

HERE WE MAY FIND THE ONE MAN WHO CAN SOLVE OUR PLANET'S PROBLEMS!
GOOD EVENING, MISS. WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH MR SNAZZ! COULD YOU TELL US WHERE HE MIGHT BE LOCATED?
NOT SO FAST, FATSO!
LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT SOME OF THAT FANCY JEWELLERY!
AND SO...
MY CHAIN OF OFFICE! MY DIGITAL WRISTWATCH! MY GOLD TOOTH! GONE... ALL GONE! =WHIMPER!=
OH, GIVE IT A REST, COMMISSIONER!
FIFTH FLOOR, PLEASE.
FIVE FLOORS LATER...
MY JACKET! MY GOLD LAMEE WAISTCOAT! MY THERMAL SOCKS! THIS IS AN OUT-RAGE!
SNAZZ
HUSH, PRIME MINISTER! WE'RE HERE! THE OFFICE OF ABELARD SNAZZ...
COME IN, GENTLEMEN.
...THE MAN WITH THE TWO-STOREY BRAIN!
ABELARD SNAZZ - MUTANT SUPERMIND! ABELARD SNAZZ, PRESIDENT OF THINK, INC. ABELARD SNAZZ, THE IDEA MAN! HE'S A GENIUS!
I KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE, OF COURSE... YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S TO BE DONE ABOUT THE CRIME PROBLEM! HMMM! IT'S QUITE A POSER!
EDWIN... BRING ME MY THINK-DRINK!

ONE SIRIAN SENTIENT MILK-SHAKE COMING UP, MASTER!
HELP ME! MERCY! OH, NO!
THANK YOU, EDWIN! THAT SHOULD AID MY CONCENTRATION!
TAP! TAP!
SNAZZ SIPS THOUGHTFULLY AT THE PETRIFIED PICK-ME-UP, AND THEN...
I SEE ROBOTS!
I SEE BIG ROBOTS!
HE SEES ROBOTS!
HE SEES BIG ROBOTS!
SOB
I SEE BIG POLICE ROBOTS!
UURRGH!
HE SEES BIG POLICE ROBOTS!
YOU ARE A GENIUS, MASTER!
BIG POLICE ROBOTS.. FAST, EFFICIENT, AND ARMED TO THE TEETH! PROGRAMMED TO MAKE UNLIMITED ARRESTS! TO END CRIME ON THIS PLANET ONCE AND FOR ALL!
LEMME SEE... A DIODE HERE... A VEEBLEFETZER THERE... YES, THAT SHOULD DO IT...
THERE! WHAT DO YOU THINK?
FUZ
YOU ARE A GENIUS, MASTER!
GASP! IT... IT'S BRILLIANT!
STUPENDOUS!
SNAZZ'S PLAN IS PUT INTO IMMEDIATE OPERATION! WITHIN WEEKS THE FIRST ROBO-POLICE ROLL OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINE...
'ELLO...
'ELLO!
'ELLO...
FUZ
HA, HA! RIGHT, MY BURLY BRAIN-CHILDREN... GET OUT THERE AND FLATTEN SOME FELONS!
AND SO THE GREAT IDEA TRUNDLES INTO OPERATION...
EVENIN'-ALL.
LET'S-BE-'AVING YOU.
WHAT'S-ALL-THIS-'ERE-THEN?
THEY'RE PERFECT! PERFECT!
YOU'RE A GENIUS, MASTER!

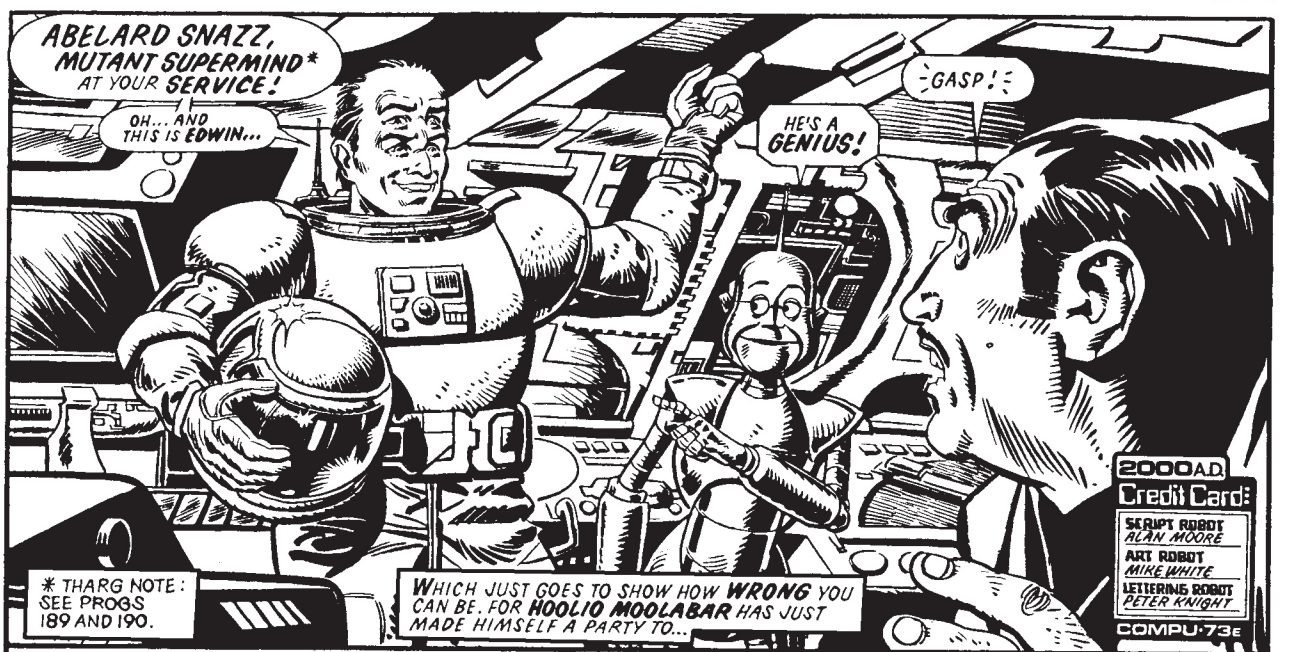
AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW... IT WORKS!
WHAT'S-ALL-THIS-'ERE-THEN?
FUZ-5
IT'S A RAID! SCATTER!
IT WORKS REALLY WELL!
WOULD-YOU-MIND-BLOWING-UP-THIS-LITTLE-BAG-SIR?
IN FACT, IT WORKS ALMOST TOO WELL...
FUZ-9
DEAR-ME-SIR! AN-INFRINGEMENT-OF-THE-GAMING-LAWS!
SOME TIME LATER, IN THE PRIME MINISTER'S CHAMBERS...
WE'VE DONE IT! SNAZZ'S ROBO-COPS HAVE ARRESTED EVERY CRIMINAL ON THE PLANET!
HMM! I WONDER HOW THEY'LL MANAGE TO FILL THEIR ARREST QUOTIENTS NOW?
QUIET, CHANCELLOR... IT'S THE NEWS...
POLICE SWOOPED AT DAWN TODAY ON THE CRIMINAL MASTERMIND WHO HAS BEEN TEARING THE LITTLE 'DO-NOT-REMOVE' LABELS OFF THE BOTTOM OF MATRESSES...
=SOB!= BUT HE'S ONLY A CHILD!
THIS FOLLOWED A NUMBER OF ARRESTS AT A MAYOR'S BANQUET FOR PEOPLE USING THE WRONG SOUP SPOON, THUS BREAKING THE LAWS OF ETIQUETTE...
THAT IS THE END OF THE NEWS. THE WEATHER...
DEAR-ME-SIR! BROWN-SHOES-WITH-A-BLUE-SUIT? THAT'S-BREAKING-THE-LAWS-OF-GOOD-TASTE!
AAUGH!
GOOD LORD! THE ROBO-POLICE HAVE GONE LAW-HAPPY!
THIS IS TERRIBLE! SNAZZ'S ROBOTS ARE ARRESTING EVERYBODY! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, PRIME MINISTER?
I DON'T HAVE THE FAINTEST IDEA, COMMISSIONER...
BUT I CAN THINK OF SOMEONE WHO HAS!
NEXT PROG.
ANOTHER FINE MESS!

FINAL SOLUTION
PART TWO
A RO-JAWS' ROBO-TALE
THE PLANET TWOPP USED TO HAVE A SERIOUS CRIME PROBLEM UNTIL ABELARD SNAZZ INVENTED ROBO-POLICE. NOW THE PLANET TWOPP HAS A SERIOUS POLICE PROBLEM...
WHAT'S-ALL-THIS-'ERE-THEN?
YOU CAN'T ARREST ME! I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'!
USING A DOUBLE NEGATIVE, SIR! YOU'RE BREAKING THE LAWS OF GRAMMAR!
HELP!
AND, IN THE OFFICES OF ABELARD SNAZZ, PRESIDENT OF THINK, INC...
SNAZZ, THIS IS AWFUL! THE ROBO-COPS WILL SOON HAVE ARRESTED EVERYBODY!
YOU'VE GOT TO COME UP WITH AN IDEA!
HMMMM...
IT'S A BIT OF A STUMPER, PRIME MINISTER, I'LL ADMIT. I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK THROUGH MY "BIG BOOK OF REALLY GREAT IDEAS."
EDWIN, BRING ME MY READING GLASSES!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WORE GLASSES, SNAZZ!
I USED TO WEAR THEM ALL THE TIME, BUT THE KIDS AT SCHOOL CALLED ME "EIGHT EYES", SO I STOPPED.
HMM! LET ME THINK!
AHA! I SEE ROBOTS!
I SEE BIG ROBOTS!
AHA! HE SEES ROBOTS!
HE SEES BIG ROBOTS!
2000 A.D.
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING ROBOT
ALDRICH MK. II
COMPU-73E

I SEE BIG CRIMINAL ROBOTS!
HALLELUJAH! HE SEES BIG CRIMINAL ROBOTS!
YOU ARE A GENIUS, MASTER!
CUNNING, EFFICIENT CRIMINAL ROBOTS THAT WILL TAKE UP ALL THE POLICE'S TIME!
THEY'LL BE SO BUSY CHASING MY ROBO-CROOKS, THEY WON'T HAVE TIME TO BOTHER INNOCENT PEOPLE!
AND SO, WITHIN WEEKS...
THERE! MY ROBO-RASCALS ARE COMPLETE!
HANDS-UP-AND-GIMME-THE-MONEY!
IT'S-A-FAIR-COP,-GUV,-BUT-SOCIETY'S-TO-BLAME!
YOU ARE A GENIUS, MASTER!
NOW, LET'S SEE HOW THEY STAND UP TO THE ROBO-POLICE! OFF YOU GO, MY CYBERNETIC SCALLYWAGS!
HANDS-UP-AND-GIMME-THE-MONEY!
HANDS-UP-AND-GIMME-THE-MONEY!
THE CYBER-CROOKS STAND UP TO THE AUTOMATED ARM OF THE LAW VERY WELL...
WHAT'S-ALL-THIS...
FUZ-13
VERY WELL INDEED!
'ERE-THEN?
IN FACT, SINCE BOTH SIDES ARE PERFECTLY MATCHED, THE WAR AGAINST CRIME JUST GETS HOTTER...
WHAT'S-ALL-THIS-'ERE-THEN?
HANDS-UP-AND-GIMME-THE-MONEY!

AND HOTTER...
HANDS-UP-AND-GIMME-THE-MONEY!
WHAT'S-ALL-THIS-'ERE-THEN?
AND HOTTER...
SNAZZ, THIS HAS GOT TO STOP! THOSE METAL MANIACS ARE WAGING AN ALL OUT WAR DOWN THERE!
SCORES OF INNOCENT BYSTANDERS ARE BEING CUT DOWN IN THE CROSSFIRE!
DO SOMETHING, SNAZZ! SAVE US!
HMM. BRING ME ANOTHER SIRIAN SENTIENT MILKSHAKE, EDWIN...
AND, AS THE SLURP OF SNAZZ'S STRAW MINGLES WITH THE PITIFUL SHRIEKS OF HIS MILKSHAKE, HIS GREAT BROWS FURROW IN CONCENTRATION...
NO! PLEASE I HATE GETTING DRUNK...
I SEE ROBOTS!
I SEE LITTLE ROBOTS!
HE SEES ROBOTS AGAIN!
THIS TIME HE SEES LITTLE ROBOTS!
I SEE WEEDY, PUNY, HELPLESS ROBOT INNOCENT BYSTANDERS! HA, HA, HA! IT'S BRILLIANT! HA, HA, HA!
YOU'RE A GENIUS, MASTER!

THE PLAN IS A PERFECT SUCCESS! ROBO-COPS CHASE ROBO-CROOKS AND ROBO-BYSTANDERS DO ALL THE SUFFERING...
HANDS-UP-AND-GIMME-THE-MONEY!
WHAT'S-ALL-THIS-'ERE-THEN?
FUZ-7
HELP! HELP!
AND WHAT ABOUT THE HUMANS, YOU ASK? OH, THEY HAD TO EVACUATE THE PLANET. THERE WASN'T ANY ROOM LEFT...
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, SNAZZ!
S·17
DON'T PANIC... I'M HAVING AN IDEA! WE NEED A NEW PLANET, RIGHT? WELL, LET'S BUILD A PLANET... A GREAT BIG ROBOT PLANET THAT YOU WIND UP!
WE'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA. GRAB HIM!
AND...
THEY'VE EJECTED US, MASTER! AFTER ALL WE'VE DONE FOR THEM! WHAT WILL BECOME OF US?
NOW, LET ME THINK...
I SEE... EMPTY AIR CYLINDERS! I SEE... OXYGEN STARVATION! I SEE A SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATH!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, EDWIN?
YOU'RE A GENIUS, MASTER!
THE END



THE RETURN OF THE TWO-STOREY BRAIN!

THARG'S SHOCKS

AND, ONCE MOOLABAR HAS EXPLAINED HIS SORRY PLIGHT...
HMMM... IT SEEMS WE MUST RETURN TO BETELDRYVE AND ATTEMPT TO RECOUP YOUR FORTUNE BY FAIR MEANS OR FOUL!
... PROBABLY FOUL!
WAIT! I HAVE IT! I SEE... A TIME MACHINE!
HE SEES A TIME MACHINE!
I SEE A TINY TIME MACHINE!
OH JOY! HE SEES A TINY TIME MACHINE!
A TINY TIME MACHINE CAPABLE OF SENDING US BACK IN TIME THE MOMENT WE LOSE A GAME SO THAT WE CAN PLAY AGAIN, ALREADY KNOWING THE OUTCOME!
IT'S BRILLIANT! BRILLIANT!
YOU ARE A GENIUS, MASTER!
SOON, ON BETELDRYVE...
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, SNAZZ... ONLY A GENIUS COULD CONSTRUCT A TIME MACHINE OUT OF SPACE EMERGENCY RATIONS AND RADIO SPARES!
QUITE. NOW I CONCEAL IT IN EDWIN'S CHEST CAVITY SO THAT NO-ONE CAN DISCOVER OUR RUSE...
MONTE
JACKPOT
...AND WE ARE READY TO TAKE THIS PLACE TO THE CLEANERS! I THINK WE'LL START WITH THE ROULETTE TABLE...
ARE YOU SURE THIS WILL WORK, SNAZZ? I ONLY HAVE FIFTY CREDITS LEFT...
PLACE YOUR BETS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

TRUST ME. I'M A GENIUS!
HE IS— HE IS!
FIFTY CREDITS ON NUMBER EIGHTEEN!

THE WHEEL SPINS AND...
TWENTY-NINE ON THE BLACK!
SNAZZ! YOU BUFFOON!! YOU'VE LOST MY LAST FIFTY CREDITS!
RELAX, MY FRIEND. EDWIN... DO YOUR STUFF!

THE DROID FUMBLES IN HIS CHEST CAVITY AND...
DAMN!
WINK! WINK!
THERE! THE MACHINE HAS SENT US BACK TWO MINUTES INTO THE PAST... ONLY THIS TIME WE PLACE OUR BET ON THE BLACK TWENTY-NINE! NOW WATCH...

SURE ENOUGH...
TWENTY-NINE ON THE BLACK. FIVE HUNDRED CREDITS TO THE GENTLEMAN WITH FOUR EYES...
SNAZZ! YOU'VE CRACKED IT!
TRUE GENIUS!

AND THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING...
EIGHT THOUSAND CREDITS TO THE GENT WITH THE DODGY VERTICAL HOLD...
TWO MILLION CREDITS TO THE GUY WITH DOUBLE-VISION...
THE SPLIT-LEVEL SKULL WINS AGAIN. SEVENTY MILLION CREDITS...

EVENTUALLY...
WE'RE RICH, SNAZZ! RICH!
SINCE NO-ONE WANTS TO PLAY WITH US ANY MORE WE MAY AS WELL CELEBRATE!
HERE, MY FAITHFUL FERROUS FRIEND... TAKE THIS AND HAVE YOURSELF A GOOD TIME!

THE REVELRY LASTS FAR INTO THE NIGHT...
ROULETTE
BLACKJACK
FAIR
UNTIL...
WELL, I GUESS IT'S TIME WE WENT HOME AND TOLD YOUR LADY WIFE THE GOOD NEWS! DOORMAN FETCH US OUR CRUISER WOULD YOU?
SORRY SIR. NOT MY JOB. HOUSE RULES!
HMM... WHAT SAY WE TOSS FOR IT? IF YOU WIN, YOU GET TEN CREDITS. IF YOU LOSE, YOU GO AND FETCH OUR CRUISER!
WHAT? THAT'S RIDICULOUS! DO YOU REALISE YOU'RE TALKING TO ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST GENTS IN THE GALAXY?
SORRY, SIR. RULES IS RULES.
SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH TO ME, SIR. HEADS OR TAILS?
TAILS!
HEADS IT IS. DOUBLE OR QUITS?
WHY NOT? I THINK WE CAN: HEH, HEH: AFFORD IT. TAILS AGAIN!
HEADS, DOUBLE OR QUITS?
TAILS!
SORRY... HEADS AGAIN DOUBLE OR QUITS?
TIME PASSES...
HEADS AGAIN! DOUBLE OR QUITS?
TAILS!
ROTTEN LUCK, SIR! HEADS IT IS! DOUBLE OR QUITS?
IT CAN'T KEEP COMING UP HEADS! TAILS AGAIN!
NOT YOUR LUCKY DAY, SIR! DOUBLE OR QUITS?
FIFTY MINUTES LATER...
AAAGH! SNAZZ, YOU'VE RUINED US!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HOW CAN ANYONE THROW HEADS TWO HUNDRED TIMES ON THE TROT? AND WHERE WAS EDWIN WHEN WE NEEDED HIM?
ROULETTE
ACME PROBABILITY SCRAMBLER

SORRY I'M LATE, MASTER! ZZZT! THIS IS JILL! SHE'S A GENIUS TOO! ZZZT! OUR CIRCUITS ARE COMPATIBLE!
I FELL OVER AND ZZZT! BROKE SOMETHING BUT I FEEL GREAT! WANNA FIGHT? ZZZT!
OH NO! HE'S BEEN ON THE HIGH-GRADE OIL! AND HE'S BROKEN THE TIME BOX!
BUT DON'T WORRY! I CAN FIX IT! JUST RECONNECT THESE WIRES... A TWIDDLE ON THE FRAMMISTAT... THERE! GOOD AS NEW!
NOW WE CAN GO BACK INSIDE AND TRY AGAIN? EH, HOOLIO?
HOOLIO?
TRY AGAIN? SO YOU CAN GET ME EVEN FURTHER INTO DEBT? OH NO! I'VE GOT A MUCH BETTER IDEA!
ER... HOOLIO, LET GO OF THE TIME BOX. WHAT ARE YOU...
BRMM
... DOING?
JILL? ZZT! WHERE ARE YOU? BEEP!
OH NO! HE'S SENT US BACK IN TIME TO JUST BEFORE WE WERE RESCUED... AND THERE'S ONLY FIVE MINUTES OF OXYGEN LEFT! WE'RE DOOMED EDWIN! DOOMED!
NO... WAIT! HERE COMES HOOLIO'S CRUISER! HE'S GOING TO SAVE US AGAIN! HE'S... HE'S...
ONLY THIS TIME...
HE... HE ISN'T STOPPING...
JILL! ZZT! COME BACK!
SHE'S LEFT ME, MASTER! ZZZT! HOW WILL I FACE LIFE WITHOUT HER?
SOMEHOW, EDWIN, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT MUCH OF A PROBLEM...
The End

The DOUBLE DECKER-DOME

AN ABELARD SNAZZ STORY

STRIKES BACK

EVERYBODY'S GOT PROBLEMS BUT ONLY THE FARBIANS HAVE MADE A RELIGION OUT OF THEM...

OUR CROPS WON'T GROW, OUR CATTLE ARE STARVING AND WE OWE MONEY TO OUR IN-LAWS!

OUR SHOES DO NOT FIT, BUT WE HAVE LOST THE RECEIPT. MAYBE TOMORROW WILL BE BETTER, BUT FRANKLY WE DOUBT IT!

THE FARBIANS BELIEVE THAT THE GODS HAVE GOT IT IN FOR THEM. AS THEIR SCOUT-SHIP DRIFTS THROUGH THE VOID THEY SING A DIRGE OF DISCOMFORT...

OUR LIBRARY BOOKS ARE OVERDUE, OUR HAIR IS DULL AND LIFELESS. OUR GODS DESPISE US. BOY, WE MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING REALLY AWFUL!

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE

ART ROBOT
MIKE WHITE

LETTERING ROBOT
PETER KNIGHT

COMPU-73E

AND YET THE FARBIANS ARE NOT WITHOUT HOPE. WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS ON ONE OF THEIR SCOUTING MISSIONS THEY WILL FIND A CURE FOR THEIR MISERIES...

LOOK, SHIPMASTER... UP AHEAD! TWO STRANGE OBJECTS FLOATING IN SPACE! SHOULD WE INVESTIGATE?

I SUPPOSE SO. THEY'LL MOST LIKELY TURN OUT TO BE RADIOACTIVE AND WE'LL ALL DIE HORRIBLE DEATHS, BUT WHAT THE HECK!

AND SO...

LOOK, MUNGLIP... A HUMAN FIGURE EMBEDDED IN ICE AND A LUMP OF CORRODED METAL THAT SPEAKS!! WHAT IS IT SAYING??

...OUU...ARRR... GENI...OOUUU...ARRR ...GENI

BEATS ME, SUGFLAP. SOMETHING ABOUT A GENIE BY THE SOUND OF IT. PERHAPS IT IS A MESSAGE FROM THE GODS!

WE WILL TOW THEM BACK TO OUR SHIP, "THE HEAP OF JUNK." EVEN THOUGH THIS WILL PROBABLY STRAIN OUR BACKS AND PUT US BOTH IN HOSPITAL!
ARRR... EENT... OOUU...
BACK ABOARD "THE HEAP OF JUNK"...
FOR GENERATIONS OUR RACE HAS PLEADED WITH THE GODS TO SEND US FOOD, PEACE AND PROSPERITY...
WE MUST NOW DETERMINE WHY THE GODS HAVE INSTEAD SENT US A FROZEN GENIE AND A GLOB OF TALKING SLAG!
BEGIN THE DEFROSTING PROCESS!
TENSE MOMENTS LATER...
:NNK:... BLEARGH... WH-WHERE AM I? AND WHY AM I COVERED IN SLUSH?
AAEEII L-LOOK AT HIS FACE!
ULCERS OF MY ANCESTORS! THIS IS NO MERE GENIE! THIS CAN ONLY BE THE GREATEST OF ALL OUR GODS...
...TOGLUB OF THE TWO-FOLD GAZE!
ER, ACTUALLY THE NAME IS SNAZZ. ABELARD SNAZZ. I'M A GENIUS!
I REMEMBER IT AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY, EDWIN AND I HAD BEEN ABANDONED IN SPACE BY THAT UNGRATEFUL WRETCH, HOOLIO MOOLABAR...
:GASP: ONLY THIRTY SECONDS OF AIR LEFT, EDWIN! IT LOOKS LIKE I'M HEADED FOR THAT GREAT THINK-TANK IN THE SKY! :WHEEZE:
DON'T WORRY, MASTER! YOU'LL THINK OF SOME-THING! YOU'RE A GENIUS!
SPANNG!
ARGH! THAT METEOR... IT'S SMASHED MY SUIT'S THERMOSTAT! WITHIN SECONDS MY BODY TEMPERATURE WILL DROP FROM 98.6° TO ABSOLUTE ZERO!
OH, MASTER! YOU'RE SO KNOWLEDGEABLE!
"A BITTER ARCTIC COLD SWEPT OVER MY BODY, AND THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS THE PLAINTIVE CRY OF MY LITTLE ROBOT PAL...
MASTER! DON'T LEAVE ME! YOU CAN'T DIE! YOU ARE A GENIUS!
"AND THEN THERE WAS BLACKNESS... TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF IT..."
THARG NOTE: SEE PROG 209.
WHAT STRANGE PEOPLE. BUT WHERE AM I? THE LAST THING I RECALL, I WAS FLOATING IN SPACE, AND...
GREAT GOOGLY MOOGLY! ACCORDING TO THE STAR-POSITIONS IN THIS NAVI-GLOBE, I'VE BEEN ON ICE FOR NEARLY TWO THOUSAND YEARS!
TO GLUB! TO GLUB!

EDWIN COULD HAVE SAVED HIMSELF, BUT NO... THAT LOYAL LITTLE LUMP WAITED BY MY SIDE THROUGHOUT THE LONG, LONELY CENTURIES...
...UNTIL, AT LAST, HE WAS REDUCED TO THIS PITIFUL PILE OF POCK-MARKED PIG-IRON, ENDLESSLY CROAKING OUT HIS ADORATION! HOW SELFLESS HE WAS, HOW NOBLE...
GARBAGE DISPOSAL CHUTE
...ARRR... GENI... OUU... ARRRR... GENI...
...HOW STUPID!
...AND NOW IT SEEMS THAT I'VE BEEN RESCUED BY A RACE, WHO BELIEVE ME TO BE A GOD-LIKE BEING OF DIVINE WISDOM!
THEY'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, OF COURSE!
OH, SUPREME MASTER, OH THOU OF THE QUADRIVALENT SQUINT, ART THOU TRULY THE GREAT GOD TOGLUB COME TO DELIVER US?
LATER, WHEN THE "HEAP OF JUNK" HAS RETURNED TO FARBUS...
THIS IS THE LIFE! I KNEW THAT ONE DAY PEOPLE WOULD REALISE WHAT A TERRIFIC PERSON I AM...
TOGLUB!
TOGLUB!
ER... OH GREAT TOGLUB, THIS IS KING GABFRANK THE UNFORTUNATE, RULER OF ALL FARBUS. HE DESIRES AN AUDIENCE!
WELL, OKAY GABFRANK, OLD BUDDY. JUST SO LONG AS YOU KEEP IT SHORT. I PROMISED TO SHOW SABRINA HERE HOW I CAN WIGGLE MY EYEBROWS IN STEREO...
...I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, SABRINA HONEY...
ME? A GOD? HEH, HEH! WE-E-ELL... YES, I SUPPOSE I AM!
WHEN DO I START?

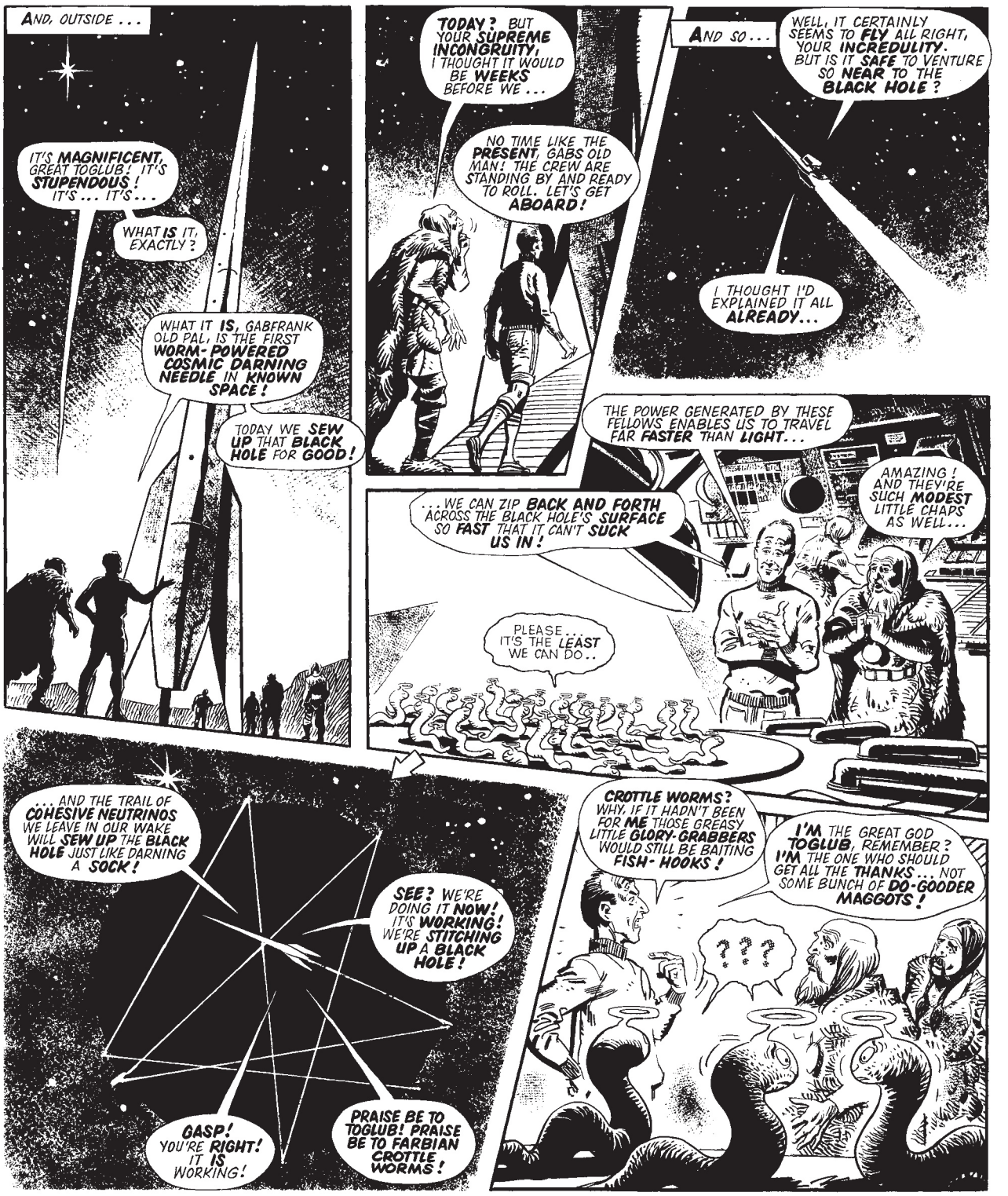
NOW, GABFRANK, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? :CHOMP:
THE PROBLEM? AHH, TRULY THOU ART MOST WISE, OH YE OF THE BINARY BRAIN...
FOR IS NOT THE WHOLE OF MY PEOPLE'S HISTORY A PROBLEM OF CELESTIAL MAGNITUDE?
AS YOUR AWESOMENESS IS NO DOUBT AWARE, MY RACE STEMS NOT FROM THIS WORLD, BUT FROM ANOTHER, LONG SINCE LOST IN ANTIQUITY.
IT WAS A VERITABLE PARADISE, A RICH AND LUXURIOUS GARDEN WORLD OF INCOMPARABLE BEAUTY. WE THOUGHT OUR HAPPINESS WOULD LAST FOREVER.
:MMP: SOUNDS LIKE A NICE PLACE :CHOMP:
IT WAS NOT TO BE. IT WAS FATED THAT OUR WORLD BE VISITED BY A HUGE ALIEN INTENT ON ERADICATING ALL TRACE OF OUR PROUD CULTURE...
THE SURVIVORS FLED AND SETTLED ON A NEW PLANET, SO BEAUTIFUL THAT WE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND WHY NONE HAD SETTLED THERE BEFORE US...
GIWLIZATIONS! BAH! I HATE 'EM!
GIW BOM
THE REASON SOON BECAME PLAIN. OUR WORLD WAS DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF THE UNSTOPPABLE PLATINUM HORDE OF KARBONG ON THEIR ENDLESS RAMPAGE...
...BUT THESE ARE THE BREAKS, EH?
IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED WE SOUGHT SHELTER ON MANY NEW WORLDS. ONE WAS EATEN BY SPACE-TERMITES. ANOTHER WAS INVADED BY GRAWNS...
EVENTUALLY WE SETTLED HERE ON THIS TINY, INADEQUATE MUDBALL. IT WASN'T MUCH, BUT IT WAS HOME.
G'DAY! G'DAY!
CLIM!
OOO-EEE! G'DAY!
CLIM! CLIM!
DON'T BE SUCH A CRYBABY, GABFRANK! EVERYBODY HAS MILLENIA LIKE THAT! AT LEAST YOU'RE HAPPY ON FARBUS, AIGHT? :MUNCH:
HAPPY? IT IS HERE THAT MY RACE FACES ITS DIREST DOOM...
...THE THREE-PRONGED THREAT OF FARBUS!
WHAT THREE-PRONGED THREAT?
OH ULTIMATE ONE, THY WIT IS IMMENSE... BUT I FEAR THAT THOU COMEST THE CRACK WITH THY LOWLY SERVANT!
FOR IS IT NOT WRITTEN IN THE SACRED "BOOK OF UPS AND DOWNS" THAT FORTUNE SHALL FROWN THRICE ON THE PEOPLES OF FARBUS?

THE FIRST DOOM SHALL BE ECONOMIC. FOR LO, NAUGHT WILL GROW ON FARBUS SAVE FOR FARBIAN CROTTLE, WHICH TASTE VILE AND KILLETH ALL OTHER PLANTS...
AND LO, OUR BALANCE OF PAYMENTS SHALL BE NON-EXISTENT, AND WE SHALL BE UP TO OUR NECKS IN DEBT AND FARBIAN CROTTLE...
THE SECOND DOOM SHALL BE ENVIRONMENTAL, AND THERE SHALL BE AN ENERGY CRISIS ON FARBUS. FOR FARBUS HAS NO FUEL, SAVE FOR CROTTLE, WHICH BURNS NOT!
AND LO, OUR CARS SHALL NOT RUN, NOR SHALL OUR INDUSTRY PROSPER!
THE THIRD AND MOST DREADFUL DOOM SHALL BE COSMIC, FOR VERILY, A BLACK HOLE DOTH APPROACH FARBUS, DEVOURING ALL IN ITS PATH. EVEN FARBUS ITSELF!
...BUT NOW WE ARE SAVED FOR GREAT TOGLUB HAS COME AMONGST US, AND HE WILL SOLVE ALL THESE TERRIBLE PROBLEMS AT A STROKE!
:COUGH: TO GLUB? BUT THAT'S ME!
UH... I'LL ADMIT THOSE ARE SOME PROBLEMS, GABFRANK!
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN... UH... IF I'M UNABLE TO SOLVE THEM?
SUCH A THING IS UNTHINKABLE. BUT SHOULD IT COME TO PASS, THEN THE PEOPLE OF FARBUS WOULD RAISE MOST WORTHY TOGLUB ALOFT ON THEIR SHOULDERS...
...AND THROW HIM TO THE PIRANHA-DOGS!
SNAP!
:CHOKE:
SNAP!
SNAP!
Next Prog: THE WORM TURNETH!

The DOUBLE DECKER-DOME
AN ABELARD SNAZZ STORY
STRIKES BACK
ON THE PLANET FARBUS, GENIUS ABELARD SNAZZ IS SUNK IN BLACKEST DESPAIR —
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? IF I DON'T COME UP WITH A SOLUTION TO THE FARBIAN'S TERRIBLE DILEMMA THEY'LL THROW ME TO THE PIRANHA-DOGS...
...AND THERE'S NOT JUST ONE INSOLUBLE PROBLEM... THERE'S THREE!
FIRST, I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMETHING THE FARBIANS CAN EXPORT TO SAVE THEIR ECONOMY. BUT THE ONLY THING THAT GROWS ON FARBUS IS THIS USELESS CROTTLE WEED.
SECONDLY, I'VE GOT TO SOLVE THEIR ENERGY CRISIS, AND THIRDLY I'VE GOT TO RESCUE THEM FROM AN APPROACHING BLACK HOLE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! SOB!
NO! I MUSTN'T GIVE UP! I'M A GENIUS. I'VE JUST GOT TO LOOK AT THE PROBLEM IN A FRESH LIGHT!
IF ONLY I DIDN'T HAVE THESE TWO SPLITTING HEADACHES...
LET'S STUDY THIS VILE-SMELLING FARBIAN CROTTLE. NOW, WHAT DO I SEE? I SEE CROTTLE. I SEE LOTS OF CROTTLE. I SEE...
...WORMS?
HEY! FLUNKEY!
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT MIKE WHITE
LETTERING ROBOT JACK POTTER
COMPU-73E

YOU CALLED, O INCOMPARABLE TOGLUB? O THOU OF THE HIGH-RISE HEAD, O THOU OF THE...
YEAH, YEAH... LATER FOR ALL THAT GARBAGE. WHAT ARE THESE WORMS DOING IN MY CROTTLE?
THEY ARE FARBIAN CROTTLE-WORMS, THE ONLY CREATURES THAT CAN ABIDE THE TASTE OF THIS LOATHSOME WEED...
THEY ARE ALSO SAID TO BE THE MOST SAINTLY AND GOOD-NATURED BEINGS IN KNOWN SPACE!
AFTER YOU, ALPHONSE.
NO, I INSIST. AFTER YOU, GASTON.
SAINTLY? GOOD-NATURED? HAHAHAHAHA! THIS SOLVES ALL OUR PROBLEMS! I'M SAVED!
THE GREAT GOD TOGLUB IS HAVING A BRAINSTORM! POSSIBLY TWO BRAINSTORMS!
SSHH! I'M DOING SOME FIVE-STAR THINKING HERE! NOW LET ME SEE...
IF E=MC² AND THE PARTY OF THE FIRST PART IS EQUAL TO THE SQUARE ON THE HYPOTENUSE, THEN... YES! IT WORKS! IT WORKS!!
WHAT WORKS, O MOST INSCRUTABLE ONE?
...AND, WHEN THE KING AND HIS RETINUE ARRIVE...
VIRTUE CONVERTER
MY NEW "VIRTUE-CONVERTER" WORKS! THIS MACHINE WILL TRANSFORM GOOD THOUGHTS INTO AN UNLIMITED SUPPLY OF ENERGY!
...GOOD THOUGHTS PROVIDED BY THE LOWLY FARBIAN CROTTLE WORMS...
BY THE GREY HAIRS OF MY FOREBEARS! HE'S SOLVED THE ENERGY CRISIS!
WAIT... THERE'S MORE! LOTS OF OTHER RACES WILL WANT TO USE MY "VIRTUE-CONVERTER" FOR THEIR OWN ENERGY NEEDS. THAT MEANS THEY'LL NEED CROTTLE-WORMS...
...AND TO FEED THE WORMS THEY'LL NEED LOTS OF FARBIAN CROTTLE!

BY MY GRAND-SIRE'S PSYCHIATRIST! HE'S SOLVED THE ECONOMIC CRISIS!
OF COURSE, THAT STILL LEAVES ME THE BLACK HOLE TO DEAL WITH, BUT IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO GET THAT PROBLEM STITCHED UP...
BLACK HOLE? STITCHED UP?
THAT'S IT! WE'LL STITCH UP THE BLACK HOLE! INSTEAD OF THREAD WE'LL USE A STREAM OF COHESIVE NEUTRINOS...
..AND INSTEAD OF A NEEDLE WE'LL USE A FASTER-THAN-LIGHT SPACE-SHIP POWERED BY FARBIAN CROTTLE-WORMS! HA HA HA! HOW SIMPLE!
UHH...YES. SIMPLE.
THIS IS INCREDIBLE! THE GOOD THOUGHTS FROM THESE TINY WORMS ARE POWERING AN ENTIRE FACTORY! THEY MUST BE REALLY PURE AND VIRTUOUS!
OH, REALLY... IT'S NOTHING!
SNAZZ'S INSPIRED PLANS ARE PUT TO WORK IMMEDIATELY, AND SUDDENLY FARBUS IS BURSTING WITH ENERGY.
..AND THEY'RE SO HUMBLE!
EXPORTS BOOM AS NEVER BEFORE...
HURRY IT UP! THE TAU-CETIANS HAVE JUST ORDERED ANOTHER THOUSAND TONS OF CROTTLE FOR NEXT TUESDAY!
CROTTLE
LET THOSE PUSHY SLIME-BLOBS WAIT THEIR TURN... THE ARCTURANS WANT SIX THOUSAND TONS DELIVERED BY THE WEEKEND!
BUT ALL THE WHILE...
THE BLACK HOLE'S GETTING CLOSER, KING GABFRANK, IT'S JUST SWALLOWED FOUR NEARBY SOLAR SYSTEMS AND WASHED THEM DOWN WITH AN ASTEROID BELT!
FEAR NOT! GREAT TOGLUB HATH A FOOLPROOF PLAN OF MIND-WRENCHING GENIUS...
...AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT HE TELLS ME...
I CERTAINLY DO, GABFRANK OLD CHUM! IF YOU'D CARE TO STEP OUTSIDE A MOMENT I'LL SHOW YOU JUST HOW STUNNINGLY SMART I REALLY AM!
AFTER ÀLL, I'M NOT JUST A COUPLE OF PRETTY FACES!

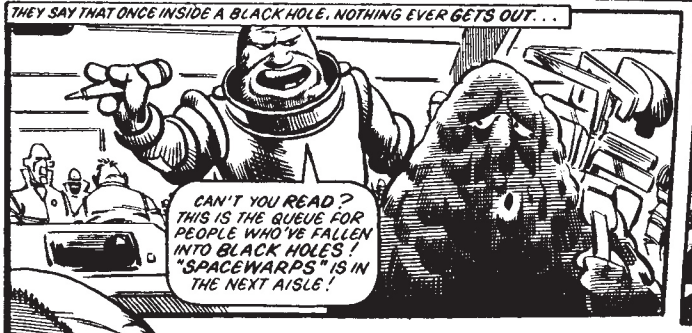

AND, OUTSIDE . . .
IT'S MAGNIFICENT, GREAT TOGLUB! IT'S STUPENDOUS! IT'S . . . IT'S . . .
WHAT IS IT, EXACTLY?
WHAT IT IS, GABFRANK OLD PAL, IS THE FIRST WORM-POWERED COSMIC DARNING NEEDLE IN KNOWN SPACE!
TODAY WE SEW UP THAT BLACK HOLE FOR GOOD!
TODAY? BUT YOUR SUPREME INCONGRUITY, I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE WEEKS BEFORE WE . . .
NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT, GABS OLD MAN! THE CREW ARE STANDING BY AND READY TO ROLL. LET'S GET ABOARD!
AND SO . . .
WELL, IT CERTAINLY SEEMS TO FLY ALL RIGHT, YOUR INCREDULITY. BUT IS IT SAFE TO VENTURE SO NEAR TO THE BLACK HOLE?
I THOUGHT I'D EXPLAINED IT ALL ALREADY . . .
THE POWER GENERATED BY THESE FELLOWS ENABLES US TO TRAVEL FAR FASTER THAN LIGHT . . .
AMAZING! AND THEY'RE SUCH MODEST LITTLE CHAPS AS WELL . . .
. . . WE CAN ZIP BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE BLACK HOLE'S SURFACE SO FAST THAT IT CAN'T SUCK US IN!
PLEASE . . . IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO . .
. . . AND THE TRAIL OF COHESIVE NEUTRINOS WE LEAVE IN OUR WAKE WILL SEW UP THE BLACK HOLE JUST LIKE DARNING A SOCK!
SEE? WE'RE DOING IT NOW! IT'S WORKING! WE'RE STITCHING UP A BLACK HOLE!
GASP! YOU'RE RIGHT! IT IS WORKING!
PRAISE BE TO TOGLUB! PRAISE BE TO FARBIAN CROTTLE WORMS!
CROTTLE WORMS? WHY, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ME THOSE GREASY LITTLE GLORY-GRABBERS WOULD STILL BE BAITING FISH-HOOKS!
I'M THE GREAT GOD TOGLUB, REMEMBER? I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD GET ALL THE THANKS . . . NOT SOME BUNCH OF DO-GOODER MAGGOTS!
? ? ?

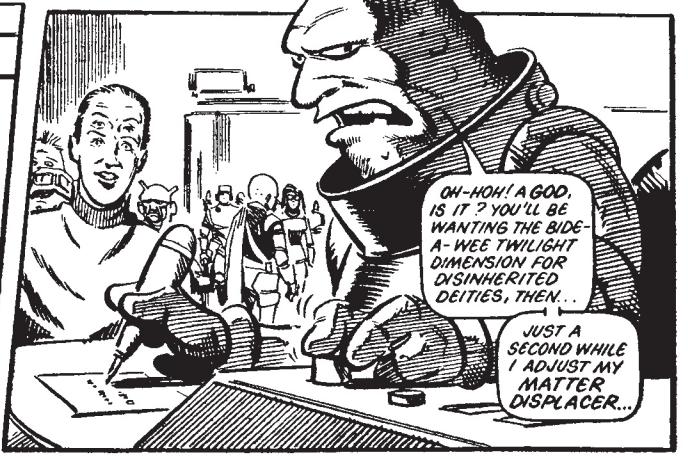
..UH.. WELL, YES... I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT...
OF COURSE I'M RIGHT! I'M ALWAYS RIGHT! THAT'S WHY I'M A GOD AND THEY'RE JUST A TANGLE OF MINDLESS INVERTEBRATES!
NOW JUST HOLD ON A MINUTE!
YOU'VE GOT NO CALL TO GO BAD-MOUTHING US CROTTLE WORMS! WE DO A FIRST RATE JOB SAVING YOUR PLANET, AND FOR WHAT?
CROTTLE! THAT'S WHAT! LOUSY, STINKING CROTTLE! WE'RE ENTITLED TO OUR FAIR SHARE OF THE CREDIT!
YEAH! WE'RE SICK OF BEING HUMBLE!
RIGHT! NO MORE "MR NICE-GRUB"!
WE DEMAND THE RESPECT THAT'S DUE TO US! THERE'S NO REASON TO INSULT US JUST BECAUSE WE'RE WORMS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH WORMS, ANYWAY?
YEAH! WE'RE PROUD TO BE WORMS!
GASP! YOUR MAJESTY... LOOK!
THE POWER'S DROPPING! WE'RE LOSING SPEED!
BUT WE CAN'T BE... UNLESS...
OH, NO! THE WORMS. THEY'VE COMMITTED THE SIN OF PRIDE! THEY AREN'T THINKING GOOD THOUGHTS!
THE SHIP'S COME TO A DEAD STOP! WE'RE BEING SUCKED INTO THE BLACK HOLE! WE'RE DOOMED!
O MOST EXALTED TOGLUB, SAVE US! FOR ART THOU NOT A GOD AND THUS POSSESSED OF DIVINE POWER?
A GOD? ME?
ER.. WELL... PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE MENTIONED THIS BEFORE, BUT...
...AND WITH THAT THE FIRST WORM-POWERED COSMIC DARNING NEEDLE IN KNOWN SPACE VANISHES INTO BLACK NOTHINGNESS! AND THEN THERE IS ONLY SILENCE...
SSSCHLOOOOOOOPP!
HAS SNAZZ BECOME A SNACK FOR A SINGULARITY? CAN THIS REALLY BE...
...THE END?

HALFWAY TO PARADISE

2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT JOHN COOPER
LETTERING ROBOT TONY JACOB
COMPU-73E

AN ABELARD SNAZZ MISADVENTURE



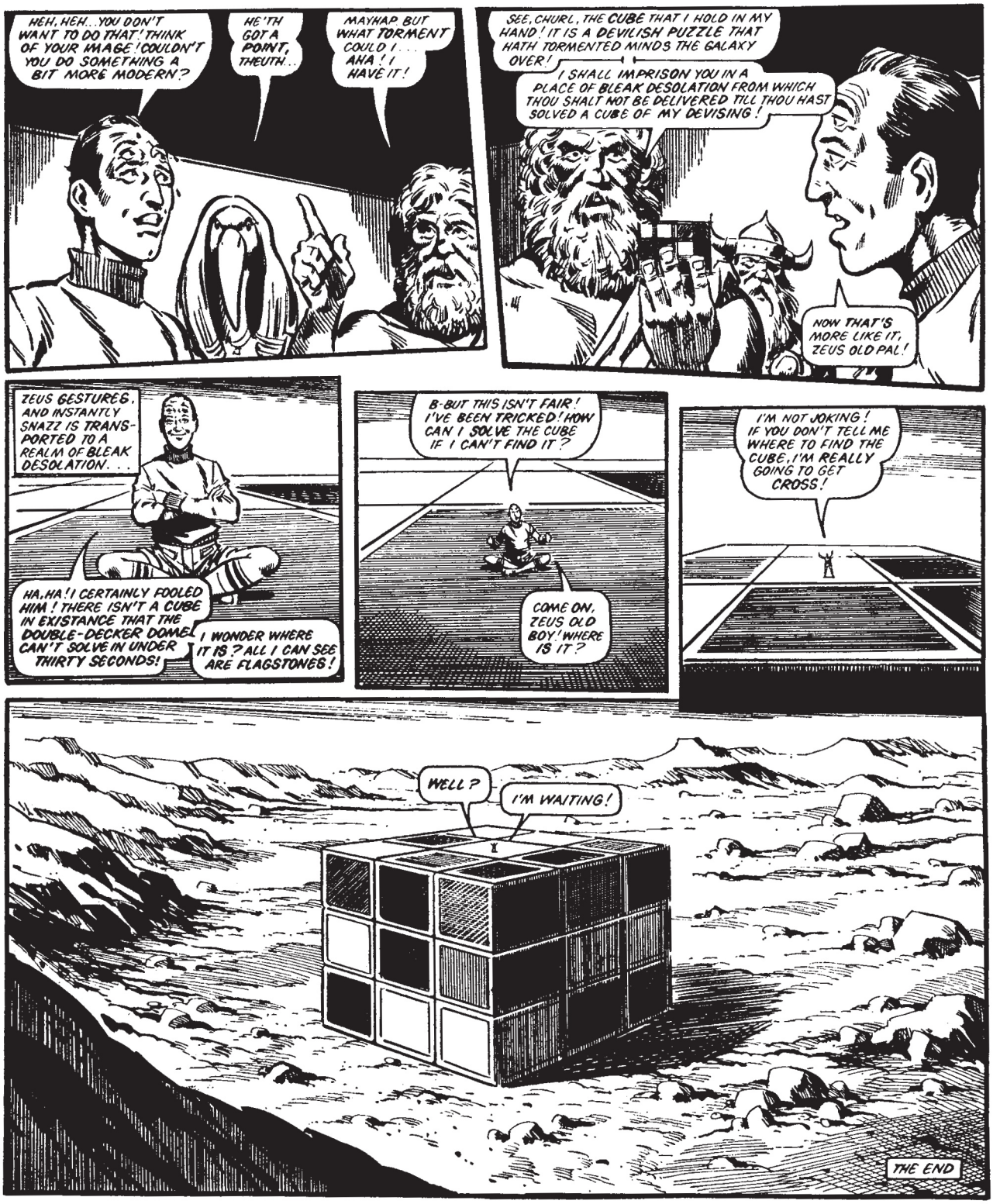


THERE! ANOTHER SATISFIED CUSTOMER! NEXT!
..ER... EARHART... AMELIA EARHART...
VWAAARK!
MEANWHILE.
LOOK! ANOTHER ONETH JUTHT POPPED OUT OF THE MATTER DITHPLATHER!
GROAN!
AYE. LOOKS LIKE A MINOR TRIBAL DEITY TO ME. THERE GOES THE NEIGHBOURHOOD!
WH-WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?
WE'RE GOOTH, THILLY! OR RATHER, WE UTHED TO BE GOOTH. I'M THOTH. PLEATHED TO MEET YOU.
HOW DO. I'M ODIN.
GODS? BUT THEN... WHERE AM I?
YOU'RE IN THE BIDE-A-WEE TWILIGHT DIMENTHION... IT'TH WHERE ALL THE GOOTH GO WHEN PEOPLE THTOP WORTHIPPING THEM.
NO MORE WORSHIPPERS. NO MORE POWER. PATHETIC ISN'T IT?
JOHN COOPER.
I SEE. BUT IF YOU DON'T HAVE GOD-LIKE POWERS ANYMORE, WHAT DO YOU DO ALL DAY?
MAKE THOUVENIRTH MOTHLY. LUCKY CHARMTH AND THO ON..
DEGRADIN' AIN'T IT? LOOK AT OLD ZEUS OVER THERE, REDUCED TO TURNIN' OUT NOVELTY THUNDERBOLT BACKSCRATCHERS!
BUT SURELY, IF PEOPLE HAVE STOPPED WORSHIPPING YOU, ISN'T IT JUST A PUBLIC RELATIONS PROBLEM? PERHAPS IF YOU BROUGHT YOURSELVES UP TO DATE A BIT...
WELL, YETH... BUT WHERE DO WE TNTART? WE'RE ALL A BIT THET IN OUR WAYTH YOU THEE...
CAN'T TEACH AN OLD GOD NEW TRICKS!

DON'T BE SO SURE! TO SOMEONE OF MY CAPABILITIES, FINDING YOU A NEW IMAGE SHOULD BE CHILD'S PLAY! YOU SEE, I'M ABELARD SNAZZ!
I'M A GENIUS!
A GENIUTH? HOW ECTHITING!
OY! YOU OTHERS! OVER 'ERE A MINUTE!
YES!! I BEGIN TO SEE IT ALL! I SEE GODS! I SEE MOD GODS! IT'S BRILLIANT! BRILLIANT!
AND WHAT, PRAY, IS HE THE GOD OF?
I'M NOT THURE... CONTACT LENTHETH PERHAPTH?
WHAT WE NEED IS A NEW VENUE! FIND ME AN ADVANCED CIVILIZATION AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME!! I GUARANTEE YOU'LL GO DOWN A STORM!
WHAT ABOUT THE GEEZERS NEAR URSA MINOR?
YEA, VERILY!
AND SO, SUMMONING THEIR LAST RESERVES OF POWER, THE DOWN-AT-HEEL DEITIES TRANSPORT THEMSELVES ACROSS THE VAST REACHES OF SPACE...
LOOK! NEW ROMANTICS!
PEOPLE OF URSA MINOR, THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY! TODAY, SNAZZ PROMOTIONS BRINGS YOU THE TREND THAT'S SWEEPING THE GALAXY...
DYNAMIC DEITIES! IT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING!
A GODS REVIVAL? SOUNDS DIVINE!
DIVINE'S THE WORD, MY FRIENDS! AT ABSOLUTELY NO CHARGE, SNAZZ PROMOTIONS PROUDLY PRESENT THEIR NEW LINE OF SUPREME SWINGERS!
TAKE ARES HERE, FOR EXAMPLE! NO DOWDY OLD WAR GOD HE! NO SIR! ARES IS THE GOD OF SPACE INVADERS MACHINES!
HEY! THAT'S MY KIND OF OMNIPOTENT BEING!

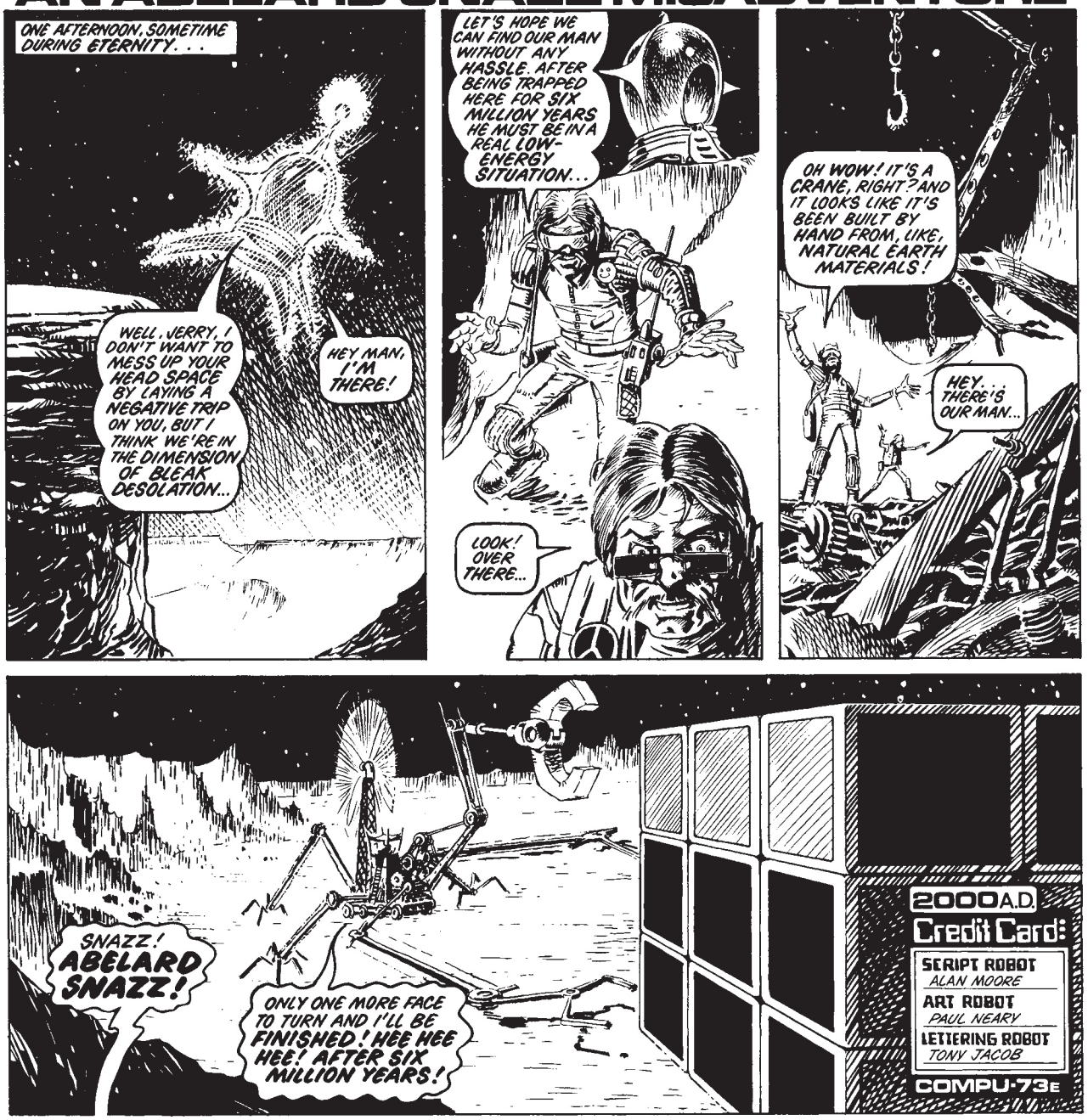
MAYBE YOU'D PREFER TO WORSHIP THE NATURAL WAY WITH DEMETER, GODDESS OF HEALTH FOOD STORES?
WOW! THESE GODS ARE JUST HEAVENLY!
YOU'VE GOT THE GIFT O' THE GAB AND NO MISTAKE! THEY'RE LAPPIN' IT UP!
JUST YOU WAIT! IF YOU THINK THIS IS SOMETHING, WHAT COMES NEXT WILL MAKE YOUR EYES POP OUT!
...ER...NO OFFENCE. HEH, HEH.
AND SURE ENOUGH, IN THE WEEKS TO COME THE PEOPLE OF URSA MINOR TAKE THE GODS TO THEIR HEARTS...
GEE! APOLLO'S DISCO IS REALLY NEAT! THOSE LIGHTS! THIS MUSIC!
IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE...
PATIENCE, LADIES! EROS, THE GOD OF POPULAR ROMANTIC FICTION, WILL SIGN ALL YOUR COPIES!
HAVE YOU READ "ARROWS OF DESIRE"? IT'S HIS LATEST!
NO...I'M STILL WORKING THROUGH "QUIVER OF QUIVERS".
AND AS FOR SNAZZ...
NTS
WHAT A MASTERSTROKE! THESE GODS ARE REALLY SHIFTING UNITS! WITH MY 10% I SHOULD SOON BE ABLE TO RETIRE AND... HUH? WHAT'S THAT?
AAAGH! MERCY!
INSIDE...
SPACE
INVADER
NO...PLEASE...
OH MIGHTY ARES, GOD OF THE SPACE INVADERS...ACCEPT THIS, THE OFFERING OF THY HUMBLE SERVANTS!!
GRANT US A REPLAY, OH LORD OF FLASHING LIGHTS AND FUNNY NOISES! ACCEPT OUR TRIBUTE!

AAAEEE!!
GOOD GRIEF! THEY'VE SACRIFICED THAT POOR CHAP TO A SPACE INVADERS MACHINE!
BEWILDERED, THE MUTANT SUPERBRAIN RUSHES INTO THE STREET...
OH WORSHIPFUL DEMETER, GRANT US THY BOUNTY OF NATURAL FOODS WITH NO ADDITIVES!
THIS IS TERRIBLE! THE PEOPLE ARE REVERTING TO HUMAN SACRIFICE! I'VE GOT TO PUT A STOP TO THIS!
AND SO...
ODIN! ZEUS! THOTH! THINGS ARE GETTING OUT OF HAND... I JUST HEARD A BUNCH OF WIND-SURFERS DECLARING WAR ON NEPTUNES WATER SKI-ING CULT!
AYE! GOOD TIMES HAVE RETURNED!
OH, DON'T BE THUCH A THPOILTHPORT!
B-BUT THE PEOPLE ARE TURNING TO BARABARISM! WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT!
VERILY! IT IS WHAT BEING A GOD IS ALL ABOUT!
Y-YOU'RE MAD! I-I WON'T ALLOW THIS SORT OF BEHAVIOUR!
OH AYE? WE'VE GOT A TROUBLE-MAKER 'ERE, ZEUS OLD LAD!
YEA! AND THOU KNOWEST HOW WE DEALT WITH SUCH MATTERS IN THE OLD DAYS...
LET US CHAIN THIS ROGUE TO A ROCK FOR ALL ETERNITY!
NICE ONE, ZEUS!
...ER... NOW WAIT A MINUTE...


HEH, HEH... YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THAT! THINK OF YOUR IMAGE! COULDN'T YOU DO SOMETHING A BIT MORE MODERN?
HE'TH GOT A POINT, THEUTH...
MAYHAP BUT WHAT TORMENT COULD I... AHA! I HAVE IT!
SEE, CHURL, THE CUBE THAT I HOLD IN MY HAND! IT IS A DEVILISH PUZZLE THAT HATH TORMENTED MINDS THE GALAXY OVER!
I SHALL IMPRISON YOU IN A PLACE OF BLEAK DESOLATION FROM WHICH THOU SHALT NOT BE DELIVERED TILL THOU HAST SOLVED A CUBE OF MY DEVISING!
NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT, ZEUS OLD PAL!
ZEUS GESTURES, AND INSTANTLY SNAZZ IS TRANSPORTED TO A REALM OF BLEAK DESOLATION...
HA, HA! I CERTAINLY FOOLED HIM! THERE ISN'T A CUBE IN EXISTANCE THAT THE DOUBLE-DECKER DOME CAN'T SOLVE IN UNDER THIRTY SECONDS!
I WONDER WHERE IT IS? ALL I CAN SEE ARE FLAGSTONES!
B-BUT THIS ISN'T FAIR! I'VE BEEN TRICKED! HOW CAN I SOLVE THE CUBE IF I CAN'T FIND IT?
COME ON, ZEUS OLD BOY! WHERE IS IT?
I'M NOT JOKING! IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THE CUBE, I'M REALLY GOING TO GET CROSS!
WELL?
I'M WAITING!
THE END

THE MULTI-STOREY MIND MELLOWS OUT!

AN ABELARD SNAZZ MISADVENTURE

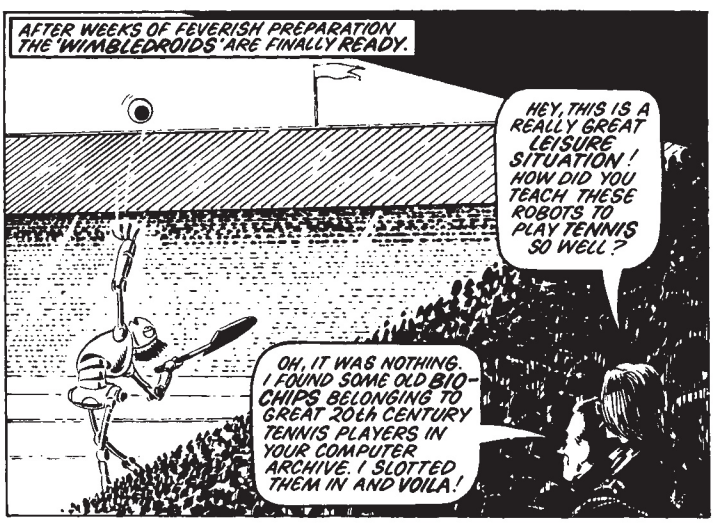


HEY! MR. SNAZZ! WE'RE JERRY AND JIM FROM AMNESTY INTERGALACTIC. WE'RE HERE TO, LIKE, LIBERATE YOU FROM YOUR TOIL!
YES, YES! I'LL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I'VE FINISHED THIS!
POOR GUY... THE GOOD VIBES HAVEN'T SUNK IN YET!
LISTEN, MR. SNAZZ... IT'S ALL OVER! YOU'RE FREE!
NO! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME STOP NOW! I'VE NEARLY FINISHED THE RUBIC CUBE THAT ZEUS SET ME SIX MILLION YEARS AGO!
:SOB!: IT TOOK ME TWELVE THOUSAND YEARS TO MINE ENOUGH METAL FOR THE CRANE AND ANOTHER THIRTY THOUSAND TO ACTUALLY BUILD IT! YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME FINISH!
I THINK I CAN DIG WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM, BUT IT'D BE BETTER IF YOU CAME WITH US. JUST RELAX, MR. SNAZZ!
LET ME GO! I ONLY HAD ONE FACE TO GO! I'LL KILL YOU!
HEY... HE'S REALLY INTO HIS HOSTILITY! DO YOU THINK IT WOULD BE COOL TO USE THE DART GUN?
FOR SURE.
THERE IS A WISS OF A TRANQUILLISER DART—AND THE WARP SHIP STARTS TO DEMATERIALISE.
WHEN SNAZZ AWAKES...
HEY! HAVE A NICE DAY, MR. SNAZZ!
WHUUHH? WH-WHERE AM I?
YOU'RE ON EARTH, IF YOU CAN DIG IT, OR "STARSHIP EARTH" AS WE PREFER TO CALL IT...
WE HEARD HOW YOU WERE SENTENCED TO THAT REALM OF BLEAK DESOLATION BY A BUNCH OF RENEGADE DEITIES *. BUT, LIKE, THEN IS THEN AND NOW IS NOW, DIG?
*SEE PROG 245.
...UHH ...NO. NOT REALLY...
HA HA HA HA! WHAT A CHARACTER! BUT SERIOUSLY... NOW AMNESTY INTERGALACTIC HAS LIBERATED YOU WE'D LIKE TO INVITE YOU TO SHARE OUR PERSONAL SPACE. C'MON... I'LL SHOW YOU ROUND...

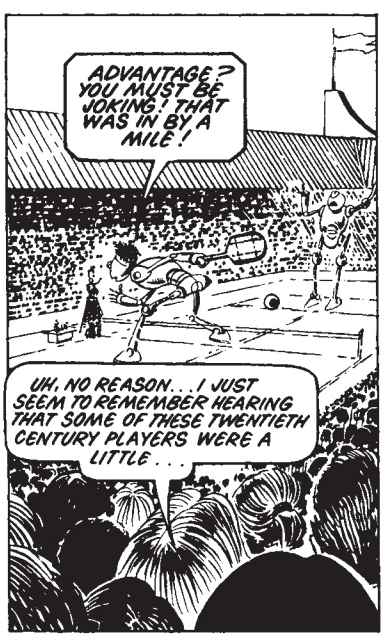
AND SO...
ENJOYING YOUR JOG, MR. SNAZZ? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR LIFE-STYLE HERE?
UHH, WELL... EVERYBODY SEEMS TO BE VERY...UH... MELLOW. HAS YOUR CIVILISATION ALWAYS BEEN AS RELAXED AS THIS?
OH, FOR SURE. WE HAVE A VERY EVOLVED ECO-SYSTEM, IF YOU CAN RELATE TO THAT. SEE, STARSHIP EARTH USED TO BE ON A VERY DOWN TRIP, ECO-WISE...
... BUT LIKE, WHEN CALIFORNIA WON WORLD WAR 26 WE INSTIGATED A WHOLE NEW ERA OF GROWTHFULNESS. SEE THAT BIG LAKE OVER THERE?
WHY, YES! IT'S ENORMOUS! WHAT IS IT?
IT'S A GIANT JACUZZI... CAPABLE OF HOLDING EIGHT THOUSAND PEOPLE!
WHAT SORT OF LIFESTYLE DO YOU REALLY GET BEHIND, MR. SNAZZ?
WELL! I'M A SORT OF INVENTOR. A GENIUS, ACTUALLY...
HEY, THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT DYNAMIC! TOO BAD WE DON'T NEED ANY-THING INVENTING. THIS IS A PERFECT SOCIETY. MAYBE YOU SHOULD TAKE UP TENNIS OR CYCLING. AHH... HERE WE ARE...
THIS IS YOUR NEW GROWTH-MODULE, MR. SNAZZ. I THINK YOU'LL REALLY GET OFF ON IT ONCE YOU SETTLE IN. HAVE A NICE DAY!
UH...THANKS!
BUT, WHEN SNAZZ IS ALONE IN HIS NEW HOME...
HMM... MICROWAVE TEA COSY... SOLAR-POWERED EGG-TIMER... HE'S RIGHT. THIS PLACE IS A TECHNOLOGICAL PARADISE.
BUT I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING TO PUT MY MIND TO OR I'LL GO CRAZY!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
IT'S NO GOOD. MAYBE I SHOULD TAKE UP TENNIS AFTER ALL...
WAIT-THAT'S IT! WHAT A BRILLIANT IDEA! I'LL JOG OVER TO CITY HALL AND EXPLAIN IT TO THEM...

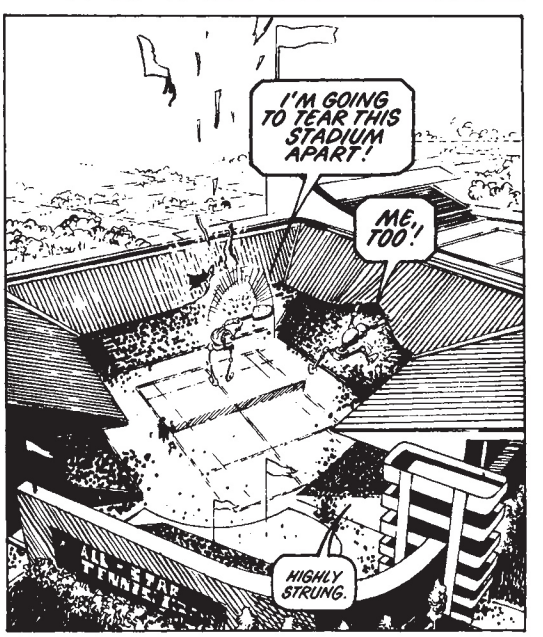
AND SO...
ROBOT TENNIS PLAYERS!! DON'T YOU SEE? YOU WOULDN'T EVEN NEED TO LIFT A RACQUET FOR YOURSELVES! WHAT COULD BE MORE MELLOW THAN THAT?
HMM... MELLOW-WISE, HE HAS A POINT. IF WE MADE TENNIS INTO A SPECTATOR SPORT IT COULD BE A REALLY COMMUNAL SHARING EXPERIENCE...
OH, FOR SURE. BUT THERE'LL BE LOTS OF SPECTATORS SO IT'LL HAVE TO BE A REALLY BIG STADIUM. WON'T THE PLAYERS BE DIFFICULT TO SEE, VISUAL-WISE?

NO PROBLEM! I'LL MAKE VERY BIG ROBOT TENNIS PLAYERS!
SOLID!! I SAY WE GO WITH THE FLOW!


AFTER WEEKS OF FEVERISH PREPARATION THE 'WIMBLEDROIDS' ARE FINALLY READY.
HEY, THIS IS A REALLY GREAT LEISURE SITUATION! HOW DID YOU TEACH THESE ROBOTS TO PLAY TENNIS SO WELL?
OH, IT WAS NOTHING. I FOUND SOME OLD BIO-CHIPS BELONGING TO GREAT 20th CENTURY TENNIS PLAYERS IN YOUR COMPUTER ARCHIVE. I SLOTTED THEM IN AND VOILA!

WHICH TENNIS PLAYERS' PERSONALITY CHIPS DID YOU USE?
UHH, I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER. I THINK ONE OF THEM WAS CALLED JOHN SOMETHING OR OTHER. WHY DO YOU ASK?
ADVANTAGE I.N.-ONE...

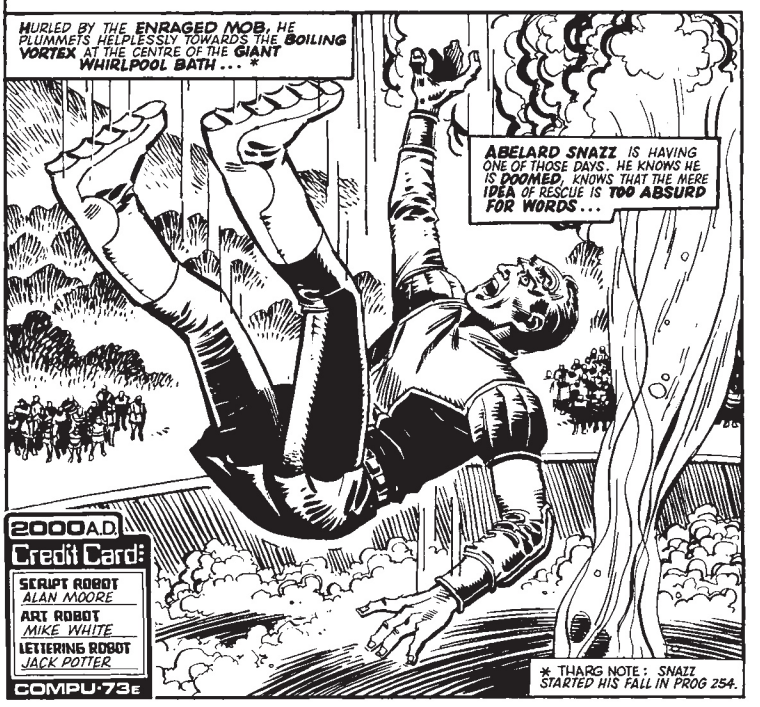

ADVANTAGE? YOU MUST BE JOKING! THAT WAS IN BY A MILE!
UH, NO REASON... I JUST SEEM TO REMEMBER HEARING THAT SOME OF THESE TWENTIETH CENTURY PLAYERS WERE A LITTLE...

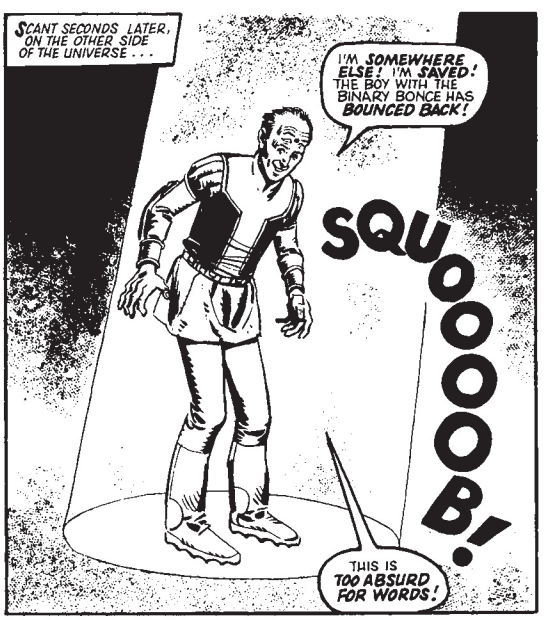

I'M GOING TO TEAR THIS STADIUM APART!
ME, TOO!
HIGHLY STRUNG.

KWAMM!
JOG FOR YOUR LIFE!
OH DEAR...
HEY MAN, I DON'T WANT TO LAY A GUILT-TRIP ON YOU BUT THOSE ROBOTS ARE REALLY PUTTING OUR PERSONAL SPACE THROUGH SOME CHANGES!
RIGHT! I THINK WE SHOULD INVOLVE THIS GUY IN A PHYSICAL CONFRONTATION SCENARIO!
HEH HEH! COME ON CHAPS! MELLOW OUT!
WE'LL MELLOW YOU OUT, YOU FOUR-EYED FREAK! PERMANENTLY! COME ON, GUYS... LET'S JOG THIS BOZO OVER TO THE HOT TUB!
HOT TUB?
AND SOON, ON THE RIM OF THE CITY'S GIANT JACUZZI...
OKAY... TURN UP THE CURRENT CONTROLS AND THE TEMPERATURE SETTINGS!
NO... WAIT! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MY DESIGN FOR SELF-LACING JOGGING SHOES YET!
BUT...
HAVE A NICE DAY, YOU WEIRDO!
YAAAAGH!
HOW WILL SNAZZ RELATE TO AN ONGOING DROWNING EXPERIENCE? WILL HE LEARN TO GO WITH THE FLOW, OR IS THIS FINALLY...
THE END?

GENIUS IS PAIN

AN ABELARD SNAZZ MISADVENTURE





THE MANAGER OF THE UNIVERSE!
THE MANAGER OF THE UNIVERSE?
BUT THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! WHAT WOULD HE WANT WITH A LOWLY GENIUS LIKE ME?
OH...! GET IT! YOU MUST WANT TO ASK MY ADVICE ABOUT SOMETHING. FEEL FREE. EVERYBODY NEEDS A HAND SOMETIMES...
STILL THY TONGUE! VERILY THERE IS CRAWLSPACE INSIDE THY CRANIUM! SIMPLY TAKE THY PLACE BESIDE MR SLAUNK HILDABOOP!
OH, HELLO. DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON?
PARDON?
I SAID, DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW... OH, FORGET IT!
PARDON?
WE ARE READY! WILL ABELARD SNAZZ PLEASE STEP FORWARD...
ARE YOU THE SAME ABELARD SNAZZ WHO CAUSED THE PLANET TWOPP TO BECOME INFESTED WITH DERANGED ROBOTS, THUS RENDERING IT UNINHABITABLE?
HUH?
OH. OH, THAT! HEH, HEH! WELL, THERE'S TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY YOU KNOW. YOU SEE...
SILENCE!
ARE YOU THE SAME ABELARD SNAZZ WHO BANKRUPTED MR HOOLIO MOOLABAR IN AN ABORTIVE ATTEMPT TO DEFRAUD AN INTERSTELLAR CASINO?
THEY KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT ME. THIS MUST BE SOME SORT OF A TRIAL!
THE SELFSAME SNAZZ WHOSE PATENTLY ABSURD "WORM-POWER" THEORIES LED TO THE MONARCHY OF THE PLANET FARBUS BEING DEVOURED BY A BLACK HOLE?*
SOUNDS BAD. I'VE GOT TO THINK OF A WAY TO BUY MYSELF SOME TIME ...OF COURSE! THAT'S IT! MY DIGITAL WRIST-WATCH!
*THARG NOTE: FOR FULL DETAILS OF SNAZZ' CRIMES AGAINST SANITY SEE PROGS 189, 190, 209, 237, 238, 245, 254!

...THE AFOREMENTIONED ABELARD WHO UNLEASHED A PLAGUE OF CRUEL AND TYRANNICAL ANCIENT GODS UPON THE UNIVERSE, CAUSING UNTOLD CARNAGE!
JUST QUICKLY ADJUST THESE CIRCUITS... MODIFY THE FLOATING SPRANGES A LITTLE...
TIDE POWER
THERE! FINISHED! NOBODY'S SENDING THE SPLIT-LEVEL SKULL TO THE SLAMMER!
GASP! HE'S CONVERTED HIS WRIST-WATCH INTO A NEURON-WHISK! STAND BACK, OR HE'LL WHISK OUR NEURONS!
COME ON, OLD TIMER. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ON TRIAL FOR, BUT YOU'RE COMING WITH ME. DON'T WORRY... I'M A GENIUS! I'LL GET YOU TO SAFETY!
PARDON?
WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO LOSE OURSELVES IN THIS MAZE OF CORRIDORS... AHA! THROUGH THAT DOOR THERE...
MOON CONSTRUCTION THIS WAY
PLANET DESIGN DEPT.
B-TYPE SUN MANUFACTURING CHAMBERS
KEEP OUT
SIZZLE!
POP!
YAAAAAARGH!
CRACKLE!
LATER...
...AND LET'S HAVE NO MORE MESSING ABOUT! WHY, IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SHIELDED BY MR HILDABOOP'S TROLLEY, YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN BURNED TO A CRISP!
HOW IS MR HILDABOOP, BY THE WAY?

POACHED? I SAY, HOW AWFUL! AH WELL, WE STILL HAVE MR SNAZZ TO DEAL WITH...

NOW, MY FOUR-EYED FRIEND...
WE HAVE ESTABLISHED THAT YOU ARE THE SAME ABELARD SNATZ WHO RECENTLY SPENT SIX MILLION YEARS IMPRISONED IN THE DIMENSION OF BLEAK DESOLATION...
HERE IT COMES. THEY'RE GOING TO THROW THE BOOK AT ME...

IN LIGHT OF THAT FACT, MR SNAZZ, THERE IS ONLY ONE THING WE HAVE TO SAY...
I CAN'T WATCH...

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU... HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR ABELARD, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...
?

BUB-BUB BIRTHDAY?
OF COURSE! WHEN ANY OF OUR CITIZENS PASS THE SIX MILLION MARK WE LIKE TO HONOUR THEM WITH A CELEBRATION. SHAME ABOUT POOR OLD MR HILDABOOP.
YOU SEE, WE'VE REVIEWED YOUR ENTIRE LIFE AND HAVE CHOSEN THE ONE GIFT THAT WILL MAKE YOU HAPPIER THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD. GO ON.. OPEN IT..

HA HA HA! THE PERFECT GIFT? FOR ME? OH, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE! I DON'T DESERVE IT! HA HA HA HA! I WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE?
A MODEST LITTLE INTERGALACTIC EMPIRE, PERHAPS? MY OWN WEIGHT IN SIRIAN SUN SAPPHIRES?

OH, YOUR SUPREMACY! IT'S... IT'S...
... IT'S...

. . . IT'S EDWIN.
HE REMEMBERS MY NAME! WHAT A MEMORY! HE'S A GENIUS, YOU KNOW!

WE RESCUED HIS PATHETIC, PITTED BODY FROM DEEP SPACE, WHERE YOU LEFT HIM, WITH OUR TRANS-TIME GRAPPLES . . . SOON HAD HIM PATCHED UP AS GOOD AS NEW!
WELL, MR SNAZZ? WHAT DO YOU THINK? I BET YOU THOUGHT YOU'D SEEN THE LAST OF THIS CHIRPY LITTLE FELLOW.

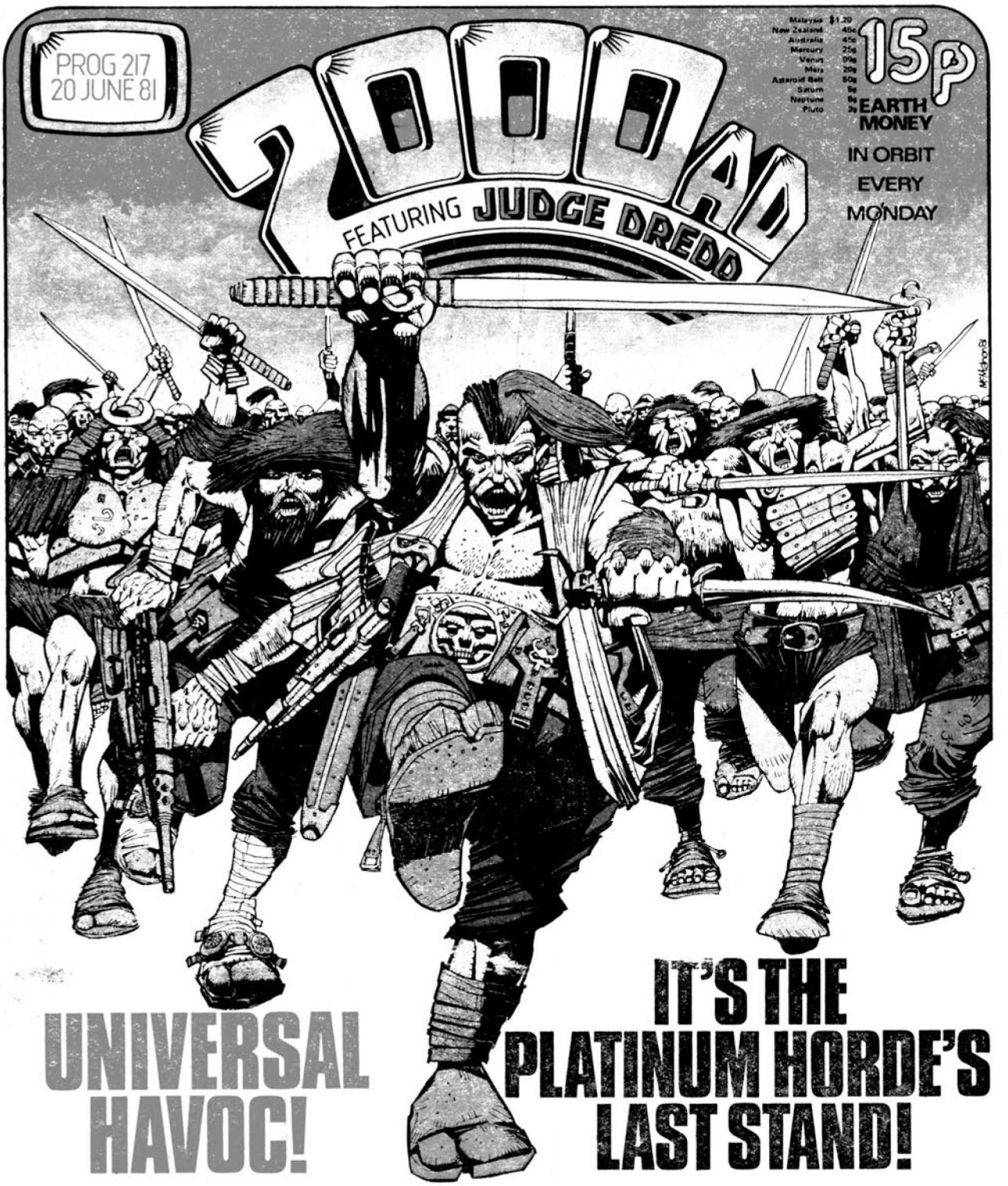
AWHUUOOHOOHOO! WUK WUK SNORF!
TIDE POWER
POOR CHAP. HE'S OVERCOME WITH GRATITUDE. IT TAKES SOME OF THESE OLD CODGERS THAT WAY, YOU KNOW.

COME ON . . . LET'S LEAVE THEM ALONE TOGETHER FOR A WHILE. AFTER ALL, THEY HAVEN'T SEEN EACH OTHER FOR OVER SIX MILLION YEARS . . .
I'M SURE THEY'LL HAVE LOTS TO SAY TO EACH OTHER!

ZLUNG!
IDIOT! DOLT! THEY COULD HAVE GIVEN ME A PLANET! AN EMPIRE! RRRAAGGHH!
WHANG!
OW! YOU ARE A GAK-GENIUS, MASTER! AARGH!
KLONK!
The End.

COVER GALLERY

2000 AD Prog 214: Cover by **Brendan McCarthy**



2000 AD Prog 217: Cover by **Mike McMahon**

CREATOR BIOS

ALAN MOORE

Perhaps the most widely respected comic writer of the modern era, **Alan Moore**'s contribution to the comics' industry is incalculable. Co-creator of some of *2000 AD's* most popular series, including *The Ballard of Halo Jones* and *DR & Quinch*, he has also numerous *Future Shocks* and *Time Twisters* to his name.

Outside of *2000 AD*, Moore is best known for his work on the epic comic series, *V For Vendetta* and Watchmen, the latter of which redefined the superhero genre in 1986. Both have been adapted into big-budget Hollywood movies by Warner Brothers, along with two other Moore books, *From Hell* and *League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*.

ARTISTS

Boluda illustrated *Rogue Trooper, Tharg The Mighty* and *Time Twisters* for *2000 AD*.

Eric Bradbury is one of *2000 AD*'s early, unsung heroes, contributing to a host of strips and across a wide variety of styles – as one would expect from a man with credits on *Future Shocks, Terror Tales* and *Time Twisters*! He has also pencilled *Invasion!, Judge Dredd, Mean Arena, Rogue Trooper* and *Tharg the Mighty*. Bradbury later went on to the relaunched *Eagle* comic, where he pencilled a revival of the popular character *Doomlord* with *2000 AD*'s Alan Grant.

Jose Casanovas has illustrated several *2000 AD* strips, including *Judge Dredd, Max Normal, One-Offs, Robo-Hunter, Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales, Tharg's Dragon Tales* and *Time Twisters*.

Johnny Red penciller **John Cooper** was already a fan-favourite at *Battle* comic before he made the move to *Starlord*, where he illustrated *Time Quake*. Later (with the absorption of *Starlord* into the Galaxy's Greatest Comic) he came to *2000 AD*, where he illustrated several *Future Shocks* – including an episode of Alan Moore's ongoing *Abelard Snazz* series – as well as *Judge Dredd* and *M.A.C.H. 1*.

Alan Davis is one of the most respected pencillers currently working in the comics industry. Debuting in *2000 AD* with the space-based prison drama *Harry 20 on the High Rock*, he followed with the immortal *D.R. and Quinch*, which remains one of the Galaxy's Greatest's most popular series. Davis also contributed to short stories and *Judge Dredd*, before heading for America and almost instant acclaim.
His US career has included *Avengers, Batman and the Outsiders, Captain Britain, ClanDestine, Detective Comics, Excalibur, JLA, Killraven, Miracleman, Star Wars* and *X-Men*.

Steve Dillon is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* writer and artist, and the creator of both *Hap Hazzard* and the Irish Judge Joyce, who appears in several *Judge Dredd* stories. His writing for the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Future Shocks* and *Rogue Trooper*, while Dillon's pencils have graced *A.B.C. Warriors, Bad Company, Judge Dredd, Harlem Heroes, Mean Arena, One-Off, Ro-Busters, Rogue Trooper, Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales* and *Tyranny Rex*. Dillon shot to international superstardom as a result of his work on DC/Vertigo's *Preacher*, co-created with *2000 AD*'s Garth Ennis, but he has also worked on *A1, Animal Man, Captain Britain, Deadline, Global Frequency, Hellblazer* and *Punisher*.

Jim Eldridge illustrated *Tharg's Future Shocks, Mean Arena* and *Time Twisters* for *2000 AD*.

Dave Gibbons is one of *2000 AD*'s most popular artists, having created *Harlem Heroes* and R*ogue Trooper*. He has also pencilled *A.B.C. Warriors, Dan Dare, Judge Dredd, Mega-City One, Ro-Busters, Tharg the Mighty, Tharg's Future Shocks* and T*ime Twisters*, as well as having scripted several *Rogue Trooper* stories – making Gibbons one of the few *2000 AD* creators to have served as writer, artist and letterer!

Beyond *2000 AD*, Gibbons is unquestionably best known for his work on the award-winning classic *Watchmen* (with Alan Moore), but he has also pencilled *A1, Batman, Doctor Who, Give Me Liberty, Green Lantern, Superman, Star Wars* and *War Story.*

One of *2000 AD*'s best-loved and most honoured artists, **Ian Gibson** is responsible for the co-creation of *The Ballad of Halo Jones* (with Alan Moore), and created Bella Bagley, an unfortunate character in Judge Dredd's world who fell head-over-heels in love with 'Old Stoney Face' himself! His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad*, *Star Wars, X-Men Unlimited,* plus the designs for the TV series *Reboot.*

John Higgins is a multi-talented *2000 AD* artist and writer; as well as scripting a *Future Shock* and *Judge Dredd,* Higgins has illustrated *Chopper, Freaks*, One-Offs, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*.

His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic is also highly respected, and he has contributed to some of the most important series of recent times, including working as a colourist on the modern superhero classic *Watchmen,* and on Vertigo's *Animal Man, Hellblazer* and *Pride and Joy.* John is currently working on his creator-owned project, *Razorjack.*

Alan Langford illustrated *Agent Rat, Tharg's Future Shocks* and *One-Off* for *2000 AD*.

Garry Leach is a highly respected artist who has pencilled *Dan Dare, Judge Dredd, Tharg's Future Shocks* and *The V.C.'s*. His career beyond *2000 AD* is highly notable for his work on the legendary *Miracleman*, which he effectively co-created with Alan Moore, but also includes *Axel Pressbutton, Deadline* and *Global Frequency.*

Brendan McCarthy was a key early artist for *2000 AD*, and designed *Zenith* with Grant Morrison, and many of the perennially popular *A.B.C. Warriors* with Pat Mills (and others). He also illustrated *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Tharg's Future Shocks*. McCarthy's non-*2000 AD* work includes *Skin* in *Crisis, Strange Days, Paradox!*, *Freakwave* in *Vanguard Illustrated* and work for *Revolver*.
Brendan has recently teamed up with writer Al Ewing on a strip called the *Zaucer of Zilk*, which will appear in the pages of *2000 AD* sometime in 2012.

Paul Neary is the multi-talented co-creator of *Mother Earth* and *Outlaw*, writer of *Judge Dredd* and *Vector 13*, and artist of *Abelard Snazz, Future Shocks* and *Judge Dredd*!
Having come to prominence at Marvel UK, Neary has worked on many major US titles, including *Captain America, Incredible Hulk, Nick Fury* and as an inker on *The Authority* and *Stormwatch*.

Jesus Redondo worked on several strips for *2000 AD* including *Tharg's Future Shocks, Nemesis the Warlock, M.A.C.H. 1* and *Return to Armageddon*.

Aside from his own co-created *Bad City Blue*, **Robin Smith** has illustrated *Future Shocks, Judge Dredd, Mean Machine, One-Offs, Rogue Trooper, Strontium Dog, Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. He is also the illustrator of Paradox Press's *Green Candles*, and is co-creator of *The Bogie Man* with John Wagner and Alan Grant

Bryan Talbot is one of the UK's most respected comic artists. He has contributed to *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd, Nemesis the Warlock, Ro-Busters* and *Sláine* in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic.
Beyond *2000 AD*, Talbot is renowned for his body of graphic novel work, which includes The Adventures *of Luther Arkwright, Heart of Empire, The Tale of One Bad Rat, Alice in Sunderland, Grandville* and its sequel, *Grandville: Mon Amour*.

Ron Tiner illustrated three *Future Shocks* for *2000 AD*.

One of the most prolific artists of the early *2000 AD* era, **Mike White** first pencilled *Mind Wars* for Starlord, and later contributed to *Abelard Snazz, Invasion!, Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales, Tharg's Future Shocks, Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*.

Torquemada

Be PURE!
Be VIGILANT!
BEHAVE!

R.